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JULY

GIANNINI AND BANCITALY
JOHN PARKE YOUNG

WHY SIR WILFRED GRENFELL? . . . . . *THEODORE L. BADGER*
BLOOD MONEY FOR EAGLES . . . . . *ARTHUR NEWTON PACK*
CRIME — A CRITICAL ANALYSIS . . . . . *CORNELIUS F. COLLINS*
IS DIVORCE THE WAY OUT? . . *CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON*
TRAVAIL IN TRAVEL . . . . . *RUTH S. BROOKS*
AIRSHIPS *versus* AIRPLANES . . . . . *ARTHUR R. BLESSING*
HOKUM OF THE INTELLIGENTZIA . . . . *CATHERINE BEACH ELY*
THE OARSMAN'S A. E. F. . . . . *HERBERT REED*
PUTTING "PEP" INTO THE CHURCH . . . . *C. H. BRETHERTON*
PLAY FOR YOUNG AND OLD . . . . . *JOSEPH LEE*
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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

JOHN PARKE YOUNG (*Giannini and Bancitaly*), although only thirty-two, is at the head of the Department of Economics of Occidental College at Los Angeles, where, during last April, he arranged a popular Institute of Finance. He has toured Europe as Director of the Federal Foreign Currency and Exchange Investigation, knows Central America in the same way, and has only one failing, an addiction to the music of the marimba, which he strums in his odd moments. Of the present article, he says: "The subject is a rather complicated one, and shot full of personal feelings and animosities, which makes its treatment difficult."

¶ *Theodore L. Badger* (*Why Sir Wilfred Grenfell?*) is not so old that he does not remember his school days, for it was only in 1922 that he was graduated from Yale. After which he did Harvard Medical School and is now a humble interne at The Massachusetts General Hospital. So much for fundamentals. His real adventures came in the summers of 1920 and 1926 when he went with Dr. Grenfell on those famous northern trips which furnish material for the present article.

¶ *Arthur Newton Pack* (*Blood Money for Eagles*), President of the American Nature Association and author of allied works, insists that while he could address the trees familiarly by their first names, until he met his wife he did not know a bird from a wild flower. For some years, however, his hobby has been making movies of wild life, and whenever away from their home in Princeton, New Jersey, he and Mrs. Pack may be found toting their cameras in the pursuit of eagles or mountain goats or lying in wait to catch a beaver in the act of dam building.

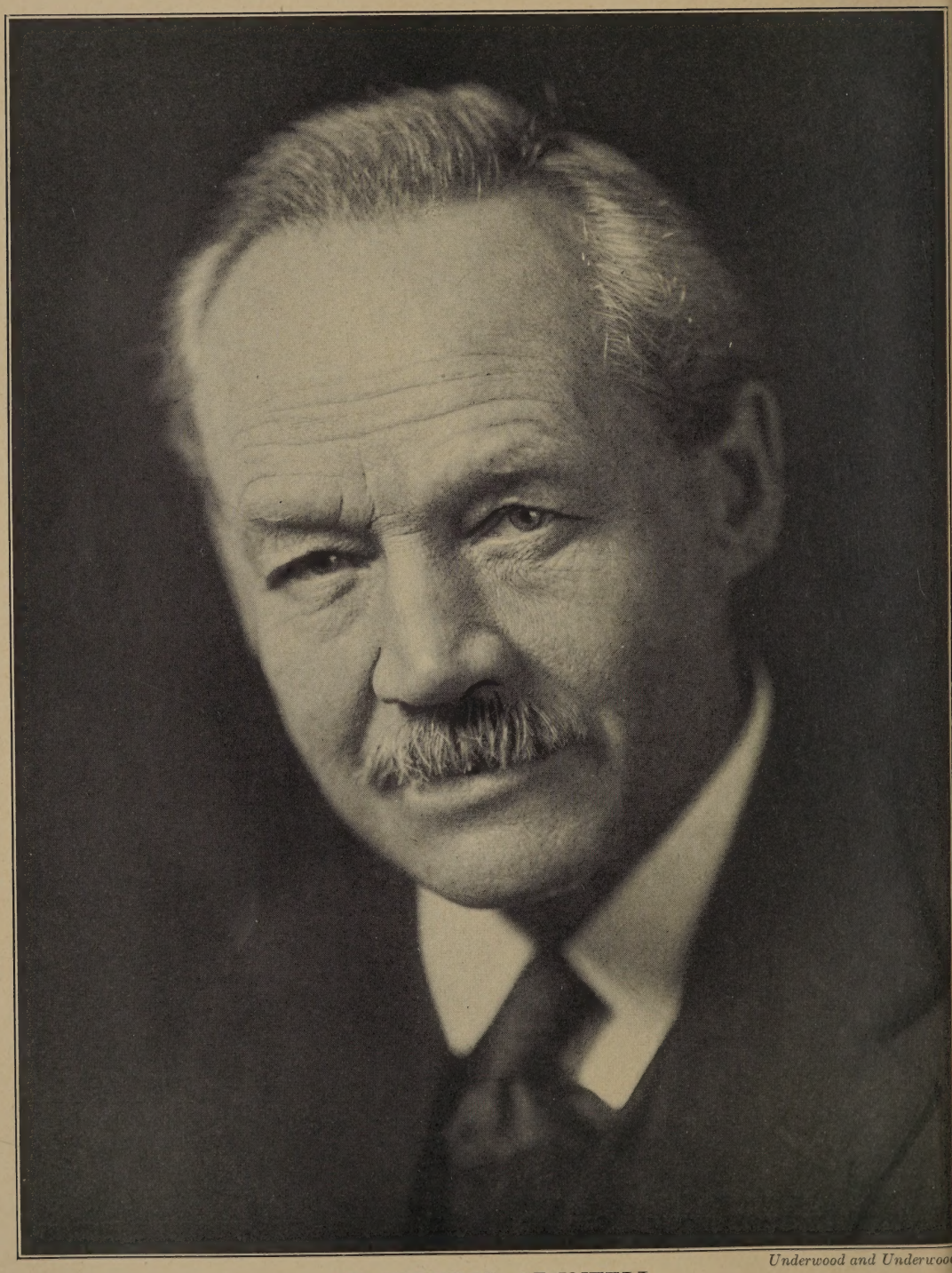
¶ *Cornelius F. Collins* (*Crime—A Critical Analysis*), a Judge of the New York Court of General Sessions, has all sorts of heavy interests connected with child welfare, drug evils, and other phases of "socialized jurisprudence". Although considerably occupied in ways of the law he has found time to give guidance to a family consisting of a wife, eight children and three grandchildren and still spares some time for diversion. He is a "radio fan" and fond of sports and exercise, besides that "of discretion", including golf, although his friends say if he were not a better speaker and lawyer than golfer his reputation would not argue so well for success.

¶ *Corinne Roosevelt Robinson* (*Is Divorce the Way Out?*), as every one knows, is Mrs. Douglas Robinson, née Roosevelt, whose early years were spent in the household that distinguished itself by its interest in broad national questions. Following in her father's footsteps as patron of the New York Orthopædic Hospital, she is now its vice-president. Her list of other civic activities is a long one, and includes being a founder of The Colony Club, a member of the Republican State Executive Committee, while also serving the Red Cross, the Fatherless Children of France, and the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A.

¶ *Ruth S. Brooks* (*Travail in Travel*) acknowledges that the only unusual fact about herself is that, in the light of the present day, she likes housekeeping and does not like clubs! Friends, a garden, a book, a concert, Gloucester in summer, Europe now and then, spell happiness and satisfaction to her. "Swarthmore," says Mrs. Brooks, "where my husband is a professor in the college, is as nearly suited to such an existence as any place I can imagine."

¶ *Arthur R. Blessing* (*Airships* versus *Airplanes*) speaks from Way Down East. Graduate of Cornell University, he is now Librarian at the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island. No doubt he gets out his tennis balls and has a set or two of the game when the fashionable colony advances upon this summering place. Yet his serious activities do not abate and are expressed in writings along the line of national economy. Again in winter recreation calls to him through the hobby of building up toy ship models and yielding to the love of music.

¶ *Catherine Beach Ely* (*Hokum of the Intelligentzia*) comes in for an invidious comparison at the hands of a



Underwood and Underwood

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1928

GIANNINI AND BANCITALY

BY JOHN PARKE YOUNG

I

TWENTY-FOUR years ago a small unnoticed bank in the Italian quarter of old San Francisco opened its doors for business. Today it has grown into a prodigious institution stretching from coast to coast, from the Mexican border almost to the Canadian border, and with the largest aggregation of banking capital the world has ever seen. That the Bank of Italy has been able to accomplish this spectacular expansion with the name that it has chosen, in a country that exalts one hundred per cent. Americanism, is all the more remarkable.

Although the great bulk of its customers are made up of the general American public, the Bank of Italy, with its head office in San Francisco and nearly three hundred branches, is controlled to a considerable extent by a group of Italians, American born for the most part and thoroughly loyal to this country. Nearly half the directors of the bank have foreign names. The bank is nevertheless a genuine American institution and democratic in its make-up.

The Bank of Italy itself is only a part of the story. Associated with it are the Bancitaly Corporation, the National Bancitaly Company, and several other members of the "Italy" family. The pivot around which the group of institutions swings is the

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person of Mr. A. P. Giannini, the founder and moving spirit of the organization.

The Bancitaly Corporation, a holding company, or more specifically an investment trust, was organized originally by Mr. Giannini in 1918. Its sole business is to own securities, and included among its securities are stocks of numerous other banks, so that the Bank of Italy, or the Giannini system, includes within its scope many banks in addition to those nearly three hundred branches which carry the name of Bank of Italy. Inasmuch as the Bank of Italy is itself prohibited by law from owning stock in other banks, the Bancitaly Corporation, by purchasing a controlling interest in these other banks, provides a convenient means for expansion anywhere in the country. It is through the Bancitaly Corporation that Mr. Giannini has now appeared in New York at No. 44 Wall Street. At this location he has taken over one of Wall Street's oldest and most respected institutions, the Bank of America, which has been in business for one hundred and sixteen years.

It would be a mistake to regard the Bancitaly Corporation merely as a convenient arrangement for acquiring control of other banks for the Bank of Italy. Bancitaly, one of the pioneer investment trusts in the United States, has become one of the financial giants of the country. It has stock outstanding which is worth, according to current market prices, over one billion dollars. The growth of Bancitaly has, in fact, been even more rapid and spectacular than that of the Bank of Italy. Bancitaly, it should be remembered, has no official connection with the Bank of Italy. The relationship is that of ownership, to a considerable extent, by the same individuals.

The story of the Bank of Italy and its affiliated institutions is to a large extent the story of Mr. A. P. Giannini. An aggressive exponent of branch banking, he has set the pace for the other banks. In fact, he has gone much faster than most of the other banks cared to follow. Shattering precedents and traditional banking practices, his extremely aggressive methods have been criticized by his opponents as improper, unbecoming the banking profession, and beneath the dignity of a respected financial institution. Competitive methods practised in the industrial

world he has applied to the banking profession, with the result that banking in California has become as keenly competitive as any business in the country.

Among Mr. Giannini's innovations, for example, is that of bank advertising. Formerly it was regarded as improper and cheapening for a financial institution to go before the public and tell of its merits, to tell the public why it should deal with this particular bank instead of with the bank around the corner. Banks were supposedly conferring a great favor on the public by being in existence, and therefore should not press themselves forward like a brand of soap or a variety of chewing gum. Advertising was vulgar. Nevertheless every banker, while he did not want to seem to be doing so, was quietly desirous of pressing his institution forward just as far as possible.

Mr. Giannini did not care about convention, and early in the history of the Bank of Italy deliberately set about advertising it. Advertising had proved profitable in other lines of business, so why not in banking? With the precedent once set, other banks have been forced to follow, whether they liked it or not, so that at the present time bank advertising has become respectable.

Bank advertising in its early stages had to be disguised and not appear on its face to be advertising. Thus a street map would carry a note to the effect that it was given by the courtesy of the City National Bank, or perhaps a newspaper would carry a modest announcement of the name of the officers of the bank together with a brief statement of the capital and resources. In the present development of bank advertising, electric signs and window displays are brought into use; but there are limits and we have not as yet reached the point where red balloons, illuminated airplanes and playing search lights are appropriate.

Mr. Giannini did not stop with advertising, but broke again with banking tradition in soliciting new business, and in actively selling stock in his bank to the public. He went almost literally from door to door soliciting new accounts and making friends for his institution. At the present time most other banks have New Business Departments, Commercial Development Departments or whatever they may variously be called.

A stock ownership plan for employees has been inaugurated

by Mr. Giannini, whereby forty per cent. of the net profits of the bank, after dividends, go to the employees for the purchase of stock. At present about two and a half per cent. of the stock is owned by employees, exclusive of officers.

Mr. Giannini, as might be assumed, has made many enemies who censure him most severely and in the harshest of terms. "Unethical," "not a man of his word," "a political manipulator," are some of the expressions used to describe him. It is charged that several of the high State officials in California are under his influence. At the same time, he has a plentiful supply of the stanchest of friends, and in addition a large popular following who regard him as a sort of financial wizard, an honest Ponzi, and withal a generous philanthropist, as witness his recent gift of $1,500,000 to the University of California. He holds the imagination of thousands of people almost as under a magic spell, people who believe that whatever he touches will turn into money. This belief, as a matter of fact, has been supported to a large extent by past experience.

On the other hand it might be added that the rapid expansion of Mr. Giannini's interests is regarded in many quarters with genuine uneasiness. Fear is expressed that the base is not adequate to support the superstructure. Several of the leading and conservative bankers in the country (whose names obviously can not be mentioned) shake their heads and wonder what will be the outcome. It is feared that if Bancitaly, for example, should suddenly show signs of weakness, the result might shake the Pacific Coast and in fact the whole country.

II

As to Mr. Giannini himself, he was born in San José, California, fifty-eight years ago, of Italian parents who were not wealthy. His father died before he was six, so that he was raised by a stepfather, who later became a prosperous produce merchant in San Francisco. Mr. Giannini had little schooling, leaving the grammar grades before he was fifteen, and then spending three months in a business school. After this preparation he went into business with his stepfather along the San Francisco docks. It

is this stepfather, Mr. I. Scatena, who is now chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Italy.

Mr. Giannini and his stepfather were successful in the commission business. Vegetables and produce of all kinds were brought in from the districts across the Bay and sold to the people of San Francisco. It was in this way that Mr. Giannini got his financial start.

About 1900 he branched out into real estate at a time when realty values in San Francisco were rising. This gave him more profits. He was then asked to become a director of the Columbus Building and Loan Association on account of his influence in the Italian colony. He did not stay long with this organization, resigning because of lack of agreement with the other directors. The Columbus Building and Loan Association conducted a sort of banking business, so that he was able to learn something about banking.

On leaving the Building and Loan Association he determined to start a bank of his own. With about ten of his Italian friends associated with him as stockholders he opened in October, 1904, the Italian Bank of California, as it was called, with a capital of $150,000. He soon changed its name to that of Bank of Italy. The bank, a small affair located in the Italian district, attracted little attention at that time. The depositors were largely Italian friends of Mr. Giannini and his father, a clientele that had been built up while Mr. Giannini was in the commission business.

In 1906 came the disastrous earthquake and fire in San Francisco. This catastrophe ultimately proved to be a real help to Mr. Giannini. On the morning of the earthquake he hurried to his modest bank to see how it had fared. The fire was approaching the district where the building was located, so he obtained a horse and wagon, loaded into the wagon the cash, securities, books and stationery of the bank, and with an escort of two soldiers that had been provided him drove to his home in San Mateo, twenty miles distant. Here the treasure was buried in the garden.

While the fire was still smouldering, Mr. Giannini had the distinction of having his bank the first to reopen for business. He set up a desk in the open at the water front with a sign over it,

"Bank of Italy," and here conducted an improvised banking business. A few days later he moved his bank to the residence of his brother on Van Ness Avenue, which was in the district that had escaped serious damage. About a month later he opened temporary quarters on Montgomery Street, until a permanent building could be constructed on Montgomery and Clay streets. The Montgomery Street bank had its name appear in Italian, "Banca d' Italia".

After the fire and earthquake the Banca d' Italia adopted a fairly liberal loan policy for reconstruction purposes. This policy, combined with the fact that it had weathered the catastrophe so successfully and reopened so early, added greatly to its prestige and to the extent of its business.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the financial panic of 1907 gave the Bank of Italy another boost. The bank had maintained large specie reserves, partly because of the nature of the business of its customers who made heavy demands for cash, and who liked "hard money", and partly as a matter of deliberate caution. During the crisis of that year, when most other banks were suspending cash payments, the Bank of Italy was able to pay in gold all the demands that were made upon it. Confidence in Mr. Giannini and his Bank of Italy thus scored again.

III

The year 1907 marked the entry of Mr. Giannini into branch banking. In August of that year he opened a branch on Mission Street, San Francisco. Two years later, December, 1909, he purchased the Commercial and Savings Bank of San José, which had resources of $491,000. In October, 1910, the Bank of Italy moved up in society when it appeared on Market Street. This was accomplished through the purchase of the Bank of San Francisco and the Mechanics Savings Bank, two institutions which were merged into one and known as the Market Street Branch of the Bank of Italy. The Bank of Italy was thus leaving the old Italian district and moving along side of San Francisco's established and most reputable institutions.

It was about this time that Mr. Giannini's moves began to

attract more than casual attention. His entrance into Market Street caused considerable comment, and also sharp criticism. Branch banking was unpopular, and the sentiment against it in some quarters in California was at that time fairly strong.

His next move was to take over the Bank of San Mateo, in his home town, which became known as the San Mateo Branch of the Bank of Italy. Further comment and criticism resulted. In order to help finance this expansion he began actively to sell stock in the Bank of Italy to the general public.

In 1913 occurred his most spectacular move up to that time. Los Angeles, five hundred miles to the south, had been watching proceedings from a distance. He now purchased the Park Bank at Fifth and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, and thereby also acquired a branch of the Park Bank out on Pico Street, Los Angeles. The banking fraternity in Los Angeles viewed this action with disapproval. His bitterest fight throughout has been waged in Los Angeles and began about this time. The State Banking Department of California also soon began to view with suspicion the branch expansion of the Bank of Italy.

Another bank in Los Angeles was acquired in 1914, when the City and County Bank was purchased and merged with the Park Bank. The following year Mr. Giannini moved his Los Angeles bank to the corner of Seventh Street and Broadway, the very heart of the Los Angeles business district. He also opened that year, 1915, the International Branch on North Spring Street, in a district where the bank could cater to the foreign element.

Rapid expansion of branches took place in 1916 and 1917, especially in the latter year. One bank after another was added up and down the length of the State, usually by the purchase of an existing bank. The Bank of Italy during these years entered the San Joaquin Valley, and then the Santa Clara Valley, two of the great agricultural districts of California.

Acquisition of branches under the name Bank of Italy continued until the passage by Congress of the McFadden Bill, early in 1927. This Act prohibits any bank in the Federal Reserve System from establishing branches outside the city where it is located.

Immediately prior to the passage of the Act the acquisition of

branches was especially active. The Act was signed by President Coolidge on February 25. On January 28 had come the announcement of the consolidation of four Giannini banks, the Liberty Bank of San Francisco with thirty-two branches, the Bank of America of Los Angeles with twenty-two branches, the Commercial National Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles with twenty-three branches, and the newly acquired Southern Trust and Commerce Bank in San Diego with eight branches. This merger was approved by the new State Superintendent of Banks of California, the application for merger having been pending, it is understood, for eleven months under the former Administration.

On February 15 the Superintendent of Banks approved the purchase by the Bank of Italy of the newly consolidated institution, which had been named the Liberty Bank of America, subject to approval by the Federal Reserve Board, which was later given on February 21. On February 16 the McFadden Act passed the Senate and went to the President, by whom it was signed on February 25. Thereupon the Bank of Italy, now with 270 branches, took out a national charter under the title Bank of Italy National Trust and Savings Association, and opened for business as a National bank on March 1, 1927.

Since the passage of the McFadden Act the Bank of Italy has established fourteen new branches in the city of San Francisco and has acquired banks outside of San Francisco by means of the holding company device, and also by other legal means, so that at present it has 289 branches.

The principal means for further branch expansion by the Bank of Italy interests in California is at present through ownership by Bancitaly of stock of the United Security Bank and Trust Company. This bank, with its head office in San Francisco, is under State charter and is not a member of the Federal Reserve System. The bank is therefore free, so far as the McFadden Act is concerned, to establish branches anywhere it wishes in California. The United Security Bank and Trust Company has at present fifty-four branches throughout the State, which are in effect part of the Bank of Italy system. The United Security Bank has a capitalization of over eight million dollars and de-

posits of $142,000,000, so that by itself it is not a small institution.

The development of the United Security Bank and Trust Company along branch lines has brought to the front a clash over names, now in the California Supreme Court, which is likely to be but the beginning of a long series of difficulties over similarity in names as banks reach out and invade each other's territories.

Among the oldest, largest and most respected banks in Los Angeles is the Security Trust and Savings Bank located on the corner of Fifth and Spring Street, a bank which has approximately fifty-five branches, a capitalization of twelve million dollars and deposits of $249,000,000. The United Bank and Trust Company, with its head office in San Francisco, was formed in April, 1927, out of the consolidation of two other banks, one of which dated back to 1860. Further consolidation took place in October, 1927, when the name was changed to Security Bank and Trust Company and the place of business moved to Bakersfield, where was located the Security Trust Company, one of the consolidating banks. In March, 1928, additional consolidation was accomplished and the name changed again, this time to its present form, United Security Bank and Trust Company. The place of business was moved back to San Francisco.

The United Security Bank and Trust Company has been acquiring branches in Southern California in proximity to branches of the Security Trust and Savings Bank, the Los Angeles institution, and has plans for further expansion in that part of the State. The Security Trust and Savings Bank has therefore secured an injunction against the United Security Bank and Trust Company prohibiting the latter institution from establishing additional branches under its existing name. The United Security Bank is contesting the authority of the court to grant the injunction, maintaining that approval of the name by the State Superintendent of Banks is final.

A humorous side to the dispute occurred when a telegram from Mr. Giannini intended for his own United Security Bank was delivered by mistake to the other Security Bank.

Another conflict over similarity in names occurred last year when the First National Bank of Los Angeles, another of the

old and respected institutions of that city, consolidated with its affiliated institution, the Pacific Southwest Trust and Savings Bank, which operated a large number of branches. When the Pasadena branch of the Pacific Southwest Bank was about to have its name changed to "First National Bank in Los Angeles", the First National Bank of Pasadena disapproved. A compromise was reached on the name Los Angeles First National Trust and Savings Bank.

IV

The Bancitaly Corporation, organized by Mr. Giannini in 1918, is a New York corporation with its home office in New York City. One of the early investment trusts in the United States, it has no special business other than that of owning securities. Its own stock is offered to the general public, and is widely distributed. Especially is it held by those who hold stock in the Bank of Italy.

The first move of the Bancitaly Corporation was to take over the East River National Bank. From ownership in this single institution Bancitaly has grown until at the present time it owns stock in approximately one hundred different banks in the United States and foreign countries. In addition to bank stocks, it owns securities of all types, both domestic and foreign. About sixty securities are held in blocks of one million dollars or more. Furthermore, Bancitaly owns about twenty-five per cent of the stock of the Bank of Italy.

Bancitaly's most recent move to cause special comment was the purchase of 33,250 shares of the Bank of America, bought at $510 a share. The stock of the Bank of America thereupon rose rapidly in market price to between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars a share, giving a paper profit to Bancitaly of over thirty million dollars. Similarly when 20,000 shares of the Bowery and East River National Bank were purchased at $250 a share, and rose to about $2,300 a share, Mr. Giannini saw a profit accumulate for Bancitaly to the extent of over forty million dollars. The value of these stocks has at present declined somewhat from the maximum.

The Bank of America, the Bowery and East River National

Bank, and the Commercial Exchange Bank have now been consolidated into one institution with a capital of over sixty million dollars. The new institution brings to the Giannini organization some of New York's outstanding bankers. The reorganized Bank of America has been brought into the National Banking System, the Bank of Italy having already come into it upon the passage of the McFadden Act which, among other things, liberalized the National banking law.

Mr. Giannini has at various times taken over other banks which bore the name Bank of America, and it is expected that eventually the whole Bank of Italy group will be merged into one bank under the name Bank of America.

The stock of Bancitaly has experienced a spectacular rise in price, especially during the Corporation's most recent activities. It is now quoted at a price well over $200 a share. The par value of the stock is $25 and the dividends are $2.25 a share.

Bancitaly has made large profits during the long continued rise in the stock market, and especially during recent months. While the earnings have been large they have come to a great extent from increases in the value of the securities held rather than from interest and dividends on these securities. Some feel that this type of profit is not of a substantial enough nature to warrant the present high selling price of the stock.

It is furthermore pointed out that the market value of the securities held by Bancitaly is only about one-fourth the selling price of the stock of Bancitaly itself. The stock thus seems high to many investors. Mr. Giannini himself has pointed out that the stock was selling at a price greatly in excess of its book value. Yet the stock goes higher. Some of his opponents say that he is deliberately pushing it up and capitalizing on the way it has caught the public imagination. Others say that it is out of his control and that the public continues to buy it unreasoningly, believing that it will move to still higher levels.

In addition to the Bank of Italy and to the Bancitaly Corporation there are several other associated institutions. The National Bankitaly Company, formerly the Stockholders Auxiliary Corporation, was organized in June, 1917. It was formed for the purpose of transacting certain types of business which

were prohibited to a bank. It deals in mortgages, insurance and other lines of business which tend to gravitate around a bank. The stock of the National Bankitaly Company is owned share for share by the stockholders of the Bank of Italy. As there are two million shares of Bank of Italy outstanding, so there are two million shares of the National Bankitaly Company outstanding. The shares of Bank of Italy have a par of $25 while those of the Bankitaly Company have a par of $10. The capital surplus and undivided profits of the Bankitaly Company amount to one hundred million dollars, which is one million less than that of the Bank of Italy.

Another Giannini organization is the California Joint Stock Land Bank, organized in 1919, which operates under the Federal Farm Loan Act. The particular business of this bank, which has a capital of about one million dollars, is the extension of long term agricultural credits, which are amortized gradually over a period of years.

Somewhat similar in purpose to the Joint Stock Land Bank is the Bankitaly Agricultural Credit Corporation, also with a capital of one million dollars. The purpose of this Corporation is to grant loans for a shorter period than those of the California Joint Stock Land Bank. Loans of the Agricultural Credit Corporation ordinarily do not exceed three years' duration, while loans of the Land Bank may run for thirty-three years.

Still another Giannini organization is the Bankitaly Mortgage Company. This Company which has been in operation only a few months, and which has a capital of $1,500,000, makes loans on improved real estate. It operates only in the larger towns.

V

The continued expansion of the Bank of Italy, as well as that of other banks in different parts of the country, makes it clear that the development of State-wide or nation-wide branch banking has not been stopped by the McFadden Act. In California there are at present eleven strong branch bank systems. The McFadden Act has, however, caused a shift from branch banking in its simplest form to what is sometimes called chain

banking. In a chain system each bank has its separate capital, a separate board of directors and an organization distinctly its own. A branch bank, on the other hand, is an integral part of the parent bank, but conducting business under another roof. Chain banking operates through the holding company. Chain banking is not new, but already existed on an extensive scale prior to the McFadden Act. The declared policy of the Bank of Italy is not only State-wide but nation-wide branch banking. In fact, Mr. Giannini has gone still further and has opened offices in foreign countries. Through Bancitaly he has gone into the principal cities of Europe, especially in Italy, where over thirty banks are controlled. In this connection it is to be noted that the central bank of Italy, which also carries the name Banca d' Italia or Bank of Italy, has no connection with the Bank of Italy known in the United States.

Mr. Giannini's Italian institution, recently acquired, is known as Banca d'America e d'Italia. This bank was organized in 1912 under the name Banca dell'Italia Meridionale. The name was changed in 1918 to the present form. With its head office in Milan and with over thirty branches it is the third largest bank in Italy. In 1927 it had a capital of 200,000,000 lire (about $10,000,000). The Bancitaly Corporation owns, it is understood, about seventy-five per cent. of the stock of this bank.

Branch banking, while fairly new to the United States, has had a long and successful history in Great Britain, Canada and other parts of the world. It offers advantages over the unit system, which seem more than to offset the disadvantages. A bank which is a branch of a large system can withstand local distress which frequently would cause an independent bank to fail. The notoriously large number of bank failures each year in the United States and the subsequent loss to depositors has practically no equal anywhere else in the world. A branch bank is likely to have the benefit of expert banking knowledge to guide it, and the facilities of a strong and highly developed organization to call upon.

Banking in the United States is in a period of evolution, the results of which may eventually call for a substantial revision of the American banking system.

WHY SIR WILFRED GRENFELL?

BY THEODORE L. BADGER

SOME thirty-six years ago, St. Anthony, on the eastern tip of Newfoundland, was a tiny fishing village with a few squalid shacks along the shore of its spacious landlocked harbor. Low hills rose behind it, and a massive headland sheltered the seaward end of its harbor. Few strangers found their way in from the ocean through the narrow winding "tickle", but for the northern fishing fleet it offered a snug security from every storm. Into this Sir Wilfred Grenfell first sailed in the summer of 1892, aboard his small ketch, the *Albert*, in which he had crossed the Atlantic earlier that spring.

In the two succeeding years hospitals were built, at the request and with the aid of authorities in St. John's, Newfoundland, at Battle Harbor in Labrador at the eastern entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle, and at Indian Harbor, two hundred miles north of this. They were the beginnings of the work that has continued. Some years later, St. Anthony with its fine harbor and more convenient location was chosen as the headquarters of the medical mission which in so short a time had made an imposing place for itself. Here a small wooden hospital was built, and in later years, as time and money could be found, more structures rose—workships, warehouses, the undenominational school, an orphanage, industrial shop, coöperative store, and power plants. The Mission drew new families, offered a new security for the sick, and brought work for many.

Since then it has grown and expanded, to meet the needs of the extended work. Now, in addition to its old cluster of buildings, stand the new orphanage and new hospital, fireproof buildings built largely by St. Anthony men. The new hospital is a perfect unit, with large sunny wards, spacious operating rooms, dental room, etherizing room, plaster room, good laboratories and comfortable quarters for the staff. Its steam fitting, electrical

work and sterilizing outfits are modern and complete, the entire credit for which is due to two St. Anthony men.

St. Anthony has now become the centre for many other mission stations. There are other hospitals at Battle Harbor, across the Straits of Belle Isle; at Harrington on the Canadian Labrador, in the Straits; at Indian Harbor in Eskimo Bay; and at Northwest River at the bottom of Hamilton Inlet, the winter station of Indian Harbor. Each one is the centre of medical work for many miles of coast, and for the fishing fleets North in the summer. St. Anthony receives patients from the whole of Newfoundland. During the summer months and until the boats stop running in January, there is rarely a vacant bed, and even with the new hospital there is frequently an overflow into the old wooden building. About every week a coastwise steamer arrives bringing many patients. The dispensary then does a rushing business. All patients are examined, and those who do not need hospital care or operation are treated and returned that same day when the steamer goes South; the rest being kept on. No patient who needed care has ever been turned away from the hospital, and in the old building there was often little room to be found. Calls from distant coves and villages take doctors and nurses far over Newfoundland and down "the Labrador", and in the winter dog sledge is the only means of travel. There is need beyond all estimate for this medical work.

And one must not forget the *Strathcona II*, sister ship to the original *Strathcona*, which sank at sea after many years of strenuous sailing. This is the hospital ship which Sir Wilfred navigates each summer. A fine steam yacht, she is small, but well built. The old radio room beneath the bridge is converted into a dispensary, and, though only some seven feet square, has every inch well utilized and stocked with medical supplies for the summer's work. Aft, the main saloon is narrow, but with a balanced swinging table, like a binnacle, so level in any weather that racks are rarely used; and below decks, the rooms. There is no place to bunk the sick, for she is not large enough, and patients that need hospital treatment are temporarily cared for until one of the hospitals can be reached.

Then, too, one finds the other work and projects that the Doctor

(for as such he is known throughout the Coast) has started and developed in these years of work—day schools, and summer schools taught by college students, child welfare, industrial work, farming, and the herding of goats, cows and reindeer. These have been attended with varying success, for some schemes are ventures and must necessarily not work out. St. Anthony goats, for one, are still a problem of some importance, for statistics leave grave doubt as to the value of their milk as against their devastating appetites. There are vicissitudes in their upbringing, and many are the carefully nurtured vegetable gardens of St. Anthony that have seen wholesale destruction by these unaltruistic beasts.

Nursing stations, placed in outlying districts as at Flower's Cove, White Bay and Conche in Newfoundland, and Forteau in Labrador, serve distant communities not large enough for hospitals. Here nursing graduates from the United States, Canada and England live the year round, covering the coasts for miles. These nurses seem to find much enjoyment in the work, for it has a romance and excitement not found in many places, though it is often perilous and lonely.

At St. Anthony and at Muddy Bar, near Cartwright in Labrador, there are two large orphanage schools, for children whose fathers have perished in storms that have swept the fishing fleets. Enough cannot be said for these orphanages, for in them are children who have had the best of education and training, in contrast to the meagre opportunities of other schools. To have been among these children is a privilege, for they are a great group. Many of them are lovely, bright, cheerful and capable, and unquestionably in them is the answer to the greatest problem of all—the future of Labrador. They are one of the most urgent reasons for the continuation of work on the coast. They represent, even though a small group, the nucleus that will be capable of taking over the problem of adjusting and handling their own affairs. They have the education, the upbringing, the background, the inspiration and the opportunities that have never before been the privilege of children of Labrador. It should be the beginning of a new heritage and one that should be extended and cultivated even farther, if work there is to continue. As in all

other parts of the world, it is only with this younger group that we can hope for progress. These children of Labrador, brought up in the orphanage schools, offer the richest and most hopeful field in which to work. We cannot hope to keep those living there as dependents of civilization, but rather hope through education to teach these of the younger generation to be capable of carrying their own burdens and settling the final destiny of their own people. Labrador should become their own problem, and will, when they are capable of handling it.

The rigorous climate and long winters are a handicap to progress, but ignorance is open to approach, and education has its usual effect in Labrador as elsewhere. People will forever remain in Labrador, and it is Sir Wilfred who has shown them new horizons and possibilities for their own development. Two great economic resources have as yet scarcely been touched, water power and forests, while the third, fishing, their great source of livelihood, has suffered much from corruption in high places. Surely it is through the education of these younger ones that we may hope for the development and protection of these industries. If there is any future for Labrador, it is in these children, who vindicate the years of service already spent.

The Doctor does little surgery today, for his energy has necessarily been diverted toward channels of executive work, writing, lecturing, and elaborating new projects for development. Labrador is his Laboratory of Life, his field of experimentation, made possible by many loyal workers. It is the outlet for the guiding principles of his life. St. Anthony he has seen grow as the centre of work expanding far along the coasts, as a monument to his courage and devotion.

Today it is the *Strathcona II*—in years gone by it was the *Albert*, and the *Princess May* and the *Sir Donald*—which takes him to the farthest ports, practising medicine and surgery and carrying the Gospel of Christ. Today it is the *Strathcona II* with its trips for which he lives and to which he looks forward, for it is aboard her that he carries on the things that make life worth living. She embodies what life means to him and is the medium for realizing intentions, for achievement, for adventure, and for service. In his own words, "work, service, worship and

play" are the meaning of life. Each one is a great adventure, and so each trip of that small trig ship that he loves so dearly is an adventure.

Once aboard her, he is transformed. Life takes on a new freshness and vigor. The winds that toss that shock of gray hair above his strong, tanned face, bring back a youthfulness and enthusiasm for the new experiences that lie ahead. There is a rough simplicity in life aboard her which is closely akin to his own nature, and one can feel how much he loves it, and with what patience he has waited for it. There is hard work in it, comradeship with people for whom he cares a great deal, opportunity to carry help where it is needed, and a chance to play.

Each summer the *Strathcona II* goes out, stopping at little villages and hamlets along the way. The harbors are many and deep, offering a secure anchorage, and a genial hospitality to those aboard. In every port there is need for medical work, poverty, miscarriages of justice to be straightened, industrial problems to be solved, or new projects to be started. Navigation is difficult, charts almost worthless, with uncharted waters farther North. As master of the ship, the Doctor takes chances, to be sure, but it is rather that courageous spirit of adventure, that drive to push on, that carries him where other vessels dare not go and in weather when they ride at anchor. Occasionally his short cuts, tried with boyish delight, bring him hard up upon the flats or against a rock. Once near Cartwright, the sands held us tight. There was a fat Roman Father as passenger, who lacked that sound basis of religion which is the Doctor's—Faith—and who, on this occasion, lost what poise may ever have been his, and in fear and trembling flitted about the decks invoking the blessings of the Almighty. A half hour with a lead line, a rising tide, and a motor boat, saw us free once more; the Doctor, the wiser for this new addition to his charts, the Roman Father rather the worse for the experience, and the *Strathcona* intact. Often he goes far North, down beyond the Mission's active field, to the Moravian stations at Hopedale, and at Nain or farther. Here he navigates the vast inland waterways of that archipelago of islands, where fiords are deep between the mountains topped with snow above the dark green firs and spruce.

Work fills the programme of each day. No matter what it is, he drives on with an untiring energy that tests the strength of far younger men. It never discomposes him. There are few things in the lives of the people of the coast that he cannot do as well as they, or better; there is no task which he avoids, no physical strain to which he does not willingly lend himself. There are long hours on the bridge, when navigation is precarious, and endless work into which he plunges himself with untiring enthusiasm.

But beside the medical care, the industrial work, the trading projects, the guardianship of justice, the economic thrift and foresight that Sir Wilfred teaches, he fills a great spiritual need in the colorless and desolate lives of many. He is the "beloved physician" of the people, and beyond all else, brings hope, sympathy, kindness and cheer to them. Sunday on the *Strathcona* is a day of rest, observed in deference to the customs of the people—no boats sail, no nets are hauled, no work is done, no steam is raised. Those ashore look forward to these days when the Doctor is among them, and he loves them too.

Almost devoid of a theology and of sectarian wranglings, he is unorthodox but with a fearlessness of conviction that Christ's teachings are the motive force in life, and the source of greatest happiness. There comes to mind a conversation with him of which one phrase stands out: "There is a difference between theology and religion: Theology is what one comprehends, religion what one does." So today, as always, he leads the life that Christ would have him, giving and serving with an intense devotion and faith. Sundays in the North mean much to him, for it is then that he comes closest to Him Whom he serves. There in some fisherman's hamlet, or, as he prefers in "civil" weather, high on some knoll above the sea, bare headed in the open, surrounded by the simple fisher folk, he comes closest to Him Whose teachings have been the inspiration of his life. No church, no ceremony, no throngs, no other settings bring from him the courage, the affection, the fearlessness, and the gentleness that are his. He himself loves these meetings, looks forward to them, and remembers them, for their rough simplicity brings new courage, and their nearness to Christ's own ways of teaching strengthens that Faith which guides each new adventure.

But no picture of the Doctor or of his Labrador can be complete without that other, fourth and great principle of life by which he lives—Play. His athletic days at Oxford were many years ago, but even today he excels in sports, relishes each new chance to play a game, and admires, without reserve, the athletes of all times. And here again the *Strathcona* offers an outlet, an adventure in the field of sport. At Muddy Bay, near Cartwright, when all hands were tired from long hard runs, we slipped from our anchorage and sailed to the bottom of Sandwich Bay, where the Eagle River enters. There, after a mile of rapids, the river broadens into a wide deep pool with sluggish waters and a waterfall above. Such a day of salmon fishing—the integrity of the most honest fisherman would be at stake if the truth of that day's catch were told.

At Northwest River, the winter post of Dr. Paddon, the Montaignois Indians from Central Labrador come out, each spring, for supplies, and to meet their priest from St. John's. They are sadly in need of medical care, and their old chief is fast succumbing to tuberculosis. While there one of the Doctor's bursts of sportive genius broke loose, when he suggested that we revive the old White Man-Indian struggle as a friendly shooting match, between us and the tribe. There was enthusiasm on both sides, a moving target was strung up some two hundred yards off shore, and we let fire. It was a grand success, and the Doctor kept peace by an appropriate distribution of trophies. So he is forever alert for an opportunity "to keep his body fit and to excel in clean sport without neglect of work or patients."

Little more need be said, for the work which has grown and spread over Newfoundland and Labrador is itself the realization of a life of accomplishment. Labrador and Grenfell are synonymous. Labrador, a laborer's land, where his years of hard and strenuous work have been mixed with devotion and a will to believe that Christ's teachings are the Way of Life. He stands out as a figure beloved by those among whom he has lived, a man with courage, fearlessness, and determination, and one whose simplicity of mind and spirit has lent itself to those about him.

His humor ever delights those who are with him and brings color and refreshment into every day. His absent mindedness

is fascinating, and covered with a genuine naïvety which cannot bring offense to others. Often he has chuckled over slips that might have brought only consternation.

And Lady Grenfell—her advice and wisdom and enthusiasm have ever been a support and encouragement to the Doctor. Her untiring energy has taken a thousand burdens from his shoulders and her hospitality knows no bounds. Together, what a great pair they are!

So through these years in Labrador, Sir Wilfred Grenfell has found greater and greater joy in living, and the fun of accomplishment has brought conquest with it. He may well be called "the best beloved missionary in the world."

BLOOD MONEY FOR EAGLES

BY ARTHUR NEWTON PACK

President, American Nature Association

In all ages and among many nations the eagle has been proclaimed the king of birds. In the ancient mythology this bird was held sacred to Jove. As one who had dominion over the very seasons, and held in his grasp the lightning, it was fitting that this ruler of gods and men should have under his special protection this bird of the upper air, indifferent to cold, fearless of mien, master of all other birds. In early times the eagle, represented in various parts of the world by different species, was held in peculiar awe by many peoples, and was chosen as their national emblems. The Romans, following the example of the Assyrians or Persians, made it their ensign. More modern nations—France, Prussia, and others—also chose it to adorn their standards. So what more natural than that our forefathers, finding here a fine species peculiar to North America, should formally choose the White-Headed Eagle, called also from its shining head the Bald Eagle, to serve as our emblem?

The range of this magnificent bird, practically co-extensive with continental North America, helps to make it peculiarly suitable as a symbol for our people, for it exists in all our States, and therefore may come within the personal ken of every citizen. But so little reverence has been paid the bird that it is now scarce or practically unknown over great areas. Such a condition is probably inevitable in a country where settlement by cosmopolitan races, with all the conditions that go with it, has been so rapid as in our own, but we believe that history does not furnish another instance where a country or State has put a price on the head of the species chosen for its emblem. Yet such a state of affairs is present in Alaska, a section where the bird attains its maximum size and is more abundant than elsewhere, and where its habit of perching on conspicuous trees growing on the shores of pictur-

esque inlets allows it to be viewed by many thousands who might not see one in all their lives in the older settled parts of our land.

In 1917 the Legislature of Alaska, relying largely on the testimony of a few persons who asserted that the diminishing supply of salmon was caused by the depredations of the birds, and that they were also very destructive to the young of deer and to other game species, passed a law placing a bounty on the eagle, to be paid on the presentation of the feet of the bird, and this law is still in effect. For the first six years the amount paid was fifty cents, but in 1923 the price was raised to one dollar. Up to August, 1927, the official records show that more than 40,000 of the great birds have been killed. For the present we will forbear passing judgment on one who would kill a bald eagle, the emblem of his native or adopted country, for so paltry a reward.

Now all eagles prey on other animals, and no one will contend that our bald eagle lives without killing. It is a powerful bird, and naturally its prey may sometimes include the young of a deer or a mountain sheep. It is well known, however, that the parents of our large game animals are very zealous in the care of their young, leaving them alone only under unavoidable circumstances, when they hide them very skilfully, and that they ably defend them from such attacks as cannot be avoided. That these defensive tactics are usually successful is attested by the comparative abundance of the animals, under natural conditions, in regions where, for ages, they have been exposed to the attacks of enemies. If eagles were unduly destructive to the young of deer, there would be few deer left in a section where these great birds are more abundant than in any other area in North America, and probably in the world. Then the appalling loss inflicted on the deer by the unusually heavy snowfalls of a few years ago could not have happened. And in accounting for the decrease of the deer, let Alaskans not forget the conditions existing in the territory only a few years ago, when the employees of the salmon canneries killed deer for their tables at any time they chose.

Eagles are notoriously heavy eaters of fish, but we believe that it has nowhere been denied that the bulk of those eaten in Alaska are dead or dying fish that have worn themselves out in the struggle to fight their way to the spawning grounds. It is a well-

known fact that the salmon fisheries have been over-exploited for many years, and that the blame for the continued scarcity has been laid to the depredations of various creatures, gulls, terns, sea-lions, seals, and now—the eagle.

It is a well-established principle that no species of bird, mammal, or fish can maintain its normal abundance in the face of long-continued commercial exploitation. Nature presents a vast assemblage of species of varying characteristics and habits, some preying on weaker species, some protecting, others eating their enemies, and all linked into a vast interdependent system. Some of these species man has already so nearly exterminated that he can never hope to learn exactly what were their relations to the rest of the universe. To the serious student of wild life no phase of human activity is more patent than man's tendency to blame some other creatures for depleted conditions that he has brought about by his own destructive methods. There is a regrettable fashion of jumping to conclusions, and urging the wholesale destruction of supposedly injurious creatures without any adequate preliminary study of the factors in the case. This tendency is unfortunately all too prevalent in our treatment of many of our most beautiful and useful species, and leads to many notable abuses. Much of this is due to a reluctance to interfere with established methods of business that came into being a generation or more ago, when the impending decline of many of our most valuable species, valuable from both commercial and æsthetic considerations, was unsuspected. Let us consider briefly a few more or less concrete cases, bearing in mind the principle that no species can stand continued commercial pursuit.

A high Government official urged that our people eat more fish in order that foods that can be more easily preserved and transported might help out in a national emergency. Fishermen along our southern coast reported that the pelicans were destroying our food fishes, when the shortage is really due to overfishing. A widespread demand was fostered for the extermination of the alleged despoilers, and thousands were killed even on reservations set aside for their exclusive protection. Then investigation was made of the feeding habits of the persecuted birds, and out of many thousands of fishes that had been eaten by

the pelicans only twenty-seven individual fish of species sold as food were found, and even these were of the cheaper and less desirable kinds. The unjust slaughter has largely ceased, but since bad reports gain volume faster than good, there still exists in the minds of many thousands of people the conviction that the pelicans are responsible for the scarcity of fish.

The herons are eaters of fish and other inhabitants of the waters, and occasionally individual birds do much damage about hatcheries, where artificial conditions have resulted in vast numbers of small fish being readily accessible. So it frequently happens that herons, as well as kingfishers and certain fish-eating ducks and grebes, must be destroyed. This has resulted in one instance in authority being granted for the killing, at any time anywhere in a great State, of the members of about ten species of birds specifically protected by an international treaty. These birds need not be doing any damage to be killed. What may not be the possible effect on the minds of people who see this destruction of beautiful birds whose protection was deemed so desirable that an international treaty was entered into for their benefit?

To cite a less specific example, we may point out the terrific destruction of our fur-bearing animals, which have been so mercilessly slaughtered to supply a commercially-guided demand that a number of them are on the verge of extinction. Were steps taken to encourage the protection of these animals, and if only the surplus were taken each year, there could be no reasonable objection to the harvesting of this natural crop. But beyond certain seasonal restrictions, which are but poorly enforced, no curb is put on the cupidity of the trapper or dealer. The inadequacy of such protection may be illustrated by a suppositious case. If there be a hundred individuals of a species in a given area, and ninety of them are taken, it can make little difference whether the period of slaughter is three or six months. The progressive rapid decrease of all of our fur-bearers is admitted by those most concerned, but is it attributed to over-exploitation? No; and it would be amusing, were it not so serious, to listen to the supposed reasons for this decrease. It is laid to disease, drainage, floods, destruction of forests, natural enemies, inadequate legislation, and what-not, but there is not a word about the

influence of the dollar. As a matter of fact our game birds and animals are yearly decreasing with probably no exception. The cause is over-killing in the name of sport. And what is "sport"?

But we have apparently wandered far from the Bald Eagle, the bird that nearly a century and a half ago our forefathers selected as the emblem of a country that had just declared its independence. There are those who point out that all the attributes of the eagle are not noble, that he sometimes robs his neighbor or descends to carrion. But we must not expect a bird to possess all the ideal human virtues. In nature each species is in competition with others. The eagle, it is true, at times, robs the fishhawk. But this makes the hawk swifter, so that he can sometimes escape the eagle, and if he loses his catch, he can the more easily get another fish by virtue of the training.

And let us not forget that nations, like birds, need other qualities besides meekness. While admitting the eagle's faults, we still believe in him as an emblem. Who is not thrilled by the sight of an eagle soaring high in the blue heavens? We believe that the fathers made a wise selection when they picked this majestic bird to serve on our banners and shields. Of all our States there are only a few that do not protect him throughout the year. And even those whose fault after all is only one of omission do not pay a reward for his destruction.

Let us hope that the Legislature of Alaska will be moved to repeal this law that puts a price, even a small one, on the head of our National Bird. If a few thousand eagles have in the past been standing in the way of Alaska's development, may we not hope that, now they are dead, the waning industries may revive? Let us be a little more careful that fewer salmon are thrown out on the tide for lack of preserving facilities. If, perchance, we find an eagle casting sheep's eyes at a lamb, or looking with longing at a baby fox, let us drive him away, or if necessary, kill him red-handed. But let us not, for fifty cents, slaughter and throw away such a creature as this bird of the upper clouds, a bird the sight of which is an event to ninety-nine per cent. of the people of the land he represents. Let us allow him an occasional fish, or a duck or a fowl, not only in Alaska, but all over our land. Let us hold his image in reverence not only on our coins but in our hearts.

CRIME—A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

BY CORNELIUS F. COLLINS

Judge of Court of General Sessions, New York

DURING the last few years, great public alarm has been experienced in this country with regard to crime. Although there have been lacking substantial statistical data to prove it, there has been a widespread feeling that there has been a grave increase in lawlessness. Statements that "America is the most lawless nation in the world" and that "Crime in this country is overwhelming the people and submerging our very national institutions", are some of the typical exaggerations which have appeared in the public prints. Governmental cognizance has been taken of the situation. The National Crime Commission was created, and commissions in the various States were appointed by the Governors and the Legislatures. Among these bodies the National Commission and the Commission of the State of New York, known as the Baumes Commission, were outstanding.

According to a report of the National Commission, the working objectives of these commissions were "to go over the weak spots in the judicial armor of the different States and obtain legislative enactment of statutes which would remain after the crime excitement itself had subsided". Unfortunately there has followed on the heels of the crime wave agitation "an orgy of drastic penal legislation". In reviewing the work of the various crime commissions, the American Prison Association points out that "an index to widespread public concern is the statement prepared from legislative records in forty-two States, showing that there were 2,261 amendments to the penal codes introduced, 587 of which passed and less than twenty were vetoed by the Governors. It can be said with certainty that much of this legislation is punitive." Such action, the review continues, "is frequently referred to as an effort to put 'teeth into the law' and represents only one side of preventive effort, and too often neglects a con-

sideration and study of the more deep-rooted reasons for the existence of crime."

Out of the so-called "crime wave" of the near past has come the attempt from some quarters to place the responsibility for that disturbing condition upon the newer, more humane scientific methods of dealing with offenders. Unfortunately for this reasoning, however, the alleged crime wave was no respecter of locality. States having the most restricted and repressive laws were visited; States having the determinate sentence, and States having the indeterminate sentence, with liberal provisions for parole, were also visited. States having probation laws with efficient administration and States having probation laws with inefficient administration, or lack of any attempt at administration, were likewise visited. Crime and disorder were rampant throughout Italy, France and England, and yet these countries have never been accused of coddling criminals. There was an increase in crime in Canada, and yet probation is practically unknown in that Dominion.

During the last two or three years, crime news has been given prominent attention in the public prints. A striking robbery or murder played up in the public press is taken by the average man to be certain proof of an enormous increase in crimes of violence throughout the nation. In some instances the presentation of crime news seems to have been guided by a pandering to the sensational rather than by devotion to an ascertainment of the facts. Newspapers also have displayed a tendency to blame the modern methods of criminal treatment for the alleged increase in crime. They have written freely of the "coddling of offenders", quartering of prisoners in "palace prisons", general "jail deliveries" through the operation of parole laws, and the "soft treatment" afforded criminals on probation. As Dean Pound and others have insisted, we have as yet no adequate criminal statistics in this country. Hence we do not actually know whether crime is on the increase. However, notwithstanding this fundamental situation, wide publicity has been given to the thought that there is a crime wave and that stringent legal measures are necessary for its repression.

A fair example of this view is to be found in the recent message

of a Governor to the Legislature of his State, in which he said: "Misdirected sympathy and the highly developed expertness of penologists, reformers, and the parole advocates, who have lost sight of the rights and protection of the public and concentrated on the rights and reformation of the criminal, have aided to increase crime."

Approving this statement, a widely-read newspaper adds: "What the Governor says on the subject in general is what many other persons are thinking. Not all the blame is to be placed upon the coddling of prisoners or the easy terms of obtaining parole. Much of it rests upon judges and prosecuting attorneys, but most of it can be placed squarely at the door of an outworn system of criminal jurisprudence . . . and another thing which is needed—and what at last seems to be on the way—is a quickening of the public sense that the present struggle against crime is war—war against a resourceful and implacable enemy who must either suppress or be suppressed."

What has been generally described as a "crime wave" in this country has had more to do with the nature and manner of the crimes committed than their number. It may be said that the volume of crime, collectively speaking, was not such as to justify great alarm, but the nature and audacity of the crimes of robbery, with their attendant violence, involving murder in many instances, were astounding. It was the sensational character of crime that gave it its terroristic effect. Holdups in large cities like New York were of a nature previously unheard of, and their audacity was unparalleled. Robberies in large places of business in broad daylight, in the most populous sections, were powerful justifications of alarm. As Dr. Kirchwey has well said: "Robbery is the crime wave." With the automatic gun and the automobile to insure a quick getaway, and with the newspapers dramatizing every detail of every holdup, one might express wonder as to why there have not been more depredations of this nature.

Can it be truthfully said that the criminal outbreaks of the nature which occurred throughout this country had as their proximate cause the failure of the legal machinery for the protection of society? Let us examine the facts.

The first step in the administration of the criminal law is to catch the criminal. Whether he is to be treated in the light of modern knowledge and scientific methods, or punished severely without thought of the future, is a secondary consideration at this stage of the proceedings. The first lines of social defense are the police departments of the country. They constitute the civic armies of peace. Society must depend upon their adequacy and their efficiency for the orderly conduct of its affairs. Many localities throughout the country have failed to provide an adequate police force in both number and quality for their protection. The most startling thing in any discussion of the crime problem is the small number of criminals who are caught by the police. Here we have a situation of fundamental importance. If our agencies for the apprehension of the anti-social are ineffectual, the very foundation stone of our legal structure is threatened. The reports of the National Crime Commission have devoted a great deal of attention to this situation, and they point out that unwise considerations of economy in this connection are the height of folly, and cannot be too severely condemned. Dr. Robinson, one of the secretaries of the National Commission, has very aptly stated: "The public must recognize that the police, the District Attorneys, the Court, the prison and reformatory institutions, probation and parole officers, are all parts of one great organization for the protection of society from crime."

Often police departments do not pursue vigorously enough the obtaining of evidence to establish the guilt of offenders, and are too apt to rest content with the arrests of malefactors. Greater effort should be expended in the preparation of the case by the police than is generally the practice, especially in the obtaining of the necessary legal evidence. The tendency is to place too much dependence upon the prosecutor. In some cities this situation could be met by better coöperation between the police and the prosecuting officers. Energetic coöperation between the police departments and the District Attorney is of vital importance.

"The very heart of the criminal process," says Arthur V. Lashlay, one of the able contributors to the Missouri Crime Survey, "is the prosecuting office." The District Attorney is the counsel for the people of the State. He is the pivotal force be-

tween crime detection and crime punishment. If this office is ill equipped either in number or capacity, to say nothing of integrity, disaster from the standpoint of public safety is inevitable. By reason of improper or inefficient legal management, a criminal case can fail before the Magistrate, the Grand Jury or the Petit Jury. The compensation provided for the prosecuting attorneys has been so small as to make it impracticable for lawyers of experience and ability to accept the office. No progress can be made toward improvement in the administration of justice until effective attention has been given to the better organization and equipment of the agencies of the police and the District Attorney, those indispensable legal outposts for social protection.

The immemorially cherished institution of trial by jury has been attacked severely by those critics who find in our administration of law the causes for the alleged crime increase. Nothing, it would seem to the writer, could be more unjustified than affirmative action on the drastic recommendation of jury abolition. An institution so highly prized by our fathers as to be classified among the most important provisions of our fundamental law, Federal and State, and frequently boasted of as "the bulwark of our liberties", could not be interfered with without dire results.

At times there have been miscarriages of justice by reason of the action of juries. On the whole, however, trial by jury in America can be said to have stood the test of time as an institution making for the administration of justice to the satisfaction of a free people. Judges of experience in criminal cases know that on the whole substantial justice is done both to the people and to the defendant in trial by jury. There is, however, room for improvement in the jury system. Many citizens, often those who are too ready violently to condemn the shortcomings of government, are shamefully neglectful of their obligations of jury duty. The calibre of our juries would be immeasurably improved if some of our worthy citizens would serve upon them instead of evading this sacred responsibility. Judges and lawyers would welcome any measures tending to improve the jury system, but the lessons of history teach us that it is a safe and sound instrument of justice.

The trial of a defendant charged with serious crime should be

characterized by dignity, fairness and a calm pursuit of the truth, not only that substantial justice may be done, but that public confidence in our tribunals of law may be safeguarded. In recent years some of our most important criminal trials have become public spectacles. The press intrenches itself in the court-room *en masse*. The camera man, the special writer, the popular author, the prominent actress, a notorious divorcee, or almost any person in the popular eye, take upon themselves the responsibility of informing the public of their opinion on the guilt or innocence of the accused, and of the conduct of the case. A well known humorist recently related the story of the lady who was accused of shooting her husband. "Have you an attorney?" said the judge. "No," replied the fair defendant. "Who is to represent you?" said the Court. "The tabloid press," replied the gentle murderess.

Of course there can be no suggestion that the press should not publish the facts of criminal trials, but some effort ought to be made to discourage that ultra-sensationalism in newspaper writing that interferes seriously with the impartial weighing of the evidence as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, and tends to arouse a morbid state in the public mind toward the crime and the criminal. This form of newspaper reporting is contrary to the public good. In many important trials, gruesome and salacious details have been so enlarged upon as to become nauseating to the right-minded. Frequently when a trial has resulted in a conviction, sensational newspaper publicity has aroused such a maudlin sympathy for the guilty individual as to be most disturbing to the orderly execution of the sentence. In the Chapman case, for example, after the conviction of this "robber and killer" was sustained by the Appellate Court of the State and the Supreme Court of the United States, the District Attorney was portrayed by a sensational illustrated newspaper almost in the light of a murderer.

On May 10, 1883, Joseph Pulitzer, who reëstablished *The World* of New York City, stated the policy of that paper as follows: "An institution that should always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption . . . always remain devoted to the public welfare . . . never be afraid to attack

wrong." Most of our newspapers have lived up to this high ideal of public service, and a large number of our dailies are guided by high-minded policies entirely devoted to upholding justice and the law. But the fact cannot be ignored that the press in some instances has abused its great power, which unquestionably has tended to increase the gravity of the criminal problem.

The proponents of modern, sane and progressive methods of dealing with criminals hold no brief for the criminal and make no special plea for him. They are interested primarily in protecting life and property and in preserving peace and order, but they do not believe in undue and indiscriminating severity which has failed to suppress crime through all the ages, and which has at all times bred more crime than it has cured. Their purposes are constructive. They are not mere meddlers with the enforcement of the criminal law. Their aim is to understand the criminal and the causes underlying crime. They believe that there are all kinds of criminals just as there are all kinds of sinners who have not been apprehended, and that there is no inherent difference in mental and moral endowment of criminals as a class that makes it hopeless to undertake their reclamation.

Crime must be approached intelligently, scientifically and psychopathically, and not in the spirit of vengeance and stupid retaliation. The current theories of retribution and revenge must give place to organized study and treatment of individuals.

The careless and inaccurate use of the terms "probation", "suspended sentence", and "parole" has resulted in many instances in probation being unjustly criticized. These terms are not synonymous and cannot with accuracy be used interchangeably, for in the laws of New York State they have acquired specific meanings. Probation is the term used in connection with the conditional release of an offender without imprisonment but under the supervision of a probation officer, for a definite period of time, and for the purpose of reclaiming him from evil courses. Suspended sentence is the release of an offender without any supervision. Unless the offender is again arrested the court does not know whether its leniency has been abused or not. It should know! The use of the suspended sentence without probationary oversight is a pernicious practice that ought to be corrected.

Parole is the term used in connection with conditional release from a reformatory or penal institution after an offender has served a part of his original sentence.

The work of discrimination, investigation and reformative supervision of delinquents is largely carried on outside of the prison by the systems of probation and parole. These are modern methods of individual treatment which have shown good results wherever properly administered. Today there is danger of their coming under the general condemnation of any treatment that looks like leniency. Neither method properly administered means letting off the offender. They are in reality an extension of supervision and punishment. Probation is neither soft sentimentality nor an evasion of punishment. It is not a slack and loose procedure, but a well defined social case work plan of discipline and correction.

No less an authority than President Coolidge has stated that "Probation is the right hand in the administration of justice." In the Court of General Sessions of New York City, a complete study of the crime and the life of the criminal is in the hands of the judge before sentence. This pre-sentence study of the delinquent prior to judgment represents a marked step forward in the administration of criminal jurisprudence.

Preliminary or social investigations made by probation officers are not made to secure evidence as to the guilt or innocence of a person accused of crime. These investigations are made solely to obtain unbiased information which will assist judges to decide whether convicted adult offenders are suitable for probation treatment or should be committed to correctional institutions. When preliminary or social investigations are made, the judge has information, checked and verified, regarding the past criminal record of the offender, his personal and family history, his character, habits, associates, environment, his mental and physical condition, and the mitigating or aggravating circumstances of his offense.

It is an interesting fact to be noticed by those who are critics of probation on the ground that it "encourages" leniency, that in New York County, where probation is probably most highly developed and most completely administered, the rate of sus-

pended sentences is the lowest in the State, somewhat more than half as high as in the rural districts where probation is least highly developed. The explanation is that the probation staff in New York County is used liberally for investigation and advice *before* the suspension of sentence, and that its advice to grant the suspension of sentence is given with careful discrimination.

During the last fourteen years in New York State, 206,298 persons were discharged from probation; 78.5 per cent. completed their probation terms without committing other offenses and were honorably discharged, while 10.9 per cent. were arrested for violating probation or for committing other offenses and were imprisoned. Only 4.9 per cent. escaped from supervision.

The system of parole for offenders released from correctional institutions has received more criticism in New York, as in other places, than has probation. This is partly due to the fact that serious crimes are committed by men while still on parole. If parole means a shortening of the prison sentence and the release of men to continue in crime, it deserves criticism. If, on the other hand, parole means continuance of the supervision by the institution after release and an effort gradually to adjust the offender to normal life in society, it should be highly commended. This is the purpose of parole, hence the system itself cannot be objected to, but only its faulty administration.

With the seriously defective who cannot withstand the temptations of life in society, and with the habitual offender who has no intention of reform, treatment must be different. Probation is not applicable in either case. The institution is required. Most judges, if given the proper machinery for determining mental defects and for the full investigation of previous records, personality and social factors in each case, can be counted upon to use the power of probation properly.

Almost without exception it has been found that the bandits who had been terrorizing the country had served one or more prison terms. They were graduates of our reformatories and penal institutions. Sending these men to prison did not cure them. Longer prison terms, as was proposed, would not do it. For the protection of society and the solution of the crime problem, we must strengthen every available method of reforming the

offender in and out of the institutions. Most important of all, we must begin with the young, giving the greatest attention to the early and first offender, and we must discriminate between the different types of delinquents appearing in our courts.

It is a truth as old as Beccaria and Howard, over a century ago, that it is not the severity but the celerity and certainty of punishment that give it its power to deter and repress criminal action. A fatal mistake is made when there is an attempt to utilize cruel severity as the sole weapon to combat criminal action. In the history of crime and punishment there is written in letters of fire the truth that savage punishment defeats its own ends. No one prescription such as long term sentence or severity will cure the evil. The question is not so much whether we are coddling criminals as it is of the extent of our realization of the magnitude of the problem, and the necessity of bringing to its solution humanitarian principles and scientific methods. More important still is the aim at prevention which is the latest development in society's war against crime. In the meantime the best things we can do are to organize and equip better the police and the offices of the District Attorney and to provide the courts and all of our institutions dealing with delinquency with clinics and an adequate staff of well trained probation and parole officers, and give to those who administer these agencies greater powers of scientific discrimination in order to bring about individual treatment, not falling back to the old way governed by rigid laws and "feelings".

No crisis has ever arisen in America that our people were not able to meet. There can be no question of the capacity of our people to protect themselves in the fullest measure from the encroachments of the anti-social, while at the same time vindicating their high standards of national civilization.

IS DIVORCE THE WAY OUT?

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

At a dinner not long ago, my companion on one side, who was about thirty-two, turned to me, knowing me intimately, and said:

"Frances, my wife, has decided to go abroad for a little trip, and I don't like it."

"Why don't you like it?" was my reply.

"Well," said my friend, "I *don't* like it. I have done my best to show Frances that I want to make my married life my first thought. I have always come straight from the office to my home. I never go to the club unless for special occasions, and I have gotten into the habit of going home to see the children and Frances. If the woman goes away, the man easily loses that type of habit. It is very easy for a man to get into the way of stopping at the club. It is pleasant. There is always someone there—a game of bridge is nice—and one soon finds that that habit has become stronger than the other. Also, an 'extra man' is always wanted, and life becomes a different type of life the moment a man's wife leaves him. I don't like Frances to go. I am very fond of her."

"How long does Frances mean to be away?" was my query.

"Oh, about five or six weeks," answered my companion.

"Don't you think that a man could perhaps hold on to a 'habit' for five or six weeks?" I asked.

"Things change very quickly," he answered; and I then decided to question him a little further.

"Frances has had three babies in about six years, if I remember rightly," said I. "And during that time you have been a hard working and successful business man, have you not?"

"Yes, I have given much time to my business, for our future depends on it."

"Well," said I, "you must remember that although you have worked hard, although business is onerous, there is always inter-

est in it, there is always contact with others, there is always the excitement of the job, of the goal. You must remember also that during those six years, life for Frances has been a good deal circumscribed. Her horizon, unlike yours, has been narrowed rather than broadened. Nursery walls have kept her somewhat 'cabined and confined', and for a young woman, no matter how devotedly she may love her children, such a life leaves certain things to be desired. *You* would not think anything of going on a shooting trip for five or six weeks, nor would you feel that you were exposing Frances to unfortunate habits if you had to take a business trip for five or six weeks. I am therefore inclined to feel that Frances, too, deserves her little holiday, *if*—and this 'if' is vitally important—*she does not prolong her stay away from her family*. I cannot help feeling that for so short a period as six weeks a man can use his will power to prevent him from losing his admirable habit of homegoing from business, and if Frances loves you as I am convinced she does, she will be eager on her return to make that habit more delightful to you than ever before. In marriage, the give and take is perhaps the most important part of the transaction, and it is equally important to learn when to loosen the reins and when to tighten them, both on one's self and on one's life companion."

"Oh, I agree with you, up to a certain point," said he. "And I would not *tell* Frances that I don't like her to go away."

"There," I replied, "I think you make a mistake. I think you should tell her just how you feel. I think you two should talk it over together and if, after thrashing the situation out, you still 'don't like it', I am inclined to feel that Frances would not like to go."

"But," he replied, "I don't want her to stay because she thinks I am opposed to her going. I want her to stay because she *wants* to stay."

"That is a perfectly right attitude," I replied. "But you know we are all human. *You* want to stay with Frances unless a shooting trip turns up, and then, though you still want to stay with Frances, you also want your shooting trip, and your underlying devotion to Frances cannot, I think, be materially injured by a few weeks in the Rockies. Frances, in the same way, wishes

to stay with you, and would rather have you *wish* her to stay than anything else in the whole wide world, but she, too, is human and, offered suddenly a few weeks abroad, with new sights, no babies, no housekeeping, it is natural for her to want *her* 'hunting trip'. It would not be right for her to take it if any deep rift could possibly be made within your lute, but it seems to me that your lute should be strung for a *brief* time at least—remember I say it *must* be brief—in such a way that no rift could come between you."

After dinner Frances came to speak to me and told me of her proposed trip and I said to her much that I had said to him, adding, however, at the end, that a fine man's devotion was always worth a sacrifice.

In approaching the subject of divorce, the incident that I have just related bears upon it in more ways than one. There are various reasons for the appalling increase in the number of divorces.

The first reason that comes to my mind is that, in late years, there is so much more possibility of perpetual motion. In the old days, before the motor, and the telephone, there was much more stability in home life, and without stability, home life cannot exist.

The second reason for the increase in divorces is the fact that a larger number of young couples have wealth, and wealth, with married people, allows greater independence of each other.

The third and perhaps most vital reason is because of what is called "Individualism". Individuals were always individuals, but the cult of "Individualism" has increased to such a great degree that the theory of "Self Expression" has become an art all its own.

I believe in self expression, but I believe also in the perfectly demonstrable fact that each personality is linked inextricably to those with whom he or she has cast in his or her lot; and that each individual, through her or his influence on those who are close to them, affects or is affected by them in such a manner as to make it impossible to express himself or herself to the exclusion of the interests of the immediate circle. No *one* human being can say "I will stand alone; I will express myself," without taking into consideration the effect on others produced by such an attitude.

Perhaps of all qualities that most stressed in the life of the greatest Teacher of all time is responsibility toward others. Christ says we *are* our "brother's keeper".

Taking then the three reasons for the increase of divorces in the United States (I read the other day that in Chicago the average number of divorces was twenty-three a day!), let us see how this tendency can be combatted, and also if it seems best to combat it.

As far as perpetual motion goes, I think the motor has been a source of great pleasure and, of itself, has been a most desirable adjunct to family life. On the other hand, the possibility of always rushing somewhere brings with it its corresponding danger.

In *Alice in Wonderland* the famous Red Queen announced to Alice that one had "to run as fast as one could, to keep in the same place"! Given the motor, the proposition takes on another angle. One can be, through it, in so many different places in quick succession, that the temptation to run even faster than one *can* run becomes irresistible.

The telephone makes it possible to make the sudden engagement, the motor makes it possible to fulfil the sudden engagement, and in a brief moment the whole plan of a quiet day is turned into an orgy of restless unfocussed energy; and "home life"—where is it?

As a second cause for divorce, I suggested the larger means of a greater number of young couples. It is so much easier to be independent if one has money in one's pocket. The husband and wife who have to work out their budget together, who have to think pretty carefully before they take this step or that, are of necessity more dependent upon each other.

Not long ago, I heard of a charming young couple in whom I took interest as being at a certain dinner. After dinner, the pretty young married woman turned to her husband and said, "Are you going to Mrs. Clark's dance tonight?" "No," he replied, "I am going to Mrs. Jones's dance." "Well, I am going to Mrs. Clark's. Shall I send my motor back for you?" "No, thank you, I have mine here, so do not trouble."

I remember that, on being told of this conversation, a little sadness crept into my heart and a prophetic instinct made me see

these two young people going such different ways that there could be only one end—the end which came within a very few years.

Everything that tends to a lack of *inter*dependence, tends toward loosening the ties which go to form a stable family life.

As the third reason for more frequent divorces, I mentioned "Individualism". Individualism is not the same thing as a lack of interdependence. One is positive; the other is negative. The wife who says, "I must express myself," has frequently a perfect right to express herself as long as she does not do so by sacrificing something more important, such as her relationship with her children and her husband.

Talents should not be hidden under a bushel, but even the development of talent should be weighed against the great fundamental values, should the one clash with the others.

The best attitude to be taken in married life is that it is a *partnership*, and that each partner has to make a success of it. No two men going into partnership fail, each to take into consideration the qualities of the other. The object of the partnership is success. The success of the venture is too little considered in married life. Nothing in the world is worth having that is not worth working for, and no success is achieved without sacrifice.

A beloved relative of mine impressed me deeply in my youth, by telling me many times that *Love* was a talent.

"If you have a gift for music," she used to say, "can you expect to keep that gift, if you never use your voice in singing, or your fingers on the piano? Love is the same. You must *use* it to keep it perfect. You must use it in daily life. You must practise it all the time."

Many divorces come about from the fact that it never enters the brain of either of the people concerned to *practise* love. They seem to feel that love is a curious condition that just "happens". You fall in love, you marry, and that is all there is to it. If love does not stay, it has nothing to do with you. Love never will stay unless a good deal of effort, a great deal of intelligence, much sympathy, and an even greater amount of sacrifice, are put into the desire to make it lasting.

I would say, therefore, that to prevent divorce, one must make life as interesting and as stable as possible. The two things

sound contradictory, but they need not be so. Realize that you have entered into a partnership and that you naturally should take pride in the success of that partnership; and realize, also, that the fundamental beauty of a lasting relationship between husband and wife, and parents and children, which relationship is the foundation of the nation, should be *worked* over, to the exclusion even, of complete "self expression".

All this does not mean that divorces should never take place, but that divorce should not take place in a thoughtless, selfish, irresponsible way. Divorce, itself, is at times a necessary thing.

First, let us take the case where there have been no children. Childless couples, who find that certain qualities or circumstances make mutual life most trying and distasteful, have, it seems to me, a right to part, and to rebuild their lives in other ways.

The case is very different where children have been brought into the world. The other day a little child said, "It is very sad for a little girl when her Mummy and Daddy do not live together." It *is* very sad, and often entirely unnecessary. Divorces are much like wars. They come about from such little things, sometimes, and if, as with wars, the "Powers" concerned could sit down around a table and discuss the question in point, many wars and many divorces would be averted. So often the effort is not made to keep together. Nothing is sadder than children who have no home life, and next to the children who have no home life are to be commiserated those children who are passed from one parent to another. Can the children of "part time" be potentially as good citizens as those who are the children of "whole time"?

Whether marriage need be regarded as a sacrament or not, it seems to me that it should be approached with reverence and dignity, and time and serious consideration should always be factors in divorce.

There are only a few great fundamental values. Love and honor and unselfishness and patience are some of them. If in debating the possibility of separation the couple concerned could carry into those differences the realization of these values, many probable divorces might be avoided.

It is often said that children are better off if the parents are

separated than if they have to be subjected to seeing the irritable and loveless relationship between their parents. If, for the good of the children, the parents have decided to try to retain an unbroken home life, they could and should exercise a certain amount of self control, courtesy and friendliness in the home.

Divorce should be the last resort. I cannot lay too much stress on the steps that should be taken to avoid that last resort. One of those steps should be compromise; not the compromise of principles, but the compromise of methods and manners. Another step for prevention of divorce should be willingness to accept responsibility. Happiness, valuable as it is, cannot be the goal in itself. Joy and pleasure are the handmaidens of duty and responsibility rather than the ultimate aim of life.

In married life, each member of the partnership must avoid the desire to exercise *possessive* love, although individualism may, equally, be carried too far. The right of individuality is sacred to the human heart. Too great possessiveness may irk a man or woman into revolt, just as too great personal independence may break the habit of *inter*dependence, without which no union can endure.

Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian poet, in *The Prophet*, says of marriage:

> You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days;
> Aye, you shall be together in the silent memory of God.
> But *let there be spaces in your together-ness,*
> And let the winds of the Heavens dance between you.
> Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
> Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

My brother, the late Theodore Roosevelt, has been called the "typical American". If that be true, let the youth of this day and generation ponder on what it means to be typical of our great country.

It meant, in the case of Theodore Roosevelt, to make a strong body out of one that was frail; to glory in hard work and the joy of achievement; to share all that he had and all that he was, with others, with a view towards making his beloved country a better place for *all* to live in; and beyond and above all else, it meant, with him, to hold in deep reverence the ties and duties and de-

lights of family life, for he believed that family life, and family life only, was the foundation and safety of our nation.

As a delicate and ailing boy of ten, homesick beyond measure in the midst of travels in Europe, he writes in his journal: "I thought of each happy home time, counting nuts by the kitchen fire, picking the nuts in the morning wind." And again: "I was very sick last night and mamma was so kind, telling me stories and rubbing me with her delicate fingers." And then: "I had a sociable time with Mamma and Papa."

Suppose that same "Mamma" and that "Papa" had decided to indulge in "individualism" or "self expression" to the exclusion of their little sick boy, had given him no "sociable times *together*", would not something have been lost out of the character of the man who later tried to do for his children what his parents had done for him, and who in the *Letters to His Children* penned perhaps one of the most exquisite idylls of family life?

May the youth of America not only feel that Theodore Roosevelt is the typical American, but may they be inspired through his example to lead the type of life he led! Would there not then be fewer divorces, even in Chicago?

TRAVAIL IN TRAVEL

BY RUTH S. BROOKS

JUST as untold numbers of us, due to some inexplicable urge, begin to thumb the garden catalogues when they make their mid-winter debut, so others of us, equally buoyant, pore over the fair promises of the travel bureaus and steamship companies, weighing the inviting tours depicted there alongside our bank account, attempting to find one somewhere near the balance. (The European tour is, I think, the only known commodity—call it necessity or luxury as you like—which is not sold on the instalment plan; five dollars down and so much a month for the rest of one's natural life. An oversight surely!) One glance at their gala covers, their alluring headlines, and my mind plays truant, winging off to take a bird's eye view of previous travels and fellow travellers. It compels me to admit, whether I would or no, that as a nation, travelling is not our forte.

It is a proverb, of somewhat doubtful accuracy, to be sure, that whatever Americans undertake they believe in doing with all their might, in accordance with the Biblical injunction. It is so with travelling. For the most part, we make a business of it; but that, too, is typically American, for we make a business of all our pleasures! We apply rules of business efficiency to our travel, and we discover in the end that what was undertaken for pleasure has turned out close akin to hard work. We are so afraid we may miss something! If there is anything to see, we want to see it no matter how tired we are or how short the time. There are many forms of gluttony in the world beside the one usually connoted by the term. The gluttonous sight-seer is just as intemperate as the glutton of food and drink.

The personally conducted parties are of course much to blame for the general pace, but the individuals cannot pass scathless, for we feel that we are not getting our money's worth unless we visit every church and museum from the North Sea to the Mediter-

ranean, regardless of the time at our disposal. We are blind to the advantages of knowing a few places well, of staying long enough to find our way about and to feel at home in some European town. Nine out of ten of us make the return passage freighted with banal purchases and hotch-potch of kaleidoscopic impressions which will never come clear. Such travelling as elicited the following answer when I asked an acquaintance if she had seen the Holbein Gallery when she was in Basle. She looked a bit blank for a moment, then brightened and said, "It was there and I was there, so I must have seen it."

If only the verb "do" might be stricken from the traveller's lexicon! We "do" the hill towns of Italy, the châteaux of France, the cathedrals of England! Motors have only increased the possibilities of "doing". Nowadays we run quickly from one cathedral to another, "doing" perhaps three or four in a day, a pace easily possible in England and in northern France. The result is much the same as when two exposures are made on one film—a blur. We so constantly rush from city to city and from sight to sight that it recalls the remark a small boy once made to me about his mother, little realizing what a damning phrase he used. "Mother," he said, "always wants to be where she isn't!" If one wished to generalize on Americans as travellers, that seems an apt description!

While we were lunching one day last summer at the old Inn in Glastonbury, a prosperous looking limousine pulled up, disgorging a family of five—father, mother, and three children. They were shown to a table next us, so that we could not help hearing the conversation. The son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, said, with a groan, "We've seen every blooming cathedral in England!" "Yes," his mother replied blandly, "and you'll have to see every one in France before the summer is over." I confess, in spite of a decided penchant for cathedrals on my own part, to a downright sympathy for the boy!

This sort of thing almost convinces one of the advantages of the now old-fashioned mode of travelling by train. In fact, there is much to be said in its favor. In the first place you do not attempt so much in twenty-four hours, there being finite limitations such as railroad time-tables to which you must submit. Let us

suppose, for example, that you wish, while in Paris, to run down to Chartres for the day, granted it is all too short a time. If you have a motor at your disposal you reach your destination after a delightful ride across the plains of La Beauce, driving directly to the Cathedral, since that is what you have come to see. You go in, you walk about, you "oh!" and "ah!" over the glass and discover that it is nearly time for luncheon! Someone (perhaps it is yourself) suggests that now that you have seen Chartres, it really is a pity not to take in Rambouillet on the way back, and that possibly, if you had luncheon a bit early, you could "do" Mantes too.

You have seen Chartres, you say! But have you really seen her? Have you, by any chance, distilled a drop of her rare essence, caught a spark from her fire? Did you, perhaps, on your way to the Cathedral, stop at a little inn, where the peasants were gathering,—it being market day,—and have a bowl of *café au lait* and a *brioche* to reinforce the *café au lait* and crescent with which you started the day? Did you sit awhile in the open air, dazzling bright—(one chooses a sunny day for Chartres and her glass)—waited on by a bashful little maid, listening to the chatter and gesticulations (for one *can* almost hear them) of the market people as they unload their produce from the high, two-wheeled carts; or help some dignified *grand'mère* to alight from her lofty seat? All this while those two so beautiful spires nearby speak of what is still in store! And, once inside, did you pause long enough to lose yourself in the jeweled mystery of the windows, so that, literally, you came away breathing a sigh of gratitude and reverence for the miracle of their loveliness (proof tangible that miracles *are!*) and with a burning admiration for the age which could will such beauty into being? Did you feel some comprehension of Henry Adams when he said that Chartres was the finest thing left in this world?

Steep and narrow streets to wander in! Old, old houses, here and there, helping us, almost like a lightning flash, to picture what it was when the Cathedral was young! The overwhelming view of the spires, from the river far below, as it flows serenely between its fringes of decrepit buildings and cottage gardens! One wants more, in these towns which have such marvels for their hearts,

than to see just the heart itself—just the Cathedral. It is necessary to see something of its surroundings, sense something of the spirit which long ago created it.

Probably, you who motored, *did* have the indescribably good luncheon at the marvelous little café, where such touches were given the spinach as took it out of the realm of the mundane and where omelettes were things to dream on! For us who came by train, the time-table prevented any sudden telescoping rearrangement of plans in order to include another sight or two on the way home. We were free until five o'clock to explore such treasures as the Fifteenth Century *Maison du Saumon*, and that gem of mediæval carpentry, the outside stair built for *la Reine Berthe*, with still an unhurried last hour for the Cathedral, when every line of our earlier impression was etched deeper and made permanent.

One day in February, I was walking briskly up and down the platform of the little station at Pæstum, revelling in that wonderful setting, the blue of the Mediterranean, and the encircling mountains, waiting for the only train back to Naples, when a man —an Englishman—started a conversation. It was plain he wanted to talk, wanted someone to whom he could pour out his feelings. He fell into step with me and began: "I'm jumpy," he said, "jumpy. I didn't want to come to Pæstum today, but I *had* to get away from my hotel. I was staying at S—— in a delightfully quiet place. Yesterday the Berengaria, or some such, docked for a few days in Naples, with a lot of rich Americans on board for a cruise; sixty of them with forty guides invaded my hotel. The guides made so much confusion, trying to prove how necessary they were, examining the rooms, the food, putting their charges to bed and getting them up, that I fled—any place to get away." I sympathized with the poor man, well knowing the propensities of my countrymen when they come in swarms!

No, there's no doubt that as a nation we don't know how to travel. We know how to get the things that money will buy (as a rule), but beyond that we do not go. There is little comprehension of travelling as a fine art—of seeking effects of contrast as you would in any good picture, or, to use the language of the cookbook, of seeking a balanced ration. The great majority of

travellers feel that they have only time for the so-called important things, museums, galleries and the like. They have a ghastly sort of over-conscientiousness, deeming it a waste of time to follow any frivolous bent. By frivolous, I mean such wholly nice things as the *patisseries*, the antique shops, the markets, the unhurried saunterings into any inviting street that offers; the fascination of shop-windows. They are really far more important than they seem, these things and others of kindred sort; for how can one picture the life of the people without some understanding of their surroundings? And, as a matter of fact, they give excellent opportunities for improving one's taste. At the moment I am not referring to the cake shops! Antique shops invariably offer a jumble of good and bad. Try training your eye by this process of selection (taste after all *is* selection), so that you can separate at a glance the gold from the dross and learn, at the same time, no end of history and something of its setting. If you are told that a piece of silver is *Louis Quinze*, a bit of tapestry *Louis Quatorze*, a table Jacobean, the chances are that you will be interested enough to acquaint yourself with their approximate dates against further need. It is a fair game, this study of antique shops, even when you are not intending to buy, for you never know what may turn up. By doing only the cut-and-dried and usual things all chance of adventure is practically eliminated, for adventure still waits in the most unexpected places!

Only last summer we were spending a fortnight in Canterbury. To be sure, we might have visited a dozen cathedral towns in that time, but what an adventure we should have missed! From the Cathedral we drifted into the public market. Anything in the guise of a market is always fascinating! Flower markets—I can smell them as I write; "Spanish Steps" banked high, little stalls in Siena with their flame wild tulips and fragrant stocks, the Marche de la Madelaine—all as vivid in color and perfume as the day I last saw them! We sauntered through the Canterbury market, examining the flower booths with envy for the number of things which they grow and we do not, passing by the meat and vegetable stalls with an interested glance, feeling sure that whatever the dinner joint might be, we were certain to make the acquaintance of one of the cabbages, and came upon a lot of used

furniture, with a sprinkling of antiques. There, on a golden-oak bureau, was what looked to be a large Greek vase! The man handed it down and said that he had bought it at a country-house sale six weeks before. It stood some fifteen inches high, broad in proportion. We hesitated, thinking it an absurd thing with which to burden ourselves unless we were convinced of its being genuine. This, sanity forbade, since it was without blemish, not a chip or a crack! Furthermore, the artistic member of my family, having numerous classical friends, did not wish to be the brunt of their jokes over such a purchase. However, the idea of it pursued us! Throughout the remainder of our stay we cast furtive glances at its exquisitely drawn figures as we passed by. On our last day we succumbed. Each stiffening the other's resolution, we sought out the stall, trembling with anxiety for fear some one had been before us! But no! We purchased it for seventeen and six, packed, feeling all the while a bit sheepish about the whole transaction. In London, we decided that we'd make sure just what we were taking home, so we consulted the curator of Greek Vases at the British Museum. His verdict was, as soon as his eye fell on it—a genuine vase of the late Fifth Century B.C., by an Athenian artist; an excellent example of the period! Not a bad investment—and an adventure worth having!

And the cake shops! Nothing can so quickly take away the fatigue of brain and body that dogs the traveller's footsteps! I suppose the properly serious person would be horrified at the number and variety of *patisseries* which I bear clearly in mind, not to mention the vivid recollection of their wares, from the spicy *pan forte* of Siena to the ethereal candied fruits of Avignon, the apricots and plums, and most beautiful of all, the small golden melons which must surely be the lineal descendants of the apples of the Hesperides!

It is wise to plan for contrast and change on a more extensive scale, too. After a bout of city sightseeing, of museums and galleries and churches, make a break by going to some interesting small town and settling down for a while, seeing absolutely different things, where you can get closer to the people and their ways than is possible in a great city; a view *intime*, as it were. After Naples and Rome try a few days at Perugia, and a fortnight or

three weeks at Siena, before you go on to Florence. Don't feel that it is only the great places which have anything to offer. They are choc-a-bloc, these little cities, with quaint and unusual sights. (Their mediæval character is less changed, far, than in the cities of importance where the stress of business and affairs has necessitated modernization.) For example, late one afternoon, while walking through a narrow stone street in Perugia, we were met by a delicious smell of herbs and roasted meat. Then two lads appeared, one pushing, one pulling, a cart with a spitted calf, still sizzling. The cart was provided with a huge wooden dripping-pan underneath, so evidently it was no uncommon thing. It smelt so good that we could think of little else until dinner! Perugia is absorbing at dusk, with its many bake-houses where one sees men firing the ovens with boughs, leaves and all, which make such a fat and crackling fire, setting the dark street aglow. A jolly sight!

And Siena! No words are good enough for that wonderful view from the windows of the Pension Sacarro, down over the terraced vineyards and peach orchards, the latter changing from deep pink of buds to a cloud of rose as the days wore on, to the old city wall of mellow brick, with the valley and mountains beyond, the loveliest view anywhere about. The whole countryside invites to enchanting walks, proffers unending delights along your path; grape hyacinths in such quantities that they appear to be bits of fallen sky, so blue are they; knots of star of Bethlehem; scillas white and blue, orange calendulas, jonquils and tulips—these latter among the wheat; *tromboni*, the children call them. "Hawthorn hedges hung with snow," cherry and mimosa everywhere!

One sees the people about their work, washing and gossiping at the very *Fonte Brande* which Dante tells of, or in the market, bargaining over a squirming rabbit, held up by the ears for inspection, or examining a basket of snails, its occupants busily crawling about, heads out and horns up. On the Sunday before Easter, after the blessing of the palms and olive branches in the cathedral, I saw an old peasant woman, down in the vineyard on the slopes below my window, tying a spray of these same olive boughs to each row of vines, to ensure an abundant harvest!

Such a place as Siena is full of interesting things to see and to do—to see and to do with ease.

Speaking of museums, how some of us do behave in them! It was while looking at the marvellous altarpieces by Duccio in the *Opera del Duomo*, there, that I first came to realize how many people see with their fingers—how many who must touch with their hands before seeing with their eyes! One person after another paused to look, and to rub his fingers over those incomparable panels! Veritable St. Thomases! During a single visit I counted five. The guards were to blame, of course, and a thing so precious should be under glass, but equally of course should travellers learn something of the etiquette of travelling!

By the time you have stayed in Siena two weeks, and have seen the *Palazzo Publico* in every possible light, perhaps by good luck seen it illuminated for a festa with oil flambeaux blowing in the wind, and have visited the Cathedral two or three times each day, and possibly again at night have walked in the great piazza under its wing, so to speak, your impressions fuse into a consistent whole, the individual glimpses drop into their proper relation to one another, and you carry away a living, breathing image in mind and heart.

The beauty of such travelling, of tucking in an interesting small place between the great ones, is, that you are perfectly fresh and rested to begin again. Florence has all the charms you expected of her, and more. Then after Florence and Venice, possibly Milan, choose some spot in Switzerland and settle down again. Lugano is perfect for the purpose. Such walks into the high valleys, with snow capped peaks on every side, such armfuls of narcissus, forget-me-nots, heartsease and lily of the valley, all the steep hillsides a-trickle with melting snow, old women toiling up and down with baskets of manure on their backs, to enrich their bits of garden; children climbing home after school; you see life as it is! Even the myriad attractions of Paris and London are shorn of their power to weary one so fortified. To those who say, "But we can't spare the time to settle down a week here and a fortnight there," the answer is, attempt less, have faith in the *next* time, save something for that; leave a nest-egg, as it were, to lure you back again.

AIRSHIPS *VERSUS* AIRPLANES

BY ARTHUR R. BLESSING

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S famous non-stop flight to Europe is easily the outstanding milestone in aviation's steady march of progress. This young aviator's skill and daring have helped to make him one of the world's best known citizens. Yet thinking people recall distinctly the fate of so many other courageous flyers who started so hopefully but who have finished so tragically. Long distance flight is undoubtedly in the sporting stage of its existence and as such cannot be blindly condemned. However, in order to survive as a definite phase of transportation, the vision of it as a commercial success always must be kept in mind.

All scientific developments are the result of painstaking research and study, and the rule of necessity causes the elimination of many nebulous theories. The development of transportation is no exception to this rule, and where passengers are to be carried, speed counts more and more. New means of transporting people supplant old ones simply in accordance with economic law. This law, whether interpreted economically, scientifically or sociologically, must square with the principle of utilitarianism, and this means the survival of the fittest.

Aircraft now seem destined to play a greater rôle in the pageant of civilization than any other mode of conveying persons and property from one place to another. Transoceanic travel in particular will have to be considerably revolutionized, and there is little question that in order to compete at all successfully with aircraft, steamship companies will have to pool their resources, both technical and financial. Even now, one American firm is about to establish a fleet of liners designed to cross the Atlantic in four days. Lord Thomson, a British air expert, in his book *Air Facts and Problems*, states the proposition as follows:

> Regular airship services should be established across the North and South Atlantic during the next ten years. With these, once the safety and con-

venience of airships have been demonstrated, the great shipping companies will be forced to combine, and a new, and eventually world-wide, industry will come into existence, whose economic effects will be as far-reaching and beneficial as those which followed the application of steam power to sea-craft.

Thus it would seem that a definite choice must be made as to the most practicable medium of long distance air travel. While all aircraft enthusiasts vociferously praise their own favorites, in the end the travelling public will decide. Any permanent commercial success in the transportation field depends upon the "paying load". Right there is the crux of the whole matter. No business can last if it does not at least pay expenses, and capital will not be forthcoming to develop aviation unless there is a reasonable profit in sight eventually. While mail and express can furnish some revenues to the air carriers, passengers must be attracted and held in order that air transportation may compete successfully and survive. For most persons, travelling in the air is rather revolutionary and a spirit of "air-mindedness" will have to be fostered; just as we have acquired "automobile-mindedness" and "radio-mindedness".

For the most part, persons considering transportation by air will naturally turn to airplanes, the craft with which they are most familiar. But are airplanes the most satisfactory? Will they attract the average traveller? Are they stable enough to span oceans and continents? Can they command a sufficient "paying load" to justify their existence economically? These are questions that will have to be answered satisfactorily before airplanes can hope to compete favorably with other means of covering long distances.

The airplane's greater speed is of course recognized. Where human beings are concerned, no other method of mechanically eliminating space has yet been developed that can rival the airplane. However, great as this advantage is, it is only one qualification, and several things must be taken into consideration from the practical point of view. A few of these items are: relative safety; comfort of passengers; costs of maintenance; and the general efficiency. As a business proposition, the problem of long distance air transportation would seem to be much better solved by airship than by airplane.

As a piece of mechanism, an airplane is little more than a very high powered automobile with the mudguards extended laterally to provide surfaces for lifting itself off of the ground. Obviously there is required a tremendous power to accomplish the lifting of the airplane and the consequent suspension in air at a sufficient speed. According to experienced aviators, considerably over fifty per cent. of an airplane's power is used up in keeping the machine in the air. High speed must be maintained or the pull of gravity will overcome the airplane's efforts to hold its course.

Light weight Diesel motors are being perfected that have succeeded in reducing the weight to two pounds per horsepower developed. Even so, there is no diminution of the excess power needed to sustain the airplane, and the cost of this excess power may represent the entire margin of profit. Airships on the other hand escape this handicap and the resultant saving in power costs will undoubtedly be a large factor in determining which type of craft can succeed commercially.

As the size of an airplane increases, its relative efficiency decreases, for at any given speed, the motive power required is directly proportional to the weight of the airplane and its load. Also the "paying load" that an airplane can sustain in flight has been found to be less in proportion to the gross weight as the size increases. In long flights, such as transoceanic or transcontinental, the weight of gasoline is a most important item. Obviously this must be carried in order to keep the motors running; but in consequence, just so much of the "paying load" must be sacrificed. In Colonel Lindbergh's flight, approximately half of the gross weight at the start consisted of the gasoline supply. Thus it can easily be seen that the airplane is really not in its own medium at all. The combination of struggling against gravity and the high engine speeds necessary to prevent stalling tends to defeat possible economies in other ways. And economical operation is a necessity in any branch of transportation.

No doubt it will be argued that birds and other flying creatures are heavier than air also. That is true, but evolutionists claim that birds sprang originally from reptiles and now are terrestrial and arboreal by nature. It is probable that birds got into the air to keep from being devoured by other animals on land. For the

most part, bird flight is for relatively short distances, and the same can be said of flying squirrels and flying fish. However, a crude analogy shows that no heavier-than-air machine can ever be developed that will exhibit the same relative propulsive power that a trained carrier pigeon produces. Assuming that a pigeon's gross weight is two pounds and it flies at an average speed of forty miles an hour, there is derived a unit of twenty miles an hour a pound. Compare this with Lindbergh's airplane which flew over midocean at an average speed of three one-hundredths of a mile a pound.

Consideration of aircraft costs of construction and operation sheds much light on the economics of the situation. While it is true that construction costs of airplanes are very much less than those of airships, the high speed engines necessary in the airplane greatly increase maintenance charges. Imperial Airways, Ltd., running from London to Paris, has found from experience of several years that maintenance and overhaul of engines absorb forty-four per cent. of their total running charges. Although reliable airship figures of a similar nature are almost impossible to obtain, it is pretty evident that charges for engine overhaul are considerably less. Airships can idle their engines or stop them entirely and still float along.

The modern three-motored planes used on the London to Paris route require sixty horsepower a passenger at full load. On the other hand, the new British airship, *R-100*, scheduled to fly to the United States during 1928, requires forty-two horsepower a passenger at a full load of one hundred passengers. This comparison would seem to bear out the contention that there is considerable power wasted in airplanes that does not have to be expended in running an airship. In the United States, fairly reliable figures can be obtained from the Air Mail contractors. But here again the airplane does not exhibit remunerative profits, and at that, short distances are covered which would seem to be the airplane's most profitable traffic. *The Aircraft Yearbook* for 1927 is authority for the following:

> Of the Air Mail contractors, two have suspended as each found it impossible to stretch income to equal costs. It is encouraging to note, however, that each has announced the intention of resuming operations again during 1927. Other

contractors, able to meet losses out of capital, are continuing. One line is actually making expenses and a fair return for capital, after allowances for depreciation, while one or two others have developed revenue equal to operating costs.

Returning to the point of view of passenger traffic, the principal question is that of safety, at least, that is apt to be the first thing a man thinks about who is making ready to "hop off". Human beings are land animals and do not naturally take to the air. This is a fact that all aircraft transportation companies must recognize. Only a few persons, relatively speaking, are natural flyers. If the average man is to be persuaded to book passage by air, he must be transported with an absolute minimum of unfavorable reaction until he has acquired at least a certain amount of "air-mindedness". Right here is a deep psychological drawback that as yet airplanes have not been able to overcome. The knowledge that in an airplane a stalled motor or an incapacitated pilot might mean sudden and sure death, deters the layman from entrusting his life to it. This uncertainty may be partially overcome if a new wing slot device is perfected, which is designed to prevent nose dives and tail spins. However the constant pull of an airplane coupled with the deafening engine noise and vibration do not add to the passenger's peace of mind, and his reaction to every phase of the flight is a determining factor in the creation of the all-important "paying load".

In *The Scientific American* recently appeared a most pertinent paragraph on the subject of airplane noise:

> At a conference of the National Advisory Committee on Aëronautics, and also at a meeting of the Royal Aëronautical Society, the question of noise was stressed as all important in commercial aircraft. We will quote the remarks of a speaker at the London session: "I recently had the experience of flying in both the *Hampstead* and the *Argosy* (two big three-engined passenger planes used by the British Imperial Airways) and would say definitely that neither can offer the comfort one gets in an old Ford. As for the noise, I made every possible use of the cotton wool so thoughtfully provided, but that did little good. . . . Furthermore, there is an engine attached to the nose of the machine and one on either side of the body. The one on the nose makes you aware of its presence by the vibrations it transmits to the passenger cabin, and especially if there should be any irregularities in the firing of the cylinders."

The airship is the only true ship of the air. Although this is a trite saying, a moment's reflection will show that the airship is in its own medium and that it is the only type of aircraft of which this can be said. Just as a large ocean liner floats on the water, an airship floats in the air, and it moves so steadily that there is not even a suggestion of sea-sickness. The absence of noise and vibration is a large factor in considering a passenger's reaction upon leaving *terra firma*, and the smoothness of operation almost equals the fabled magic carpet.

A poll of advertising would show that probably ninety per cent. of travel publicity literature stresses ease and comfort, whether in railroad trains, steamships or motor cars. The travelling public has been educated to expect the maximum in this respect and it is very doubtful whether the average passenger will ever be contented within the confines of an airplane for more than three or four hours. Aircraft will be compelled to compete with other modes of transportation, and in the final analysis will have to offer comfort first and speed second. Even so, with airship speeds of eighty to one hundred miles an hour, competition with trans-continental railroads will not be serious. Furthermore, so far as speed is concerned, there will be no comparison with the forty-mile-an-hour fast ocean liners. The rigid airship is the fastest large conveyance that has yet been developed.

Without doubt, the weather plays a large part in the operation of aircraft, and much meteorological research remains to be done in order to facilitate and maintain regular passenger traffic schedules. Heavy winds in particular must be watched, and in this connection most persons will recall the destruction of the *Shenandoah* in 1925. An official Court of Inquiry investigated this accident and the consensus of opinion was that if there had been more experience in the construction and also more extensive knowledge of the operation of airships, the disaster would probably not have happened. The court concluded that "although it is indicated that a rigid airship such as the *Shenandoah* can probably be destroyed through external aërodynamic forces in unusual meteorological conditions, such a conclusion does not, therefore, throw doubt upon the safety and utility of rigid airships, to a materially greater degree than does the fact that other

types of craft for navigation in the air or on the water are likewise subject to destruction through unusual dangers which cannot invariably be foreseen and provided against."

To show the ability of these airships to ride out gales, two instances will suffice. In January, 1924, while at her mooring mast the *Shenandoah* tore off her nose-plate during a seventy-mile blow. Although partially disabled, she fought the elements for nine hours and made her way back to her hangar against the storm. A British airship, the *R-33*, which was not designed for mast mooring, broke away during a heavy gale but returned safely after fighting it over the North Sea for about thirty hours. The experience gained from these two incidents shows that more strength has to be placed in the airships' nose fittings and also in the mast head machinery.

More proficiency in airship piloting will greatly decrease accidents due to weather troubles. When Dr. Eckener brought the *Los Angeles* to this country from Germany in 1924, he obtained information of a storm, and turning northwest near the Azores kept that course until near Newfoundland. From there he was able to keep the storm at his back and utilized it by flying down the coast at eighty miles an hour with his motors idling.

In dealing with motor troubles, the airship has a tremendous advantage over airplanes. Any or all of the airship's motors may be stopped or repaired and the craft will float until its propulsive power is again available. It is obvious that if the airplane motors stall, seconds count; there is practically no time to act in emergencies and the plane must land to the best of its ability. The navigating officer of the *Norge* in Amundsen's recent book, *First Crossing of the Polar Sea*, tells in the following words why an airship was chosen in preference to an airplane:

> When the various difficulties that might be encountered on an expedition like this were taken into consideration, it was quite clear that an airship was preferable to a flying-machine. With regard to safety the point is this, that an airship floats in the air even if all the motors should fail and there is no necessity to land. If necessary, considerable repairs can in part be effected whilst the airship continues to be driven by the remaining motors. Thus on one occasion one of the cylinders on the starboard motor was dismounted. Time after time we congratulated ourselves that we were on board an airship and not in a flying-machine.

As yet, the initial cost of a large rigid airship is very great in comparison with that of the average size passenger airplane. However the combination of expert research and probable quantity production promises much in the reduction of construction costs. The ability to produce large airships will result in a double advantage. As the size of the airship increases, the "paying load" also increases. The opposite is true of an airplane.

Inasmuch as the "paying load" is likely to be the most important item in commercial success, an examination of loads already carried on this type of aircraft may well prove enlightening. In 1917 a German airship flew over four thousand two hundred miles from Bulgaria to East Africa and return with a military load of ten tons. This flight stood as a non-stop record until 1924, when the *Los Angeles* was flown from Germany to the United States, a distance of about five thousand miles. On this initial trip, the latter airship carried about twenty tons of freight, exclusive of fuel and oil; however, its total disposable load is rated at forty tons. Great Britain is finishing a new airship, the *R-100*, which will have a capacity of one hundred persons and ten tons of freight at a cruising speed of seventy-five miles an hour. Germany likewise is rushing to completion an airship, *LZ-127*, half as large again as the *Los Angeles*, with a "paying load" of sixteen tons. Thus 1928 in all likelihood will see Great Britain and Germany in an airship race across the Atlantic. Incidentally, it may be noted here that no airplane has ever yet succeeded in crossing the Atlantic ocean from Europe directly to the United States, although it has been done successfully twice by airship.

The worst single enemy of airships in the past has been the hydrogen lifting gas, which is highly inflammable. However, the use of helium gas has banished the fear of explosion or fire, as helium is entirely non-inflammable. The United States is most fortunate in possessing the only known source of helium that can be produced in any quantity. While its cost is relatively high, quantity production is tending toward a more reasonable price level. Besides, chemists maintain that they have been able to extract helium from hydrogen and from air in laboratory experiments. One of the most promising means for reducing airship costs is in the newly developed substitute for goldbeaters' skin.

As is well known, the gas cells in a rigid airship are in large drum-shaped sections placed transversely, similar to bulkheads in a battleship. In order to retain the gas, which is so diffusible, goldbeaters' skin has to be used. This material, made from the intestines of cattle, is scarce and expensive. Recently, however, the United States Board of Standards has succeeded in producing a new fabric that is lighter in weight than goldbeaters' skin and, more important yet, is of a lower permeability. This fabric can be made for less than one-half the cost of goldbeaters' skin, which, in a large airship, amounts to about one-ninth of the total cost.

In airship operation, one must necessarily take into consideration the landing fields and their maintenance. Formerly when the airship had to be pulled to the ground and "walked" into its hangar, a large force of manpower had to be mobilized; but this is now obviated by the use of mooring masts. The latter may be correctly termed "aerial docks" and can be operated by as few as ten men. The hangars are thus comparable to a steamship's drydock and the airship moves from one mooring mast to another with an occasional visit to its hangar for repairs.

Recently the *Los Angeles* landed successfully at sea on the broad deck of the new aircraft carrier, U. S. S. *Saratoga*. This feat shows that it is possible greatly to increase the radius of operation of an airship and should serve as an impetus to transatlantic service, as refuelling at sea can be done if necessary. This would allow airships to carry a much larger "paying load", as they would not have to carry so much heavy gasoline. This weight of liquid fuel is a burden for all types of aircraft, but is relatively a much greater handicap for airplanes than for airships. However, the Germans are perfecting a fuel gas for airships that has shown remarkable results in the latest tests. This gas is stored in cells and is of the same weight as air, so that as it is used up, air displaces it with no change of the total weight. By this means, the new German airship *LZ-127* will be able to save about thirty tons, thereby more than doubling her carrying capacity of freight. Incidentally this important weight-saving scheme cannot be applied to airplanes as now constructed.

Another distinctive advantage of airship navigation is the ability to descend to a low altitude and at the same time greatly

slacken the speed without any danger whatever of stalling or making a forced landing. The scientific value of this power was very well demonstrated in the two North Pole flights in 1926. In the immediate Polar region, Commander Byrd flew his airplane at an altitude of three thousand feet, and after circling, returned to his base at Spitzbergen. On the other hand Amundsen in his airship, the *Norge*, flew at an altitude of about seven hundred feet and cruised around the vicinity for nearly two hours. Obviously much more scientific data could be gathered in the airship. During the solar eclipse in 1925, the *Los Angeles* maintained a steady speed of only forty-four miles an hour at the time of totality, thus greatly aiding in the taking of correct observations. One more instance will suffice to show an airship's exclusive value to humanity. In December, 1927, when the Grayson airplane was lost, the Navy sent out the *Los Angeles* to help in the search. The commanding officer of the airship was reported to have said that it would be possible to go low enough and slow enough to drop a rope ladder and rescue Mrs. Grayson.

Airship projects are now in preparation in both Europe and America. Great Britain in particular is developing a very comprehensive airship programme, designed to cover nearly all parts of her empire. The subject of air communications was thoroughly investigated by the Air Ministry, and their findings were laid before the Imperial Conference of 1926 in a report called *The Approach Towards a System of Imperial Air Communications*, from which are taken the following quotations:

> After the war, it was realised that, unlike aëroplanes, airships were particularly adapted to long continuous flights over large distances, and that they were likely to prove of special value to the British Empire, the different parts of which are separated by great oceans. . . . When this experimental programme has been successfully completed there can be no doubt that airship design and construction will have been placed upon an entirely new and more practical basis; and the way will then be clear for carrying out the further experiments which are required to establish the practicability of regular airship operation throughout the Empire.

The first unit in the airship programme referred to above is the new large dirigible, the *R-100*, which as already stated is expected to fly to the United States in 1928. This one and its sister ship,

the *R-101*, will be approximately twice the size of the *Los Angeles*. They are designed to carry a hundred passengers with nearly all the amenities of life one finds on a modern steamship. With a radius of four thousand miles, the *R-100* will develop a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. Due to the prevailing westerly winds encountered over the Atlantic Ocean, this craft should be able to fly from New York to London in forty-eight hours with a full load of passengers. In the matter of time-saving, airship travel between England and India would save ten days; between England and Australia, seventeen days; and between England and Canada, three and one-half days.

Most persons naturally wonder why it is that airship development seems so far behind that of airplanes. It is another case of *C'est la guerre*. At the beginning of the World War, airship transportation was considerably more advanced than was the airplane. But military needs demanded speed and quick manœuvrability, and the result was that all the research and experience went into airplane design and the neglected airships never really had a fair chance. It has been estimated that of all the money spent up to date on aviation, ninety-five per cent. has gone into airplanes. Everything considered, it is remarkable that the airship has done as well as it has. It takes much research, money, and experience to develop such elaborate mechanisms into practical commercial successes. Only last September the National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics appointed a subcommittee on airships, although this official governmental body has been in existence since 1915. However, there is hope that in the many technical schools, airship study and design will soon come into its own.

There is little question that, as the commercial possibilities of airship transportation are realized, more interest will be taken in this type of aircraft and more financial aid will be forthcoming to promote its development. Just as new methods of travel in the past have forced back the frontiers of the world, just so will airship communication push them back still further and thereby improve the status of mankind.

HOKUM OF THE INTELLIGENTZIA

BY CATHERINE BEACH ELY

ALMOST all varieties of hokum have been enlarged upon in current literature except the Hokum of the Intelligentzia, who offer the most fertile field for this product—a field all the richer because it has been so exclusively the property of the super-minds. We shall apply the spade to the large flourishing field of hokum which modern intellectuals produce, and we shall hold up for inspection a few of the most luxuriously flaunting specimens of the hokum cultivated by them to get the applause of their audience.

First Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Middle Class is Thickheaded and Hardhearted. It is reiterated and reëmphasized by sophisticates of the present day in the many forms of print to which they have access, that the Middle Class is bigoted, prosaic, unimaginative, commercial, inartistic, vulgar, unprogressive, domineering, crude—in short that the bane of the nation is the obnoxious Middle Class. Not one of the simon pure intellectuals has a good word to say for this deplorable stratum of society which somehow obstructs the magnificent parade of America's *Illuminati* toward their promised land. It is implied that were it not for this opaque and stolid Middle Class, the Intelligentzia would shine in undiminished glory upon an enraptured world.

But when we examine this offshoot of the modernized cerebellum—this idea about the stupid Middle Class—we wonder how the concept attained such flourishing dimensions. A large proportion of the world's greatest statesmen, painters, writers, actors, poets, and musicians came from this Middle Class which is thoroughly berated by the hard-driven intellectualistic pen. Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Dickens, Hugo, Balzac, Whitman, Schiller, Beethoven, Handel, Gainsborough, Corot, Columbus, Lincoln, Booth, Patti, Jenny Lind, Edison, Pasteur, and a host of other remarkable men and women somehow emerged from

this stodgy Middle Class so irritating to the modern Intelligentzia.

In this same despised Middle Class, the butt of every intellectualist, originated many of the great historical progressions—the Christianizing of the Western World, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the abolition of American slavery, the origin of printing, the spread of popular education, pioneering and exploration, the growth of medical science.

Second Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The New has value merely because it is new, and the Old is worthless merely because it is old. Only new-born ideas wrapped in swaddling clothes and brandishing red fists are admitted to the hospitality of our Intelligentzia. If the idea is old enough to cut its teeth, it is looked at askance, and if it attains sufficient maturity to get a wisdom tooth, "away with it," cry the intellectuals, averting their faces in order not to gaze upon the, as they see it, doddering idea. No matter how deformed, sickly and repulsive an idea may be, if it is sufficiently infantile, it arouses the enthusiasm of the modernistic bigwig. That wisdom consists in choosing the best, whether it be old or new, does not occur to their type of mentality.

Third Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Pessimism is more Artistic than Optimism. Every novel or play of undiluted intellectualism must terminate in fog or pitch darkness. Sometimes this intellectual product begins with crepuscule and steadily advances to midnight gloom, sometimes it is a uniform smut from start to finish. Undoubtedly black is the favorite color among modern literary æsthetes. The only artistic possibilities for the fictionist and the playwright lie in murkiness, if he is to hold his own among the moguls of modern realism.

In any stylish up-to-date intellectual product a love-affair must lead to adultery, suicide, one or more murders, or to cynical futility. At the finis we must see the lovers fleeing in a sombre valley pursued by cruel customs and unjust laws, or sitting on bleak rocks beside the ashes of their happiness.

Optimism is the unpardonable sin among the fashionable intellectuals. "By no means," say they, "should the triumph of virtue be allowed to disturb the artistry of modern letters."

Fourth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Mental

Faddist is an Original Genius. The Intelligentzia plump their latest innovator right down in the middle of the town square—"See our brand new genius!" they cry. "Stop everything you are doing and watch him spin!" "We are in a hurry for an important engagement," we object, "and can't stop." "Nonsense!" scouts the intellectual; "your bourgeois affairs amount to nothing. Here is a genius in your midst!" "Why, he isn't doing anything either beautiful or intelligent!" we exclaim; "he is just spinning around, getting dizzy and making every one dizzy that looks at him!" "Oh, you poor dolt!" jeers the Intelligentzia; "it is his super-intellect that makes him spin—no one has ever spun so fast before. True, he gets nowhere, but it is awfully vulgar to get anywhere nowadays—it isn't done at all by intellectuals. One just spins around in a mad whirl until one drops dead, and that is all there is of life. The only thing is to spin a little faster or more eccentrically than the others—then you are a genius."

Fifth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Realism Consists in Details of Unchastity. What would the modern fictionist do without illicit sex-relations as his theme! His predicament without this means of publicity and of income is painful to contemplate. Happily for his mood and his purse there is no restriction to the extent of sex lawlessness which he may introduce into his best seller. He, the self-vaunted apostle of the new, has nothing newer to offer us than the scum and refuse of the mistaken pleasures of men and women since the world began. The advanced and enlightened brain of the intellectual, of which we hear so much nowadays, can discover no more novel theme than the weakest physical moments of the race.

Sixth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Degeneracy is Piquant. Why do the ultra-realists of today follow the buzzard instead of the eagle? Because of the cherished modern notion that the epicurean modern reader desires tainted meat. "The age is rapid and preoccupied," they argue, "hence only the odors of decay will arouse its jaded faculties. The application of spiritual beauty to life, the well-balanced relation of varied truths —what interest have these things for Joe and Jim between cocktails?"

So the exotic writer of Modernia prepares a reeking corruptive dish for his readers, or else an anæsthetic concocted from the malodorous flowers of the night.

And yet there are many delightful things in the world even today—there are the strange beauties of newly explored lands, the familiar charms of well-known environment, the sturdy effort of men and women to meet modern living conditions, the unconscious poetry of quiet lives, the glamor of splendid deeds of sacrifice, the plunge of faith into new ventures, the adjustment of achievement to further developments, the gracious memories of the heart as a fertilizer for the will, the universal mind which sees life whole—all these there are, infinite riches neglected by our modern plot-weavers.

We will now examine the hokum of the Intelligentzia as it concerns their contempt for certain classes of people and periods of history.

Seventh Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Puritan Complex excludes Art and Beauty. Modern literary swaggerers caricature the Puritans as solemn-faced cranks living in barn like structures, whose one occupation was to stalk around in long black cloaks and tall peaked black hats, destroying everything beautiful and punishing everyone who was enjoying himself. This picture of the fanatical Puritan is easily painted and sure to get a laugh from the crowd. And yet it leaves some things unexplained. How is it that Puritan houses, furniture and other decorations are supplying at this very moment inspiration for modern architects and artists?

As we walk along the shaded streets of historic New England towns, we feel the harmony and peace of the fine old houses, and we are told that this is the street where Puritans lived, these are the houses they built and the trees they planted. It is strange that Puritans, whom moderns tell us had no imagination and no happiness, could produce such picturesque houses and furniture, such refreshing gardens and streets.

Eighth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Victorians were Fussy Idiots. The Intelligentzia scintillates wittily at the expense of the Victorians. Deprived of the Victorian epoch as a butt for ridicule, the intellectuals would be obliged to reconstruct their storage-house for jokes. The Victorian era in its historical

and decorative aspects is a rich, inexhaustible mine for the wit of up-to-daters.

Far be it from us to deny that the Victorians had tidies on their chair-backs and too much bric-a-brac on their mantel-shelves. It may be that Victorian parents were not always frank enough with their children, and that considerable authority was exercised by Victorians in the home. But at any rate they had homes in those days. Families even spent the evenings together —such an insipid way of passing the hours, when they might have gone to a night club! In this fussy Victorian Period flourished many great English writers and statesmen. In spite of their tidies, kerosene lamps, early bedtime hours and slow ways, the Victorians did have homes and literature, their era did produce famous personalities.

Ninth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Protestant Ministers are Pretentious Hypocrites. The Intelligentzia stuff a large dummy with their prejudices and call it a clergyman. They display this dummy in the market-place of advanced fiction and proceed to pummel it vivaciously, with sidelong glances to see how the public likes the performance. The show arouses mob curiosity, to judge by the sales of some recent fiction on the theme of immoral clergymen.

The dummy of an erring hypocritical pastor is already battered and losing its stuffing through overuse, but still modern novelists and playwrights buffet it over and over again, and pass it around from one to another with as much enthusiasm as if the wornout puppet were an original work of art.

Tenth Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: Slander of the Dead is Clever Biography. Modern intellectuals go in for a jaunty form of biography—vilification of the dead. This is profitable and enjoyable for several reasons. First of all, it is safe, for no dead man can hit back in defense of his reputation. It is also enjoyable, because a character of the past, heretofore considered great or admirable, has a hold on the affections of posterity and an influence on the nation's life. Therefore to undermine this foundation of public esteem and love for the celebrated dead is a sport which deliciously appeals to the modern cynical temperament.

A clever, profitable game, that of slandering dead men, guaranteed to fill the pockets more quickly than a well-balanced record could possibly do. It certainly does require ingenuity, as well as financial ambition, to reconstruct a human life with careful elimination of what was praiseworthy, and with emphasis upon and distortion of foibles and faults. Defamatory biography fulfils all the requirements of a mental diversion among sophisticated authors.

Eleventh Specimen of the Intelligentzia's Hokum: The Intellect is an Infallible Guide to Truth. That intellect is the only human guide stands as the fundamental assumption of modern simon-pure intellectuals, which explains all their other vagaries. It is a fatal assumption, for the unaided intellect of man cannot see around the next corner; it leads into the desert of rationalism, into the morass of doubt, among the rocks of mental and moral difficulty. Man's inner life perishes when it loses the beautiful mysteries of spiritual intuition.

We are not creatures of one dimension. Yet the undiluted intellectual, ignoring the other dimensions of human nature, bases his viewpoint upon the intellect alone, thereby starving the very intellect which he idolizes. In spite of his vehement assertion of his own superior breadth and perspicacity, he is in reality of all modern men the most limited in vision and insight, and in balanced faculties. Consequently he has nothing better for the public than Hokum.

THE OARSMAN'S A.E.F.

BY HERBERT REED

AMSTERDAM is this year the American oarsman's ultimate objective, where there is fair reason to believe that an eight from these shores will repeat the Navy's success at Brussels in 1920, and Yale's remarkable triumph at Paris in 1924. None of the glamour of the New London and Poughkeepsie regattas will depart, this best of all probable seasons so far in the history of what I consider the purest of amateur sports—simply that an Olympic triumph would crown a season that will certainly mark another year of steady progress in coaching methods admittedly more open-eyed than ever in the past. We have achieved in our eight-oared rowing what amounts to a reasonably standard style, and a remarkable evenness of material among the rowing colleges, with victory going almost without exception to that eight which displays the greatest racing finesse, the finest generalship.

And judging by the prospects as they loom up at this writing, there will be need of the very finest product the United States can turn out, to be reasonably sure of victory, for the famous "Joe" Wright has returned to Canada to coach what promises to be the greatest Argonaut eight of at least a decade, probably stroked by his son, who as a single sculler missed the Diamond Trophy last year only through bad steering; and there is prospect, too, of a standard Leander crew from England in the light of the remarkable power and form of this year's Cambridge crew. In fact, the Cantab boatload intact probably would prove all that any challenger would care to handle. The English are more than keen, moreover, to regain their lost prestige, mindful of the fact that a remarkable boatload of the famous "pink caps" was literally raced to a standstill at Brussels, while it remained for the University of Toronto to give the Elis a race four years ago, after the Englishmen had made a disappointing showing.

The situation is all the more interesting this year, since, as

happens at infrequent intervals, the colleges have shaken the coaching kaleidoscope once more. Thus we find Russell Callow, famous as the successor of "Ed" Leader at the University of Washington, taking charge at the University of Pennsylvania, where Wright the Canadian was remarkably successful as a Henley distance and two-mile coach, but whence has not been forthcoming a first class four-mile eight in many a long lean year. It remains to be seen whether "Rusty" can do any better than did "Joe"; but that situation may be left for the time while the rest of the shifting is considered.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the change at Annapolis, whither Glendon Senior has been recalled after a brief absence in which he helped his son at Columbia, to such effect that under the colors of the Morningside institution the East came back to "head the river" at Poughkeepsie. Here is a father *vs.* son affair that will absorb the two sets of critics—one which maintains that Columbia's victory at Poughkeepsie last year was due less to the work of "Dick" the younger than to "Dick" the elder, the other maintaining that all the glory should go to the younger man. I confess that I am of the latter school. In any event both the Navy Glendon and the Columbia Glendon are vastly to be reckoned with. "Ed" Leader continues in the launch's coaching well at Yale, "Ed" Brown at Harvard (his second year in charge of the 'Varsity), and so on down the line. In action this season, a fair proportion with Olympic tryout aspirations will be the following record list of 'Varsity eights: Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, Navy (with probably a Navy graduate eight), Syracuse, Massachusetts "Tech", Wisconsin, Washington and California.

Incidentally, right here, I am going to let out a secret. Rowing will be carefully watched this season by Army men, for the proposal to establish rowing and racing, even though confined to short distances and home waters, is being favorably entertained at West Point. A fine, sheltered course is at hand, and the whole question is reduced to one of time and costs. That is just a little aside for the benefit of Army enthusiasts.

Here pops another little secret out of the bag. There is better than an even chance that should Princeton, whose eight came

through so splendidly last year under the coaching of "Chuck" Logg, show as much promise by the time of the Olympic try-outs, it will be backed all the way to Amsterdam if it wins the racing right to go there.

Proud of the triumph scored at Brussels, the Navy is not yet satisfied, for a reason that dates back to the Olympic try-outs on the Schuylkill four years ago. Nothing has ever been said about it in public before, to my knowledge, but I think it can be told now without stirring up any hard feeling. The three dangerous crews that year were Yale, the Navy 'Varsity, and the Navy graduates. The race was won by Yale in a terrific finish by three or four feet from the Navy graduates. It so happened that the crews were held for a long time at the start with a head wind blowing, quartering toward the Navy crews across the referee's launch. It is contended that fumes from this launch sickened the Navy oarsmen before they started. There has never been any complaint from the Navy people on this point, but it is pretty well understood among the Schuylkill oarsmen that something of this sort did happen. So every effort will be made this year to make even such a rumor impossible.

The two four-mile races may or may not give an exact idea of just what eights will enter the Olympic try-outs on the Schuylkill. The winners in all probability, the runners-up possibly. The Princeton decision, of course, can be made much earlier. But as the date of the Poughkeepsie regatta was set with a view to subsequent Olympic preparation, it is more than likely that at least one crew from each regatta will be seen at Philadelphia. The appearance of a club crew among the eights is problematical.

As this is written, the final make-up of all the eights is thoroughly in the air, and there has been a series of unfortunate accidents and illnesses that have forced several coaches, notably both the Glendons, to develop new men rapidly in order to fill the places of veterans. Columbia's championship eight may not remain intact, more's the pity, since the oarsmen have been nursing Olympic aspirations for close to two years. In the case of the Navy, it will be very difficult to replace the mighty Bagdanovitch should he fail to recover from an injury in time to make the crew. It will be remembered that the loss of the Navy

No. 7 on the eve of the Poughkeepsie regatta a year ago undoubtedly ruined the Annapolis chances. Few but those thoroughly versed in eight-oared rowing realize the importance of the "second stroke oar". He is the vital factor in every race, and must pass on the stroke on his side of the boat flawlessly in order to get the proper effect of the "engine room" or, as some call it, the "power plant", made up of Stroke and Seven.

But while this matter of personnel is still on the knees of the gods, there is no mistaking the fact that American eight-oared rowing in the colleges has steadily tended toward the development of bigger and more powerful eights. It is seldom nowadays that the winner at Poughkeepsie or New London will average less than 177 pounds. And, oddly enough, the Poughkeepsie four-mile record was established by an eight averaging about 165 pounds. The reason for that probably lay in the fact that not only was that crew one of exceptional power per pound, but in addition at that time Courtney's system of rowing was so far advanced as to give Cornell crews a great advantage in the run of the ship between strokes. It was rarely possible in those days to row stroke for stroke with the Ithacans and keep abreast. Cornell won many races rowing from 34 clear down to 30 to the minute. Today that is impossible. It is axiomatic today that a crew to have a chance at Poughkeepsie must be able to row the body of the race not lower than 33, and be able to put on two long-sustained spurts, let us say the first half mile and the last full mile, at 38 to 40 to the minute. To do that requires great power. Such a crew, rowing in the Olympics, if hard pressed, would be able to stay above 37 all the way, and travel at least a half mile as high as 42. I have seen three or four of our crews hit as high as 44 without losing much length in the water. To the old time oarsman this may sound incredible, but there is ample proof of it annually.

After considerable research, I think I have discovered the origin of the old saying that "a 195-pound man cannot pull his own weight". It goes back to the early 'nineties when Heffelfinger was a great football player at Yale. He rowed on the crew at something above 195 pounds and the crew lost. However, just about that time or a little later the theory was amply disproved

in England by the famous Leander oarsman, R. B. Etherington-Smith, who rowed at close to 200.

"Jim" Ten Eyck at Syracuse has often boated finished oarsmen well above the 190-pound mark, including one stroke oar. Last year certain of the critics looked askance at Harvard's huge eight with at least two men weighing above 200 lbs. One of them was Forrester Clark, who is just now playing gorgeous polo at the incredible weight of 210. So these big men have upset the tradition in more than one sport.

The Harvard heavy weights were pulling not only more than their own weight but some of that of the stroke, a rather slight young man named "Jack" Watts. "Ed" Brown, the coach, wanted Watts's brains rather than another man's power, at stroke, so he whittled down his oar, and about all Watts had to do was use his head and set the cadence.

In cases where these big men have been condemned, it was generally found that they had been "underboated", that is, the shell could not carry them without "sousing" its nose at every stroke, whereas the lines of the raceboat should be such as to stick its stem out and up at the very beginning of the recovery after each stroke.

Now it was the elder Glendon who was among the first to turn out giant eights. Therefore he went in for giant equipment, and even today uses the longest sweeps, with the widest and longest blades of all of the coaches. The croakers in those days were numerous. I confess that I was among them. It was all very well, we felt, for a big husky crew to handle sweeps twelve feet four inches long with blades seven and a quarter inches wide, over a two-mile course. "Why, four miles will kill them!" chortled the chorus. The laugh, as it turned out, was with Glendon. And his son followed in his footsteps both at Annapolis and subsequently at Columbia. Of course the outriggers were so set as to provide tremendous leverage. It was always noticeable that when the Navy blades gripped the water they were "anchored", that is, the boat moved before the blades did.

Presently other giant crews made their appearance from Lake Washington, and that appearance had a marked effect on Eastern rowing. In general it may be said that Eastern crews had

lost some of the fury of that first grip on the water, and were slighting the power in the backs. Immediately "Ed" Leader was engaged at Yale, with what remarkable results everyone knows. Logg, another Washingtonian, has brought Princeton up from the depths. But, oddly enough, the earliest comers from Seattle, while restoring our lost catch, have modified their stroke considerably, and have adopted considerably more swing and a stronger finish with the legs. The Far West had one good thing, the East another, and the result of the inevitable blend has been a sheer delight. No coach likes to admit that he has learned anything from anyone else, but practically all of them have, deny it how they will. If there is one man who probably never has picked up anything from anyone else it is James A. Ten Eyck of Syracuse, dean of all the coaches.

It is in this matter of rigging that the old professional scullers had the edge on the budding young amateur coaches, who knew practically nothing of sculling. When the elder Glendon started to make a coach out of this son, he put him afloat in a single. Today at Yale single sculling is encouraged and from its ranks graduates many a fine sweep-swinger. A man who can handle a single has nothing to fear in a double.

To begin in the far West, California is again this year under the tutelage of the Washington school, and with excellent material at hand. With the departure of Callow, Washington has turned to Ulbrickson, former stroke oar. The material there is always excellent, and there is an admitted advantage in the constant open water rowing. Recourse to the tiresome "machine" is never necessary, and the crew comes East with the greatest mileage of all of them tucked away in its system. While Ulbrickson was a fine oar he is following in the footsteps of a remarkable personality. Therein lies his supreme test. Wisconsin rows under more handicaps than one. Shells have to be carried through the streets to the float, and calm water is rare. "Dad" Vail, one of the real old-timers, teaches a beautiful stroke with considerable accent on the finish. His material is fine, but shy on numbers, and Freshman rowing is not encouraged, so that he has to do much rebuilding every year.

The Navy's problem is to keep its fine squad intact. The men

will have to unlearn some of the things Butler, a Washington coach, taught them, to get back into the pure Glendon style, but the "old man" may be trusted to take care of that.

Callow, with all his personality and all his skill and knowledge, has a real task on his hands at Pennsylvania. "Fred" Spuhn preceded him last year and put in the Washington method, without much success when it came to racing. There should, however, be little difficulty in working up a formidable short distance eight. But the Schuylkill course is not conducive to preparation for the four-mile distance. That is why the Quakers are always first at the course. However, rough water often interferes with preparation there, and so does the heat. Everyone wishes Callow good luck, but has his doubts, this year at least. Columbia's situation, with the change of course to Pelham Bay, has disposed of the old problem of mileage.

Ten Eyck will push any of them any time he gets the material at Syracuse. His best crews are a delight to the eye. He has a stroke with a good hard catch and a very hard finish, and he is a master rigger of shells. He is in his later seventies now but with an eye as clear as ever.

"Jim" Wray is in his second year at Cornell, and his work will be watched with interest. His stroke is not as strong as it might be at the catch, but is hard and clean at the finish. He has some of the finest material that goes to Poughkeepsie, but found Cornell rowing badly disorganized when he took hold.

Harvard is likely to have better material than Yale for at least another year, at least so far as power is concerned, but the Blue will pick up several excellent Freshmen and the crew will not be struggling with too much self esteem in the early season, which was the case last year. There is another close race in prospect. Princeton is fortunate in having no four-mile problem on its hands. There is every prospect of an especially fine crew once more. "Bill" Haines at M. I. T. has done splendid work and should have his share of victories if the material is at hand. It is always a question of available time at this institution. Clear through to the Olympic trials there will be racing nearly every week.

Truly a great fleet and a great season!

PUTTING "PEP" INTO THE CHURCH

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

In one of his early novels—I think it is *The Sea Lady*—Mr. H. G. Wells has a character who "does a lot with his soul." The majority of men and women in England today do little or nothing with theirs. The great industrial populations of the Northern and Midland counties do not go to church or chapel. The frenetic eloquence of revivalists and the corybantic zeal of the Salvation Army are alike powerless to move them. In the country districts, where custom dies hard and the parson is as integral a part of daily life as haymaking or the landlord of the *Dog and Duck*, the "lower orders" still attend church. Their attendance, however, is not a religious exercise but a social function. Whether the service is high or low, broad or narrow, is a matter of complete indifference to them. The rector and the squire's wife settle that between them. The villagers troop to church on Sunday, nod apathetically through the service if they are men or steal furtive glances at each other's clothes if they are women, gossip a while at the gate, and go home to dinner. They are neither comforted nor uplifted, chiefly because they are not looking for either comfort or uplift. Their real troubles they take elsewhere. The farmer does not discuss the plight of agriculture with God but with the Farmers' Union. He expects no help from either, but he can at least take the Farmers' Union to task for its incompetence. The farm laborer pours out his disgust with the sorry scheme of things entire at the *Dog and Duck* at the same time that he pours in beer. As for the women folk, it is the doctor and the district nurse, not the parson, who are the repositories of their confidences and the dispensers of sympathy and consolation in times of affliction. The doctor is generally an atheist.

The English bourgeoisie, or Lower Middle Classes, as they are called by the Upper Middle Classes, take church seriously. They

are almost wholly Nonconformist. It is not easy or judicious to try to frame a broad distinction between Nonconformity and Anglicanism which adequately accounts for the fact that grocers are always the former and landed proprietors always the latter. The outstanding feature of Nonconformity is the Nonconformist Conscience, but whether this particular type of conscience is begotten by or merely attracted by Nonconformity one cannot easily say. For the Nonconformist soul is a fatted soul and concerned with the outside of the cup and platter, fulminant against scarlet (but generally honest) women, but with no special anathemas for grocers who shortweight their customers.

The Upper Middle Class and the aristocracy, the business and professional men, the blackcoated fraternity on the suburban trains, the soldiers and sailors and administrators and civil servants, the lawyers and doctors and stockbrokers, all, in a word, who combine good educations with sound Conservative instincts—these form the strong support (one might almost say the *raison d'être*) of the Church of England by law established.

The nexus is conventional rather than spiritual. For one Anglican who has doctrinal convictions nine have none. They will wear their new hats and yawn behind their hymn books as contentedly under an advanced Anglo-Catholic as under a retarded Evangelical. That is natural enough. It is very unusual and difficult for an educated or sophisticated person to swallow the whole body of any particular doctrine, religious or political, at a gulp. The average Anglican's attitude toward his church's dogma is that of the lady who was explaining to a friend how, on marrying a man of that faith, she had become a Roman Catholic. "But mind you," she added, "I don't go in for all of it." What he or she does go in for proves, on analysis, to be, as a rule, just what the vicar of the local church chooses to hand out. The Protestant Reformed Church is actually the most catholic church in Christendom. It counts philosophic doubters among its prelates, Bishops who talk of "God—if there *is* a God," and believers in faith healing and the Personal Devil among its priests. It accommodates divines whom Calvin would have deemed intolerant and ministers whose doctrinal elasticity would have startled the Vicar of Bray.

As for his soul, the Anglican does rather less with it than anybody else. If he admits that some intimate connection exists or should exist between his soul and his pew it is a purely theoretical admission. For all practical purposes his membership of the Protestant Reformed Church is a part of what a Roman jurisprudent would call his *persona*, an integral part of the "front" he presents to the world, like his politics, his club, his profession and his butler.

To understand how this has come about it is necessary to take a brief survey of the history of the Reformation. Before Tudor times there were only two sections of society, the nobles and gentry on the one hand and the lower orders, the battle axe-fodder, on the other. The Church belonged to the former class. The great ecclesiastical institutions, like the great nobles, owned the land that the serf tilled and the forests where the villein (at the risk of having his ears cropped) poached. The Church's ascendancy was even more complete than that of the lord of the manor, for while the latter's powers of oppression or beneficence were confined to the vassal's property or the serf's body, the Church claimed jurisdiction over their souls.

The bourgeoisie, or Middle Class, did indeed exist but it was confined to the cities and large towns and had no political influence. It was not until the beginning of the Sixteenth Century that the intermittent struggle between the nobles and their ecclesiastical counterparts, the abbots, on the one hand and the burghers on the other for the control of municipal affairs, began to turn in favor of the latter. It was the Wars of the Roses that weakened the nobility to such an extent that Henry Tudor, when he came to be King of England, conceived the bright idea of ruling in alliance with the bourgeoisie and against the nobles instead of the other way about.

All the Tudors faithfully maintained this alliance. *Cæteris paribus*, they always sided with the burghers and against the nobles. Heads fell in plenty, but they were aristocratic heads.

It was inevitable that the Church should figure as the *bête noire* of the new alliance. The bourgeois regarded it as an oppressor and coveted its privileges. The King regarded it as a nuisance and coveted its wealth. Both realized that it could be

dangerous. It was also objectionable for another reason. With the coming of the Tudors a wave of nationalism had spread through England. There was nothing national, however, about the Church. Doubtless the public mind exaggerated the numbers and influence of the Italian and Spanish and other foreign ecclesiastics up and down the country and the extent of the Church's spiritual and political affiliation with the Mediterranean countries. Almost subconsciously, the English people had come to feel that the time had come to rid the Church of both.

What, then, of the doctrinal side of the Reformation? It is not for a moment to be supposed that the people as a whole, the vast majority of whom could neither read nor write and had no conception that they were or would ever be entitled to reason things out for themselves, were dissatisfied with the Church's teachings. They had, indeed, grown accustomed to the English Bible and perhaps felt fairly strongly that it was time English and not Latin became the vehicle of sung or spoken ritual. That they were worrying about Transubstantiation or Mariolatry, or whether there was really a purgatory as well as a hell, is unlikely to the last degree.

But if the people as a whole did not worry about these things, the growing class of the educated, caught, as to a large extent it already was, in the rising tide of intellectual liberty, undoubtedly did. That was not an age of scientific thought but it was an age, in England at least, of a sort of austere but tolerant reason, an age, moreover, in which the fetish of precedent, of written authority, at last began to yield ground to observation and deduction. If the Reformation produced drastic modifications of ritual and dogma it was because those entrusted with the actual task of remodelling the Church were wise and scholarly men who rejected much that seemed to them unreasonable as well as much that was generally admitted to be undesirable.

It is to be observed, however,—and the religious persecution of the succeeding centuries has caused the fact to be lost sight of,—that they did not draw straighter the line which the orthodox theologian must toe, or make more brass-bound and inflexible the mass of doctrine and dogma that they retained. On the contrary, and as was to be expected (since the Reformation repre-

sented *pro tanto* the triumph of reason and knowledge over superstition), the Reformed Protestant Church catered largely to varying taste and temperament and to some extent at least to philosophic doubt.

There were persecutions because there were rabid allegiances and a rabid determination to enforce allegiance. Doctrinal differences were merely the signs in which strong minded and often ambitious churchmen sought to best one another, and the kings and politicians helped to keep axe, stake and thumbscrew at work in a vague but well founded belief that the populace always mistake religious persecution for democratic zeal.

Actually those who built up the Reformed Church on the site and with most of the materials of the Roman Catholic Church erected, though perhaps they did not know it, a house in which there were many mansions. It was not, however, until about twenty-five years ago that these mansions began to be occupied. Up to that time it was considered good policy for any sect which found itself at variance with the Protestant Church's official doctrines and ritual—and schism was more often induced over ritual than over doctrine—to break away and become independent. So many broke away that a witty Frenchman of the early Nineteenth Century was able to say with some truth that England was a country with seventy religions and one sauce.

The sauce, it is interesting to recall, was melted butter. The seventy religions represented the disintegration of a Church which has always had something of butter's plasticity. Nevertheless this fissiparation did not, as we might have expected, materially impair the strength, prestige and authority of the parent church.

Neither—and this is perhaps more remarkable still—did the Established Church suffer any material loss of prestige from the crashing blow dealt to what were supposed at the time to be fundamental truths by the publication of *The Origin of Species* and the triumphant championship of Evolution by Huxley at Britain's decorous, mid-Victorian prototype of Monkeyville (staged by the British Association at Leeds in 1859).

The reason is simple, though not so simple that pious Anglican churchmen are eager to admit it. To the vast mass of the Eng-

lish people, to the pew occupiers and not less to the great and relatively recent industrial population that never did go to church, the Protestant Reformed Church by law established had long since ceased to be regarded—if indeed it was ever regarded—as the one authentic repository and fountain head of faith and revelation or as the jealous custodian of morals.

As against that it had come to be something even more important though not so easy to define, in the life of the English people. It had come to be looked upon, and is still looked upon, as the repository of all that went to make up what one may call the English mind, the jealous custodian of all that was essentially English in behavior, in temperament and in character. The noble language of the Authorized Version of the Bible, the impressive austerity of its cathedrals and churches, the decent and scholarly lives of its clerics, the dignity of its ritual and, last but not least, the high place accorded by it to the virtues of self-reliance and tolerance and probity and self-restraint, have combined to give the Established Church a place and a power in English life that no Englishman, whatever his own faith may be, would be willing to see endangered.

Metaphysical discussions about Transubstantiation have never really bothered the ordinary citizen overmuch, and when sects and schisms broke away from the Church's main foundation nobody was greatly perturbed. And later, when Science rushed to the assault and by producing the million-year-old jaw of an ape-man (or rather of an ape-woman, for, for some unknown reason, these massive relics are invariably found to have belonged to a female of the species) turned half the Bible from revelation into folklore, there was no great stir. The Church absorbed Evolution with ease for the simple reason that it displaced nothing vital or valuable or to which churchgoers any longer attached importance.

All of which being so, why, we have to ask ourselves, is the Protestant Reformed Church of England now in the throes of a really serious upheaval? Why did it feel the necessity to make fundamental alterations in the Prayer Book, and why, now that Parliament has refused to sanction the change, are the Bishops talking angrily, and rather foolishly, of seeking disestablishment

in order that they and not Parliament may be the final arbiter of their doctrinal destinies?

Again the reason is clear. Ever since the beginning of the century a number of the clergy and a small but enthusiastic body of the Anglican laity have been endeavoring to compel the Church to take itself seriously, not as an institution merely but as a repository of living revelation, as a real, vital and valuable nexus between Christ and the Christian worshipper. They wanted the Church to "come alive," to deliver spiritual goods as well as to be a *cachet* of English respectability. To trace the beginnings of this movement would be long and perhaps difficult, but undoubtedly they were due at least in part to the success which was found to attend the corybantic militancy of the Salvation Army and the frenetic if evanescent successes of the various revivalists.

It is not likely, however, that if the great war had not come along, the movement to impart "pep" to Anglicanism would have been carried very far. The war changed everything. Soldiers in their dark hours of dread, and wives and mothers in their tragic hours of suspense and bereavement, called on the Church for strength and help and comfort and consolation, and the Church had nothing to give. Its little surrenders to cold reason and philosophic doubt, its too ready assumption that biological discovery and Christian theology could march hand in hand, had ruined it. It was useless to assure the soldier in the trenches that God—if there was a God—would give him strength for the fight. It was not possible to console the widow or the bereaved mother by pointing out the fundamental grandeur of Evolution as a creative conception. "Unless you come to me as little children—"; but the Anglican clergyman was no longer the spiritual father of his parishioners. They were no longer his children. They merely "sat under" him, as the phrase went. And the Anglican God was no longer the Saviour of men, nor Mary the comforter of the afflicted. God was not even Jahveh, not even Matthew Arnold's "gigantic clergyman in a white tie." He was a remote Force, the deviser of Evolution, the artificer of a scheme of things that could not have started without Him, but once started was quite capable of carrying on by itself. The Anglican Church, at the beginning of the present century, was really

on the verge of accepting as the melancholy truth that God was no longer having, if He ever had, any say in terrestrial affairs.

Men and women turned from the Church in tens of thousands during the war and sought consolation elsewhere. Then came peace and a period of intensified commercialism. Everywhere was heard the refrain of the "Ballymena Hymn"—"What is there in it for me?" People began to talk about the Church "delivering the goods". They demanded parsons with "pep" and services with a "punch". The Church responded as best it could. What one might call the "peppy parson" movement produced "Toc H." and the Rev. Dick Shepherd. The demand for services with a "punch" produced or at any rate gave an impetus to a riotous Anglo-Catholicism. I do not suggest that any High Church divines deliberately modelled their ritual on that of Rome because they saw that Rome's hold on the minds and hearts of its flock was intact while that of Canterbury had almost disappeared. The fact remains that people were demanding religious services with more of a "kick" in them, and Anglo-Catholicism provided them. They wanted more comforting and artistic superstition and less cold reason in their dogma, and Anglo-Catholicism provided that. Not that it is always Anglicanism leavened with Catholicism. One Bishop described in the House of Lords how a certain Anglo-Catholic cleric, on the dedication of a new church, scattered ashes in the porch and recited a service of his own devising beginning "Depart hence, all ye spirits of evil!" Some of those present, the bishop added, really thought that they were assisting at a scene out of *Faust.*

Needless to say, a vast number of these Anglo-Catholic clergy were flying in the face of the Public Worship Regulation Act and incurring all manner of penalties, but the Bishops looked the other way. Still clinging to the lofty conception of the Reformed Church as a house with many mansions, they looked on with apprehension while the Evangelicals became Puritans and the Anglo-Catholics blossomed into Roman Catholics who "did not go in for all of it," hoping against hope that the Church would not be split.

What would otherwise have happened we do not know, but the Bishops themselves brought matters to a head by propound-

ing a Revised Prayer Book with a new and optional Communion Service which they conceived would legalize the advanced Anglo-Catholic ritual, at the same time announcing that they would deal drastically with any cleric who permitted his pro-Catholic zeal to carry him beyond the ambit of the new rubrics.

The compromise pleased nobody. The Evangelicals denounced it as a surrender to Romish superstition. The Anglo-Catholics said the new Prayer Book did not go nearly far enough, and boldly announced their intention of ignoring it. Nevertheless the Church Assembly, a body supposed to represent the ecclesiastical laity but actually controlled by the Bishops, accepted the Deposited Book, as it was called. But that was not all. It had to be passed by the British Parliament.

It should perhaps be explained that Parliament has this final say in the Church's affairs because it is established by law as the official Church of England. Just what advantage the Church of England derives from being by law established is a question which any practical-minded American will naturally ask and to which no easy answer can be made. The Church neither gets funds from the State nor has the use of any State property. Its only extant privilege is that the Sovereign must belong to it, with this modification that while the Archbishops assist at his coronation he is not thereafter required to go to church unless he wishes.

On the other hand the prestige that the Anglican Church gets from being the Established Church is very great indeed. Establishment puts a sort of seal on the national acceptance of the Church of England as the most English thing in England, as the spiritual guardian of English taste, English manners and that greatest of English virtues, the will to live and let live. Understanding that, we can understand why Parliament, which represents all creeds and denominations, is called upon to settle the affairs of this one denomination; why, in this instance, the House of Commons rejected the New Prayer Book, and why, in spite of the complaints of its supporters, that rejection was secured by the votes of Presbyterians, Jews, Congregationalists, Roman Catholics, agnostics and who not, it was accepted without demur by the English people.

The House of Lords passed it on the plea of the Bishops that

it would make for peace in the Church. The Commons rejected it on the ground that even for the sake of peace in the Church they could not, without a special mandate from the electorate, legalize fundamental alterations in the doctrine or ritual of the Reformed Protestant Church. It was the State Church, opponents of the new Prayer Book argued, and until it was disestablished it was the business of every Parliamentary representative, whatever his own religious beliefs, to keep it intact until the nation decided to make it something else.

What will happen next? Nobody knows and everything is in confusion. The Bishops have prepared a modified Deposited Book, but it looks like sharing the fate of its predecessor and may not be persisted with. The Evangelicals meanwhile have stopped the Bishops from legalizing moderate Anglo-Catholic practices, but they cannot compel the Bishops to proceed against the practitioners. The Anglo-Catholics also claim a victory. They favor disestablishment, which they believe is bound to come. But how can disestablishment be effected? In the Church of England every cure of souls or "living", as it is called, is in the gift of some patron, the Crown or a public corporation or an individual. To whom the Church itself, with its furniture and fixings, belongs, nobody seems quite to know. Is the patron to decide, on disestablishment, whether the living in his gift shall go to the Evangelicals or the Anglo-Catholics or to one of the lesser sects into which the Established Church would no doubt fissiparate? Is it to be decided by parish elections, with a wealth of fiery oratory and appropriate slogans? Or is a Commission to be set up to allot churches and livings among the competing sects with the same noble disregard for minorities that distinguished the Versailles Treaty makers?

None of these things will be done, and for a very good reason. The average Briton, who is neither very Evangelical or very Catholic or very anything else, believes that the Anglican Church is still valuable and will not let it be disestablished. If those within it insist on quarrelling among themselves about who shall occupy what mansion, he will let them go to it. The Church itself he will maintain, though it be no longer aught but the husk of what was once a noble and inspiring fabric.

PLAY FOR YOUNG AND OLD

BY JOSEPH LEE

When the Playground and Recreation Association of America was organized by Luther H. Gulick and Henry S. Curtis in 1906, only forty-one cities were reported as having playgrounds and play was still regarded as a non-essential in education and in life. It was good perhaps as medicine and to keep the boys out of mischief, but it must not be allowed to interfere with real education, like learning the longitude of Cape Chadwick or the dates of Fillmore's Presidency or of the Second Punic War, third period. In 1926 there were 790 cities reporting play areas, courses in play and recreation were being given in many of the normal schools and universities throughout the country, and thirty-five States had added physical education to the curriculum of their public schools. During the same period there had been a marked increase in the attention paid by schools and colleges and by cities and towns and the people generally to all forms of recreation, not merely for a few star performers but for everybody. There has been, in fact, during the last twenty years, a revolution in the attitude of the American people upon this subject, as a result of which, instead of trying to make our children into little grown people, it now seems to be the ambition of our grown people to behave—part of the time, at least—as much as possible like children.

The World War affords a landmark of the progress of this revolution up to 1917. By that time the importance of recreation to physical condition and morale had become so well recognized that it was given a leading place in the training of our soldiers, sailors and marines; and the Playground and Recreation Association of America, under the name of War Camp Community Service, was given charge, under the War and Navy Commissions on Training Camp Activities, of organizing the recreational opportunities in the cities near the camps and training stations.

Evidence of this change of view is seen in the conviction that has rapidly gained ground—very rapidly in the last few years—that a city without adequate playgrounds for its children is not a habitable place. Real estate men have found that the setting aside of space for playgrounds in laying out a plot of land pays for itself in the increased value of the rest. In some places laws and ordinances are being adopted requiring such provision. Everywhere a good-sized playground is now accepted as an essential feature of the public school. A playground within each block where children under six can play in safety and within sight of their mothers is the next objective, and such provision is already being demonstrated by the pioneers.

The play movement has not been confined to the United States or to America but has spread to other continents and countries. Requests for information on the subject have come from France and Germany, England, Belgium, Denmark, and Mussolini's government; from Palestine and Turkey, from China, India, Korea and Japan; from Cuba and Mexico, Chile and Brazil; from Liberia, South Africa, New Zealand and New South Wales. The sister of President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia has shown a great and active interest.

In all this movement the Playground and Recreation Association of America has had a part. Its field secretaries have, by request, helped to start the work in many cities,—usually since the war with the effective coöperation of the American Legion,—have seen them through their first financial campaign, and have since regularly visited and helped them in the many and varied problems that arise. The aim in every city is to have play and recreation established as a public function. The Association's model law granting the necessary power to municipalities, with modifications to meet local opinion and conditions, has been adopted in many States.

The field secretaries are the visiting physicians of the playground movement. They diagnose the case, prescribe the cure and help to carry out the treatment. But in the office of the Association many prescriptions also are prepared—detailed and practical reports and handbooks ranging all the way from the standard rules of playground ball to the two-years' study of munic-

ipal and county park systems throughout the country that has just been published. By means of these prescriptions, administered with the aid of a red pencil and a two-cent stamp, and by personal interviews and letters, the Association answers every year some 20,000 questions from the field,—a process known in the office as feeding the hungry, placing the information where it is wanted and will be assimilated. It also publishes a weekly bulletin, a yearbook based upon information from more than seven hundred cities, and a monthly magazine. By all these methods it keeps each locality informed of what the rest have learned or specialists have worked out upon the many branches of the work.

Some of the questions that come in are of a somewhat special or even personal nature, as, for instance, requests for information on how to put on a hog-calling and chicken-calling contest or how to plan a shower for a bride-to-be. Demands bearing on dramatic entertainments are sometimes difficult to answer, such as: "Please send immediately directions for making costumes which would show the difference between a milk-bred cow and a beef-bred cow; also between kaffir and corn." Some requests from small and isolated communities are of a specially appealing nature, such as one for "suggestions of activities suitable for a small lumber town in the mountains about twenty miles from any other town and with a Mexican population", and another for employes and their families on banana plantations in Guatemala and Honduras. Most heartrending of all was one for entertainments in a college where dancing and cards are prohibited. Perhaps the most difficult to answer offhand was: "Will you please send me some material which can be used in a Mayor's inaugural speech?" with which might be coupled: "Politics are raising havoc with the recreation programme in our city. Are there any cities where the work is free from politics and where workers are trained?" There are in fact eight thousand trained workers in many hundred cities. I suppose the true answer to the first part of the question is: "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the workers cease to rest."

The Association helped in getting physical education laws passed in twenty-two of the thirty-five States now having them,

in more than half of which it had the efficient aid of former Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania, whose services as field secretary for that purpose it was fortunate enough to secure. It has a special department to help strengthen these laws and to assist with information and in every possible way those in charge of their administration. It has published a course of study on play and recreation that is used in many of the State normal schools and elsewhere. It has worked very closely with the real estate subdividers and the city planners, and made studies of city planning from the legal as well as from the play and recreation point of view.

The present great need in play and recreation is that of trained teaching and supervision. There is need of specialists in music, in drama and in games, and even greater need of all-round leaders who know both what to teach and when to teach it, and also when to let alone. The Association accordingly carries on a nine months' training course in playground leadership for carefully selected college graduates and others of equal promise who have had playground experience; also a six weeks' course in summer, and local institutes for those holding regular positions.

One of the principles that our schools are teaching is that every child should succeed at something every day and that the playground should make large contribution to this end. For this reason there must be variety in the opportunities presented. Especially there should be a chance not only for games but for constructive work. In carrying out this principle the Association, at its Playground Congress held at Memphis, Tenn., last October, conducted its first national miniature aircraft tournament, sponsored by a committee of which Charles A. Lindbergh was Associate Chairman and Commander Richard E. Byrd and Assistant Secretary Warner of the Navy were members—the latter being present throughout the tournament, of which he served as a most active and interested official. Thirty boys from sixteen cities and thirteen States took part, and one plane—its motor, like the rest, consisting of a double strip of rubber wound up by an egg beater—flew five minutes and thirty-seven seconds, which seemed more like an hour to those who watched.

Much as has been accomplished during the last quarter of a

century in providing opportunity for play and recreation, the provision does not nearly meet the need. In very few cities if any is there a fair chance to play for half the children. Last summer our local organization in Boston took some 5,000 boys off the street corners and got them playing games. The boys reached were those from twelve to sixteen years old. There are in Boston about 35,000 boys of these ages, so that, even allowing for those who passed the summer in the country or had other means of recreation, the accomplishment at this late day was in rather discouraging proportion to the need.

In the country districts nothing nearly adequate has yet been done. There are, it is true, the State physical education laws that reach all the children and are steadily doing so with more effect. Physical fitness tests also, for which the Playground and Recreation Association of America gives out badges, are widely used in country districts. The Association has carried on play institutes and schools in such districts, has issued a handbook on rural recreation, and had many articles printed in the country magazines. It has also conducted institutes in play and recreation for the agents that the Department of Agriculture sends out into the rural districts, and has visited many communities in which the work is done. But thus far its country work, for lack of funds that can be devoted to the purpose, is rather an example of what should be done than an appreciable satisfying of the need.

There is a tendency in the play and recreation movement at the present time that is very significant. Of the recent studies made by the Association in answer to the existing demand, the three outstanding examples are the study of park systems already mentioned, a study of municipal and private camps, and a study, by means of an experiment carried on in New York City, of the feasibility of supplying reliable information to workers in our cities as to the best places for spending their vacation and of the possibility of making such service self-supporting. The direction of these three studies is symptomatic. The return to nature, which takes a large part of our population to California and Florida in the winter and to New England and the mountains in the summer, is strongly felt through the whole field of recreation. It is becoming every day more fully recognized that every boy

and girl has a right to revisit their ancestral domain of the woods and fields, to play with waves and rapids; to climb trees and bend down birches (with or without landing in a hornet's nest) and make first hand acquaintance with the birds and squirrels; to wake up in the morning and hear the vireo singing by himself and smell the pine chips and the balsam in the sun; to see the moon across the lake and hear perhaps the deer moving about in the water down below the bank; to set up their own tent, cook and get the wood smoke in their eyes; to sit round the fire and listen to the wood thrush as long as twilight lasts.

In a wider sense the whole play movement is a return to nature. Play, to the child, is nature's law of growth, the way she has chosen for making him a man. When she bids him sing and dance, build houses of blocks and make mud pies, experiment with wood and water, with fire and electricity and all kinds of substances and things, it is in order that the singer, artist, thinker in him may be born. She has him wrestle and compete and play team games that he may grow up a soldier and a citizen. It is in order that he may be shaped and moulded by this method—fashioned by the great constituting purposes of man to be their instrument—that he is sent into this world of internecine competition so helpless and unfinished—that such a thing as infancy exists.

Play, to the grown person, is rebirth, renewed connection with the sources of his strength. Under the conditions of our industrial civilization, which has wandered so far from nature's path, it is a necessity of life.

It is the purpose of the Playground and Recreation Association of America that every American boy and girl, whatever else our schools may teach them, shall have the opportunity, through attending nature's school, to attain the full stature of the man or woman she intended them to be, and that every grown person may attend such graduate courses as shall keep the spark alive.

ON GANDHI'S FRONT PORCH

BY WILLIAM W. HALL, JR.

It was a listless afternoon late in summer. Every impulse within me cried to surrender to the dead weight of heat and humidity which bore down upon the cramped thoroughfares of Bombay. Yet I had set my mind on Ahmedabad in the alluring hope of meeting Gandhi, the "Great Soul" of India. It seemed a futile quest. That Mr. Gandhi was wont to reside in Ahmedabad was a matter of common knowledge, but whether he was ill, or on a vacation, or preoccupied, was shrouded in mystery. Moreover, I represented no one; I came without so much as the customary letter or card of introduction, which is considered the prime essential for breaking down the defence of the high and mighty. Still I had set my mind on the attempt, and there was no turning back, especially since the ticket had been bought and paid for.

A half naked coolie piloted me through the dense mass of humanity that thronged Bombay station, and deposited my suitcase in the compartment which the ticket indicated. The inevitable dispute as to the amount of the fee ensued, and I was greatly relieved when a dark skinned individual emerged out of the unknown and settled the argument for me. I then turned to examine my newly discovered friend. I found him to be a slight figure, clad in a straggling white garment and white skull-cap beneath which protruded a swarthy round face with large spectacles and a broad, merry smile.

I was grateful to him, of course, but my gratefulness was tempered by a prudent restraint. I had been forewarned as to the prevalence of train robbers in India, and this man's solicitude for my welfare seemed too spontaneous to be prompted by any but an ulterior motive. So I resolved to give him no intimation of the purpose of my journey, and to keep a watchful eye on my suitcase.

The next morning my white robed acquaintance became volubly sociable. He was a resident of Ahmedabad, he told me; had been educated at a German Jesuit Mission in Bombay, and was deeply read in English as well as in the classics of his own vernacular. I took what he said with several grains of salt, and determined to keep cautiously reticent. In an unguarded moment, however, I divulged the purpose of my trip to Ahmedabad. Immediately his eyes brightened as with an inspired gleam.

"Why, I'm a great friend of the Mahatma's," he exclaimed. "You see, these are the homespun garments I am wearing as a mark of my discipleship. You will have no trouble meeting Mr. Gandhi. In fact, I shall be delighted to take you to his Ashram and present you to him."

The speed of the train was now slackening and already the native hovels of Ahmedabad were visible through the dust-stained windows. I was more confirmed than ever in the need of caution. But Mr. Balabai Jamnadas (the name which my enigmatic acquaintance assigned to himself) continued more voluble than ever.

"Yes, you will have no trouble in meeting Mr. Gandhi. And as long as you are in Ahmedabad I should be delighted to have you come to my home, and be my guest; that is if you can be reconciled to a vegetable diet."

To me this seemed nothing less than a direct bait to lure me to the robber's den. So I demurred as best I could, until Mr. Jamnadas remarked: "I understand your reluctance to come to my home. I know it isn't the conventional thing for a man of the West to mingle with us of the East."

This served as a glaring light exposing my own crudity. My defence was shattered, and I readily accepted the invitation.

The Ahmedabad railway platform contained the usual jostling mob. My host ushered me into his tonga and we bumped merrily along the narrow streets of Ahmedabad, sitting as is the custom, with our backs to the driver.

"Religious scruples ordinarily prevent a Westerner's being received into a Hindu home," my friend declared. "Personally, I have no such scruples. I have travelled extensively in Europe and have many Western friends. I try to be both cosmopolitan

and liberal. I am a Jain, and my religion prohibits killing any living thing. This is foolish when carried to the extreme, but I observe the restriction to the extent of not eating meat. That is why I warned you to be prepared to follow a vegetable diet in my home."

The tonga drew up before a three-story dwelling fronting upon a busy native street, and we alighted. I was led up to the second floor and there left to myself and given an opportunity to take stock of the home of my Hindu host. It appeared to be not conspicuously different from the conventional European dwelling. The room was a combination of parlor, library and living room. There was a bookcase of considerable size containing the works of many classic English writers, including Macaulay, Franklin, Darwin, and a Life of General Booth. My host soon presented himself and we retired into a small inner room for breakfast, which consisted of some biscuits and tea made with milk instead of water. Just we two were present. The conversation was the most substantial feature of the meal. My friend discoursed freely on politics, education and religion.

"The only way for the Indians to learn to govern themselves is through self-government," he said. "It is true that India is now divided and if Home Rule were granted chaos and anarchy would temporarily result. India, however, has a large group of trained native leaders and Government officials. Only the few highest posts are held by the British. I believe that in the course of five years these leaders could evolve a stable government in India, profiting by the experience of being thrown upon their own resources.

"In religion I adhere to Jainism, a sect of Hinduism. I strive to maintain a thoroughly liberal point of view. I believe that religion is essentially a matter of action rather than form. It is true that I observe many of the outward rules of my religion. For instance, I don't eat meat; nor do I dine after dark; and you can tell by the odor in the room that I burn incense. I do these things merely because they are rooted in my background and traditions, not as fundamentals of my faith."

"Does the caste system apply among the Jains?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but it is breaking down."

"What is your attitude toward child marriage?"

"I am stanchly opposed to it. I shall not allow my two little daughters to marry until they are twenty, and then they will be left free to make their own choice. This was the case with my own marriage."

After the servant had cleared our little breakfast table, our thoughts turned to Gandhi.

"If you don't mind waiting a moment, I shall summon my chauffeur," and Mr. Jamnadas reached for the telephone which was close at hand. "I ordinarily give him the day off Sunday, but he can be located in a very few minutes, and then we can drive to the Ashram."

We were soon seated in the comfortable upholstery of a seven-passenger car. The way led through the teeming streets of Ahmedabad, out through the suburbs and along the tawny banks of the Sabarmati River. We had gone a quick five miles when the car drew up at a rustic gate.

"The building on your left is Mr. Gandhi's Nationalist School," my friend pointed out. "To the right is the compound containing half a dozen bungalows, one of which is the Ashram or Retreat of Mr. Gandhi. This has been given him for his own use, but will revert to the trustees at his death."

We alighted from the car and walked along the path between two of the low, broad roofed houses toward that belonging to Mr. Gandhi. Presently I found myself led up to a broad veranda with spreading roof, where crouched in a semi-circle were half a dozen or more attentive white-robed figures. In the center, cross-legged upon a thin white mat, with his back against the wall and before him a low bench or table strewn with papers, squatted a diminutive, emaciated, half-naked man, who, to my amazement, was introduced as Mahatma Gandhi.

In the next five minutes my impressions of this squatting figure changed like the shadows on the lawn. "Why, this gnarled creature has nothing more to recommend him than any of the road beggars that infest the highways hereabout," was the sentiment racing through my mind. "The world has been duped."

This mood quickly changed as I noted the deep furrows in the face, the drooping mouth and moustache, and the lower jaw

devoid of teeth. "These are the marks of his suffering," I told myself soberly. "The poor cripple is a victim of his own privations."

Then as the wizened, warped figure became articulate, gradually, but not slowly, I lost consciousness of the flesh and blood before me, and recognized only a mind and heart of incomparable strength and beauty. He spoke with the greatest ease and fluency, in low but clear tones, expressing his thoughts in terse, cogent words, seeking always to define the terms before presenting his views.

"I have just been talking with my son," he said, after I remarked I was afraid I had caught him at a busy moment. "He is leaving today."

I then proceeded to make known my identity and remarked that I had been anxious to meet him because I felt that though Americans were familiar with his name they seldom really understood him.

"That's true," he said. "Americans seem either to exalt me to a degree wholly out of proportion to what I deserve or else they consider me a dangerous revolutionary."

I said I thought most Americans had formed no very definite opinion of him, but were extremely interested in his personality and his programme.

"Yes," he assented, "I have a great number of friends in America and keep up a voluminous American correspondence."

I asked him if he would permit me to put several questions of a general nature to him, not specifically applied to India or its problems. He readily consented. I then presented the questions which follow. He answered each question concisely and directly in clear, studied terms.

"In what field of endeavor can an American facing the choice of a life-career make the greatest contribution to society?"

"The vital consideration," he replied, "is not so much the choice of one or another profession as the achieving of self-realization. Americans cannot be of any real service through any profession unless they reconsider the premises on which they are now acting and which appear to me to be fundamentally unsound. To borrow a phrase from Tolstoi, they are 'riding on

the backs' of weaker peoples, financially and commercially. Their achievements are based on considerations of so-called supply and demand (which is a veiled term for mere self-interest) rather than of human need. Their civilization is essentially selfish and materialistic. Doles handed out to missionary and philanthropic projects furnish small compensation for economic and industrial oppression. In facing the problem of a career a man should emphasize, above all else, the spiritual aspects of life. With this uppermost in his thoughts, he should test his own potentialities, discover how he can best meet the peculiar needs of the local community in which he finds himself, and apply himself to meeting those needs to the utmost of his ability."

"What relation should religion and character bear to education in our present day programmes?"

"Education, character and religion should be regarded as convertible terms. There is no true education which does not tend to produce character, and there is no true religion which does not determine character. Education should contemplate the whole life. Mere memorizing and book learning is not education. I have no faith in so-called systems of education which produce men of learning without the backbone of character."

"What fitting substitute can the Western nations find for militarism?"

"Militarism is essentially self assertion. I should, therefore, substitute for self assertion, self abnegation."

"Just what do you mean by the term 'self abnegation'?"

"The sense in which Christ understood it," he replied, smiling. "'He who loseth his life shall find it.'"

"How should one regard pain and suffering?"

"Voluntary, sacrificial suffering is to be greatly commended; involuntary, inflicted suffering to be greatly deplored."

"How would you interpret suffering which is both involuntary and non-inflicted, such as that produced by chance illness?"

"I believe illness to be the result of sin (in the broadest sense of the word). Sin I define as the breaking of a law, either physical or moral. A headache is the result of sin."

"What is the way out of the present seemingly hopeless antagonism between religious factions in all parts of the world?"

"Charity. We must learn toleration and respect for others. Every religion in some measure satisfies the spiritual needs of men. If a religious act, such as tom-toming, annoys me, I should not try to have it prohibited, but should realize that it ministers to other peoples' needs, and remove myself from the scene of the disturbance. I have ceased to declare myself publicly on this issue. My views are well known. As the French proverb has it, 'He who excuses himself accuses himself'. I believe that by maintaining silence my message is more forcibly conveyed than by constant admonition. There is, however, no need of despairing of this or any other issue where the right is involved. The world is moving on the right course. When you consider that our mortal lives are mere specks in relation to the whole of time, you can appreciate that the world may be progressing even when progress is not apparent. I am supremely hopeful."

"Do you believe in prayer?"

"Most assuredly. Prayer is the great longing of the soul for God. I do not however, entertain belief in a personal God."

The time was running on and I was aware that I had intruded long enough. There was an additional favor however, which I was anxious to ask.

"I am returning very shortly to Robert College in Constantinople," and then I explained something of the nature of that institution. "I wish you would give me some message to carry back to the students there!"

He smiled, shook his head, and then said:

"Just tell them to try to be good before great—good before great."

Thereupon we arose. I apologized for monopolizing so much of his time; he admitted that he was overburdened with his work. We shook hands and parted, and my host and I were soon spinning back toward Ahmedabad.

We had lunch in the kitchen—that is, in a room with a raised cement platform in one corner where the cook was tending an assortment of steaming pots and pans. I had especially requested my host not to prepare anything special on my account, and to allow me to dine exactly as he would were he alone. But

I found myself confronted with a more severe ordeal than I had anticipated. We squatted cross-legged on a board before a table raised a very few inches from the ground, on which rested a brass tray containing each course arranged in a neat pile. Using strips of thin, hot, unleavened bread as spoon and fork and lever, we partook of several strange, peppery substances, heavily spiced and pickled, washed down with buttermilk, which seemed to serve the purpose of fire extinguisher. When the meal was finished, we retired to the upper room. There, squatted on a broad white mat, we whiled away several hours, conversing, smoking the native hookah or water pipe, and solving cross-word puzzles.

"Well, this has been a big day for me, thanks to your kindness," I remarked, at length.

"If you like big things, why don't you stop over at Jaipur and see the elephants?" inquired Mr. Jamnadas, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Good!" I laughed. "Would you mind looking up a convenient train?"

While my host was telephoning the railway station I opened my suitcase and rearranged its contents. As he entered the room I was in the act of carefully locking it.

"Why do you lock your suitcase?" he inquired, genially.

"I've heard so much about train robbers," I replied.

"Well, you know my wife thinks I'm foolish," he explained, "but I have a habit of never locking anything. I even leave my house wide open when I go away. And I've rarely lost anything. Somehow, I feel it pays to trust people in this world of ours."

I missed my train and consequently the elephants, but I left Ahmedabad a wiser and a better man.

TITUS TO LAERTES

BY PERCIVAL WHITE

By the time these writings shall have reached your hand, my dear Laertes, the autumn meeting will be over. But I trust they will arrive before you leave for your vacation.

I felicitate you upon the way in which you have managed all the games, particularly the gladiatorial combats. Never, since the Coliseum was built, has Rome known such a master at the exploiting of sport. It is you, as much as anyone, who are responsible for Rome's recent progress. To my mind, your record is perfect; for I have no sympathy with those effeminate ones who decry the so-called barbarism of athletic rivalry. Is it not better that we should, now and again, rub the noses of our boys in blood? Thus we preserve our holy Roman virtues. Thus we steer clear of pacifism and its attendant scourge.

Few understand (as I do) the deep patriotism which impels you to inspire our youth. For it is the arena—not the school, not the Senate, not the Forum—which is the calyx of the Roman flower.

News of the bout between Taurus and Drusus reached me but yesterday. How splendid! For the training of your gladiators you deserve a decoration. Your coaching of Drusus—it was superb. To take a deserter from an unknown legion, a mere mercenary, without courage, patriotism, or other military quality (except stolidity), and to make of him a showman as shrewd as Cicero—that betokened genius on your part. What patience it must have required, to drill into this clumsy fellow such forbearance, such presence of mind! I can picture him now, standing over the fallen Taurus, javelin poised, for several seconds, at the critical moment when his victim's chance of recovery hung in the balance! That was a master stroke. How often have I known you to take an amateur athlete, a mere worm, with no finer appetite than the desire for sport itself, and

to convert him into a true professional, that gorgeous butterfly of our great social order!

Drusus's failure to retreat has set all Rome talking. And it is the talking, not the fighting, which is the basis of modern sport. The voice of the populace cries out for clean-cut, decisive victories, without trace of subterfuge or trickery; but these, in reality, would be the last thing to please the people. It is the chance to bicker, to quarrel, to argue whether to turn thumbs up or down—it is this zestful opportunity which the patrons of the circus desire.

I ought to warn you, perhaps, against Taurus. He is a powerful fighter, and, at the same time, devoid of histrionic ability. Possibly you can show him the light; but at present he fights with but one purpose—to win. How inartistic! Such gladiators should be debarred. Otherwise, sport will degenerate into a mere series of winnings and losings.

You, Laertes, are Greek enough to realize the metaphysical danger which would arise if sport should lose its remarkable ability to remain always in the public eye, wholly without expense. Think of the cost which Rome would suffer if she should ever be deprived of you, my friend! Imagine the millions that would be thrown away if, through some mischance, sport should eventually become wholly clean and above board! Fancy our predicament if we should have to pay money to enlist the interest of the people! If that day shall ever dawn, the imperial treasury will be unable to withstand the strain. Ergo, the virility of our youth will be undermined, and the culture upon which our great civilization has been reared will crumble into dust.

Hail to thee, Laertes, and may that day never come!

SHAKESPEARE AND HARVARD

BY GERALDINE P. DILLA

EVERY schoolboy knows that the pride of early New England, Harvard College, was founded by a son of Old England, John Harvard. But not every college boy knows (even among those who claim their free admission to Harvard House in Stratford as sons of their Alma Mater) enough of the family history to place John Harvard in London rather than in leafy Warwickshire. So before we introduce William Shakespeare into our story, we should visit the bard's home town and look into London.

The most famous sight of Stratford-on-Avon is the restored birthplace of the poet in Henley Street. But when the enterprising tourist "finishes" that well known double house, he feels it his duty to "do" another sight on High Street—the picturesque half-timbered Harvard House. This is a more ornate and elegant edifice, just the size for one family whose builder was an alderman, and not both alderman and general merchant, as was the John Shakespeare whose son's name and form have been imported, in one shape or another, into the trademark of almost every saleable article in the town.

This so-called Harvard House is now surmounted by a large American flag, which contrasts with the date 1596 carved on its façade. It is a fine specimen of Sixteenth Century architecture, as dignified and decorated on its exterior as an Elizabethan portrait with a lace ruff, and as solid and weather-worthy in its interior as a galleon of Sir Francis Drake, with its heart of oak. Its original huge oak beams are blackened by time and the smoke from many Yule logs, and their age is authentically declared by the marks of the axe blade used before the days of planes or saws to give some smoothness to the faces of such timbers. It was built by Thomas Rogers, an alderman of Stratford, whose daughter Katherine became the mother of the founder of Harvard College.

But the American who enjoys this old house owes his gratitude not only to the gracious resident who tirelessly discloses the virtues of one antique furnishing after another with the same interest as she warns her tall visitor to mar not with his head the low cross-beam of the attic. He also owes thanks to a novelist whose printed works he may be too young to have appreciated duly—the late Marie Corelli. She it was who rescued this old house from its squalid disrepair, and who directed its restoration over fifteen years ago. In conjunction with her, Mr. Edward Morris, son of Nelson Morris of Chicago, purchased it and presented it to Harvard University in 1909 to serve as a club or rendezvous for American visitors, with free admission to all members of that University. It thus stands as America's possession in Shakespeare's town.

But the connection with Shakespeare is closer, if we may trace more family history. It was in the same Trinity Church of Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was both baptized and buried, that Robert Harvard from Southwark in London married Katherine Rogers, on April 8, 1605. Their son, John Harvard, was baptized at St. Saviour's Church in Southwark on November 29, 1607. Robert Harvard was evidently a man of some importance, being a governor of St. Olave's Grammar School, where his son probably received his preparation for college. He lived at the south end of London Bridge, across the Thames, near St. Saviour's Cathedral on the Borough High Street.

The records of the Harvard family are meagre, but it is known that John matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1635. We cannot identify his rooms there, but we are well aware of the fact that several Pilgrim Fathers were students of this college, whose founder intended it for the maintenance of Puritanical principles. Thus Cambridge is the main *fons et origo* of higher education in the United States, and in the Chapel of Emmanuel College are a memorial window and a tablet to John Harvard.

This young college graduate married Anne Sadler, daughter of the Vicar of Ringmer, in Sussex, and with her went over to New England. He died there at Charlestown, on September 22, 1638, leaving a sum of money to found the university that now

bears his name. Was it far-sighted wisdom that caused this young man of thirty-one to leave his money, not to the old land of his birth, but to the new land of his adoption, where less than a tenth of his life had been spent?

But we must now return to the church where John Harvard was baptized, which is now the Southwark Cathedral, the finest Gothic building in London after Westminster Abbey, and the only survivor of mediæval Southwark. Among the sights in this church we are not surprised to find a Harvard Chapel, restored and decorated in 1907. But the greatest associations of St. Saviour's are with the Elizabethan dramatists, for the district immediately to the west was the famous Bankside, where rose the early theatres, not to mention the bear gardens and prisons. Inside this church, beside the memorials to Edward Alleyn, Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, and Philip Massinger, we find the inevitable monument to Shakespeare, which here is really necessary. For St. Saviour's Church was near to the Swan Theatre, the Rose, and the Hope Theatre, and still nearer to the Globe, the famous theatre in which Shakespeare was a shareholder and actor, and in which fifteen of his plays were produced.

Here in this church, though unmarked, is the grave of Edmund Shakespeare, who died in 1607, the younger brother of the poet. William Shakespeare was present at his brother's funeral, which took place only a month after the baptism of the infant John Harvard. Might he not also have been present in this church when the son of a prominent resident of Southwark was baptized? But might not the connection between Shakespeare and Harvard have been still closer?

Has no visitor to the Harvard House in Stratford ever asked why a prosperous gentleman of London like Robert Harvard chose his wife away off in a backwoods village like Stratford? In the earliest years of the Seventeenth Century the hundred mile journey from London to that village would have been almost as much an event in one's lifetime as a trip now from London to a Canadian town. Travel was not the common pastime that it is today, and before the poet's death, Stratford-on-Avon was surely no place of pilgrimage; it had no more to recommend it to the notice of a Londoner than did the three other Stratfords in

England, or the three other Avon rivers that confuse the visitor today. Surely there was no hope of business in a village that consisted mostly of thatched cottages. Then why did Robert Southwark go from London to Stratford the first time at least, since, if we are imaginative, we can say Miss Katherine Rogers drew him the second time?

Research has brought to light only one antecedent link between London and Stratford, namely William Shakespeare. We know that while Shakespeare had been in London from about 1585, he may not have returned to Stratford until 1596, when his son died. He changed his London residence to Southwark probably between that time and 1604; at any event he would have been well known in Southwark from 1599 on, for he was surely active about the Globe Theatre and he was too interested in people to be any sort of recluse. Why not guess that Shakespeare knew Robert Harvard, one of the gentlemen of Southwark? We know the dramatist did not limit his friendships to fellow playwrights, and we have all reason to infer that he had lived intermittently in Southwark for some nine years.

We know that Shakespeare made journeys back to Stratford from London even during his busiest years. In 1597 he bought New Place in Stratford, a fine residence across the street and about a block from the Harvard House. Doubtless it was soon afterward that he planted a mulberry tree so well that it flourished until cut down in 1758 by a preacher so benighted that he was irritated by the pilgrims who visited it, rather than enriched as are the natives of Stratford today. But the Reverend Francis Gastrell is another story. We must mention only William Shakespeare, and note that he acquired considerable property in and near his home town, and that his relations with it were such that he was formally described as "of Stratford-on-Avon, Gentleman". Besides, his wife and children all remained there, and he retired to live there steadily from 1611 until his death.

Why not conclude that when the poet made one of his trips home, he invited his probable acquaintance Robert Harvard to accompany him? Then in the small town where everybody knew everybody else, surely one Alderman's son would know another's daughter, and William Shakespeare might well have introduced

his London friend, Robert Harvard, to his neighbor, Miss Katherine Rogers. If we recall his dramas, we realize that Shakespeare was not averse to matchmaking. He was, moreover, in Stratford at about the time of the Rogers-Harvard wedding in the home town church. Who can say that he was not even present at that ceremony?

We might go still farther in the conjectural picture of these relations, as did the president of the Robert Browning Settlement in London, to whom I am indebted for this idea. Mr. J. Clayton Mather asks: "After Master John Harvard had made his appearance on this world's stage, is it not possible that the great poet visited the Harvard home in Southwark and dandled the infant university-provider on his knee? And so you have before you the probability that the founder of the first American university was the issue of a marriage brought about through the instrumentality of the Bard of Avon—a combination of which we may well be proud."

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

Senatorial Snooping

PEEPING TOM'S progress continues. Some time ago the United States Senate insisted upon its right to scrutinize and pass judgment upon the primary election expenses of candidates for the toga, for the purpose of determining their fitness for admission to its august membership. Now it goes farther, and summons before one of its committees all Presidential candidates, actual or potential, in advance of the nominating conventions or even the preferential primaries, and demands that they disclose to it the sums of money which they have expended or may yet expend in their campaigns. The purpose of this inquest is not entirely clear, though in view of recent Senatorial antics it would scarcely be extravagant to expect that when the electoral votes are counted after the next Presidential election that inquisitorial body will try to prevent its presiding officer from announcing the votes for any candidate whose friends spent more for the preferential primaries than it thinks fitting. By what legal or moral right it affects this supreme and universal censorship does not appear. We should, however, be mightily interested to see what it would do if the President should direct his Attorney-General to investigate some of its doings and to subject its members to cross-examination.

English Election Funds

In view of the Procrustean attitude of the Senate toward election expenses in America, it may be worth while to see how "they order this matter" in England. There the expenditures of candidates are fixed according to the numbers of voters in the constituencies: sevenpence a head in counties and fivepence a head in towns; and now, because of the increase in voters through the enfranchisement of the "flappers", the county rate is to be

reduced to sixpence a head, that in towns remaining at fivepence. That is a practical and businesslike arrangement, and in view of the cost of paper, printing, postage and what not, the expenditure of ten, twelve or fourteen cents on each elector does not seem excessive. If that system were applied here, however, it would be legal for a man in New York to spend $600,000 in getting himself elected to the United States Senate, or $525,000 in Pennsylvania, or $425,000 in Illinois; while a Presidential candidate, with a nation-wide constituency, might spend seven or eight millions without fear and without reproach.

"Au Service de la France"

The apt title of one of his books explains the great victory of M. Poincaré at the polls. He is engaged in the service of France, and France appreciates his service. It is observed that very seldom in French history has a Prime Minister won such a victory in a general election as enabled him to retain his Cabinet in office unchanged. It may also be observed that seldom in her history has France been so loyally and efficiently served by a Prime Minister as by Raymond Poincaré; or in a manner so characteristic of herself in her best estate. For despite the fiction of France's fickleness and passion for going to extremes, that nation is in fact constant and moderate if not conservative. Thiers once said that France under the Third Republic would be moderate or would cease to exist. Well, she has certainly not ceased to exist. On the contrary, her existence is today more valid and more vital than before within the memory of living men; and of that fact M. Poincaré is the foremost exponent. We can recall no more convincing vote of confidence to any Prime Minister than that which he has just received. And the fine feature of it is that it was a return of confidence for confidence. In our last issue a striking parallel was drawn between Premier Poincaré and President Coolidge. That article was written before the late French elections. Now a crowning citation might be added. Coolidge said: "Let us have faith in America!" and America placed its faith in him. Poincaré said: "To doubt France is to be her assassin!" and France showed that she had no doubts concerning him.

Murdering a Hero

Floyd Bennett was murdered. That is what Lord Balfour once called the concrete, cubical, congealed truth of the case. To adapt Byron's epigram, he was butchered to make a New York holiday. The men whom he was sent to "rescue" were in no danger, no distress. They would not have suffered if the "relief" expedition had been delayed a day or two, and if some other flyer than Bennett had been sent to them. But, as was frankly confessed, it would have "taken the edge off" of the Bremen aviators' reception in New York. It would have lessened the number of basketsful of waste paper that would have been dumped upon them from the windows of Broadway. So, for the sake of an orgy of moronic vulgarity, one of the most gallant voyagers of the air was dragged from his sick bed and sent to his death.

Flying Across the Atlantic

The voyage of the *Bremen* airplane was noteworthy. Of that there is no question. But it was not unprecedented, and it gave no occasion for the hysteria with which too many regarded it. In fact, it failed of its intention in a manner not short of humiliating. Instead of a non-stop flight from Berlin to New York, it was a two-stop flight from Berlin to Labrador, at which latter point the *Bremen* was disabled and had to be abandoned, and the rest of the voyage was made in another plane, sent thither by a relief party. Its distinction was merely that of being the first westward crossing of the Atlantic by airplane at the north and at the narrowest point. The first westward non-stop crossing was made seven months earlier, farther south and over a longer course. "Lest we forget" it will be profitable to recall the record. The first crossing of the Atlantic with an airplane, or "air boat", was made by an American, A. C. Read, in May, 1919, eastward, with one stop at the Azores. The first non-stop crossing was made by Britons, John Alcock and Arthur W. Brown, in June, 1919, eastward, from Newfoundland to Ireland. The first westward crossing was made by an Italian, Francisco de Pinedo, in February, 1927, with one stop at the Cape Verde Islands. The first westward non-stop crossing was made by Frenchmen, Dieudonne Costes and Joseph le Brix, in October, 1927. Of

course the flight of Colonel Lindbergh was unique, apart from and superior to all others, before or since, in that it was direct from New York to Paris and thus nearly twice as long as those which sought the narrowest parts of the Atlantic.

Atoning for "Randy"

Not the least striking feature of Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant Budget, at Westminster, was his adoption of the principle of a fixed payment every year on the debt. Now, that principle was first established by Sir Stafford Northcote, fifty-odd years ago. It will be remembered that Sir Stafford was one of the favorite objects of Lord Randoph Churchill's vitriolic attacks; wherefore the borrowing of his debt-paying scheme by the son of his tormentor may be regarded as a sort of posthumous atonement, vicariously made.

Railroads and Motors

The question of rivalry or coöperation between railroads and motor vehicles seems to be as acute in England as in America, and to be regarded there even more seriously and practically—we might almost say scientifically—than here. It is recognized that motor vehicles for both passengers and freight must to some extent supplant railroads, that they should to a large extent complement them, and that in practically all cases they should coöperate with them. The fulfilment of such a policy will involve the transfer of a large amount of transportation business from private to public rights of way, and this in turn will raise the question of the rights and obligations of common carriers on the highways. All these considerations are as pertinent to America as to England, and invest with profitable interest the recent utterance of the British Minister of Transport:

> There should be no antagonism between rail and road transportation. Both are necessary to the carrying of passengers and goods in any well-ordered country, and I am quite clear that, at no distant date, in this country, whatever Government is in power will be obliged to tackle that problem with no uncertain hand. Coördination will eliminate the wasteful competition which now exists, and both these industries will be enabled to carry on successfully . . . if the Government, when it has explored the problem, will pass some law to prevent the overlapping and waste.

One of the urgent needs of the day is that our State and National Governments shall take this problem in hand effectively, and provide for the most revolutionary reorganization of our transportation system that has been known in a hundred years, or since the invention of the steam railroad.

Death in the Air

One of the most unpleasant—and worse than unpleasant—sequels of the World War has been the pollution of the air, not with poison gas but with the smoke of industrial establishments. Before the war New York rejoiced in air of crystalline purity, but now is compelled to endure a circumambient cloud of smoke and soot and gas. One of the great railroad systems boasted of its freedom from such nuisances, but now sends its trains amid copious trails of the by-products of imperfect combustion. Most people are vexed at such conditions, though probably few realize their actual magnitude—that is, the amount of the precipitated reek, its pollution of the air and the earth, its noxiousness to man, and its economic wastefulness. In England, where the problem is being scientifically studied and abated, it is found that in the comparatively clean places, such as Kingston-on-Thames and Southport, on the shore of the Irish Sea, there falls through the air and is deposited each year, on each square mile, no less than from 112 to 125 tons of soot. At Glasgow, London and Birmingham, from 286 to 304 tons are deposited; at Huddersfield, 427 tons; and at Newcastle-on-Tyne 523, at Liverpool 560, and at Burnley the appalling amount of 866 tons. What these conditions mean to human life, or death, may be estimated from the fact that at Burnley, with 866 tons of soot to the mile, the death rate per million from bronchitis is 1,598, while at Birmingham, with only 304 tons of soot, the rate is only 947 deaths. Finally, what can be done by way of abatement is shown in the reduction of soot in the last ten years in London from 451 to 262 tons, in Glasgow from 409 to 275, and in Birmingham from 713 to 304. Some of our smoke burdened American cities might well strive to emulate these achievements. We want no "Black Country" in America, nor any "pea soup fogs" in our great cities.

Cables for Peace

There was good reason for the statement, made by a speaker at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the telegraphic cable system between North and South America, that such means of communication made powerfully for the maintenance of international peace. That such would be the case was the outspoken belief of Morse, in developing the telegraph, and of Field in promoting the Atlantic cable. And indeed some historic incidents have pointed clearly in the same direction. Had there been an Atlantic cable in 1812, our second war with England would not have been declared; and had there been one in 1814, the battle of New Orleans would not have been fought. But if mere telegraphic cables have been effective pacific agencies, what peaceful influences are to be anticipated in wireless telegraphy and the world-wide radio systems?

Not "America's Seat"

The retirement of Dr. John Bassett Moore from the International Court of the League of Nations deprives that tribunal of perhaps its ablest jurist. It was incorrect, however, for the news sheets to say that thus "America's seat" on the bench of that Court was left vacant. Judge Moore was and is an American, but he did not occupy an American seat. There is no American seat in that Court.

The Age of Laziness

Laziness as an incentive to exertion is the piquant paradox suggested by Professor Burstall, at the University of Birmingham; with, it must be confessed, a plausibility worthy of the best of Mrs. Malaprop's fine derangements of epitaphs. The bicycle was invented to spare men the labor of walking; at any rate that of supporting their own weight upon their legs. The automobile was designed to save them the work of caring for horses; though between harnessing a horse and changing a tire, or wielding a monkey wrench while lying on one's back beneath the chassis, many might choose the former. The moving picture was designed to relieve men of the brain fatigue involved in listening to the spoken drama, and the radio had its inception in a desperate

desire to escape the exhaustion attendant upon physically travelling to the opera, the lecture hall, the church or where not, and to enjoy at least aural contact with all the world without leaving the soft confines of an easy chair. As for the reading aloud machine which is now promised, the predigested tabloid food which is to induce gastronomical Nirvana, and the other impending conceits of indolent inspiration, their purport is all to the same unworking end. "Laziness," says the Professor truly, "is the reason for all the mechanical developments. The human frame as we see it today is incapable of any serious labor." Wherefore let us substitute *Otium cum Dignitate* for *E Pluribus Unum.* However, reaction is not impossible. "There is," wrote the illustrious metaphysician, Henry W. Shaw, "no sure cure for laziness; but I have known a second wife to hurry it some." And if a second, what may not be expected of a third or fourth? So it may be that marital relations raised to the *n*-th degree may prove to be the energetic salvation of the race.

Protecting the Movies

After much commercio-diplomatic deliberation, discussion and negotiation, a slightly more open—or less closed—door has been secured for American-made cinema films in France, and also, it is assumed, in England; promising an enlarged market for the wares of Hollywood. The incident has been an illustration of extreme protection for protection's sole sake, curiously enough practised in the land of Cobden as well as in that of Colbert. What would the Free Traders of England say, we wonder, if America restricted British imports to a certain arbitrary ratio to our home production of similar goods?

The Time of the World

The usual chaos of "standard time" and "daylight saving time" again prevails in America, and will probably recur every year, until Congress summons up sufficient gumption to perform its Constitutional duty and put an end to the foolishness. However, Europe is no better off. Some countries changed to "daylight saving" on April 1, some on April 15, some on April 22, and some not at all. Moreover, not all are agreed on "standard

time" at any season. Like America, Europe is divided into longitudinal time zones, three in number, each an hour in width. But Holland, scene of *The Devil in the Belfry* and the consequent "thirteen o'clock", ignores that system, and sticks to absolute solar time, with the result that its clocks and watches are set twenty-two minutes ahead of Greenwich time, though it is in the Greenwich or Eastern zone. Let us hope that some time before the Greek Kalends all the nations of the world will agree upon a uniform universal scheme of regulating clock dials, so that at any time, in any season of the year, people in one place will be able infallibly to know just what o'clock it is in any other place on the surface of the globe.

Intercollegiate Brain Contests

What was that saying about children sitting in the market place and complaining to their fellows, "We have piped and you have not danced; we have mourned and you have not lamented"? Some of our colleges might say the same to the public, or to the press. They engaged in athletic contests, of agility and strength; and were made the butt of sarcasm and satire and all lampoonery, because institutions of learning exploited brawn rather than brain. Now some of the foremost of them have adopted intellectual contests, with the result that they are being lampooned more than ever by the very critics who formerly railed at them for not doing it. It is a perplexing situation; perhaps to be ameliorated by having the football reporters write about the literary and philosophical competitions, and the book reviewers and art critics describe the sports of the stadium.

A Roumanian Revolution?

The long expected has happened in Roumania, in an uprising of the peasantry and more than the peasantry against the Bratianu dynasty; and the irony of it is that the revolt is against that Liberal party which has really been the making of the kingdom. It was Joan Bratianu who led the Liberal party a generation ago in its great and successful campaign for enlightened democratic ideals; and it was his son Jonel who made Roumania one of the Allies in the World War and at the end secured for it the long-

desired extension of national boundaries, and saved it from Bolshevism. Yet now, aided if not led by that very Roumania Irredenta which Jonel redeemed, the people rise against his brother Vintila, and declare that they will have no more government by the Bratianus. The trouble openly began six years ago, when the Nationalists of Transylvania boycotted the coronation of King Ferdinand at Alba Julia, because, they said, Jonel Bratianu had illegally controlled to his own liking the elections of that year. It was exacerbated just before Ferdinand's death, when Dr. Maniu, leader of the National Peasants' party, rejected Jonel's proposal of a coalition Ministry in which that party should have half of the portfolios. It was made more bitter still when Jonel refused to let Prince Carol return, while Dr. Maniu and his colleagues took the opposite ground. And when the sceptre passed from the hands of Jonel to those of his brother, a speedy crisis was assured. It should be said that the National Peasants' party is truly national in a regional sense, and also in composition, comprising landed aristocrats and gentry, and business and professional men as well as working folk and peasants. Its demand is, or was, for nothing more than free and fair elections, in which it is confident of securing control of the Government; a confidence which is probably well founded, since there is little doubt that a majority of the people would vote against continuance of the Bratianu régime.

Why They Dislike Us

We do not remember seeing a more refreshingly frank explanation of Europe's alleged dislike of America than that which is made by so eminent an authority as Mr. Bertrand Russell in *The Fortnightly Review*. He says:

> In Europe since the end of the War there has existed toward America an attitude of dislike based upon our financial and moral obligations to the United States. *We like those whom we benefit and hate those who benefit us.*

[The italics are ours.] Note that there is not a word nor a hint about the "Uncle Shylock" who was recently exploited. There is no complaint of any exigency of ours in demanding payment. Europeans dislike us—if they do—not on our account but their own; not because we are their creditors but because

they are our debtors. We would not ourselves have said that, or even thought it of them. But since one of their own most eminent spokesmen says it, apparently with benevolent seriousness and not in a cynical vein, we must be permitted to take notice of it and to commend it to the consideration of some of our own countrymen who have been busily if not officiously agitating for a wholesale remission of debts. Mr. Russell's confession may have no direct bearing upon the economic wisdom or unwisdom of cancelling the debts, but it is exceedingly pertinent to the sentimental and even the ethical considerations involved.

An American Tiers État

The President of the University of Wisconsin suggests the enlargement of the Congress by the creation of a sort of Third House, composed of experts in the various professions and industries. Apparently he is inclined toward the nullification of another of the Amendments to the Constitution; to wit, that one which forbids the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments —which we take to be intended for the protection of the whole nation as well as of individuals.

More Kettelopotomachia

Mr. Stalin, Autocrat of All the Russias, complains that international capital is conducting a world-wide campaign against Sovietism. How long is it since he or his colleagues announced that the militant department of the Soviet Government would conduct a world-wide campaign of intrigue, espionage and revolt against the so-called capitalistic Governments?

Alice the Immortal

We can sympathize with those Britons who lament the purchase by an American of the Ms. of *Alice in Wonderland*, but not with those who strangely protest that thus Alice herself is lost to them. Of the English folk of two generations who were entranced by that immortal fantasy, probably not one in a hundred, if in a thousand, knew of the existence of the manuscript until it was offered for sale, and we cannot believe that the disposition of it, whatever that may finally be, will cause so much as an

infinitesimal impairment of the charmed delight with which the work will be regarded by uncounted generations, "far on in summers that we shall not see".

The Value of "Safety First"

How much actual good is accomplished by the numerous Societies for the Prevention of This and Associations for the Promotion of That, whose propaganda and appeals for support sometimes seem a burden to us? We should hesitate to pass judgment upon any of them. But here is a pretty definite *datum* of suggestion if not of absolute proof. If the rate at which people were being killed and injured in accidents of all kinds fifteen years ago had been maintained unabated, there would by this time have been, in America, 136,000 more killed, and 13,000,000 more injured, than there have been. In other words, 136,000 persons have been saved from death, and 13,000,000 have been saved from more or less serious physical injuries. How? Largely through the adoption of safety devices, either voluntarily or under legal compulsion; and largely, also, through the education of the public to seek "Safety first". But it would be unreasonable and unjust to dispute that these means were brought about largely through the activities, incitements and demands of various organizations formed and conducted for that purpose.

Personal Anniversaries

The year is rich in anniversaries of noteworthy men, some of which are already past and others are impending. We have hitherto observed the centenaries of Henrik Ibsen and Jules Verne. Elsewhere the calendar of 1928 is rubricated with the centenaries of the births of Tolstoi, Rossetti, George Meredith, Edmond About, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, W. H. Wollaston, and Henri Dunant, whose *Souvenir of Solferino* inspired the founding of the Red Cross. There are the bicentenaries of Oliver Goldsmith, John Hunter, James Cook, Christian Huygens, Francesco Bartolozzi, and in our own Revolution, in incongruous juxtaposition, John Stark and Horatio Gates. And there are the third centenary of John Bunyan, the fourth of Paul Veronese,

and the fifth of Richard Neville, best known as Warwick the King maker. Of mortuary centenaries there are those of Franz Schubert, of William Bewick, and of Luke Hansard. Nor would we reckon as of negligible interest the bicentenary of the coming of Bishop Berkeley to America, in incident worthy of international commemoration and one which we trust will have recognition outside the limits of "Little Rhody".

Gene and Eli

An incorrigible punster, like De Brito "born excommunicate", once said that while John C. Heenan might not be *persona grata* in royal palaces, he at any rate enjoyed intimate familiarity with the Prints of Whales. Much more than that may be said of Gene Tunney, lecturing at Yale on *Troilus and Cressida*, and doing it very well indeed. It would be unjust to say that the incident showed that university Dons and students were not above consorting with a slugger. Rather should we say that it proved that a man might be a slugger and yet not be below a university standard of intellectual culture. Was it a United States Senator who sneered at "them damn litery fellers"? At least the prize ring should hereafter speak with more appreciation of the things that pertain to brain as well as to brawn.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

YEARS ago it was my privilege to walk with a kindly philosopher whose homely precepts I took insufficiently to heart. Now it is my greatest regret that I did not oftener seek to draw him out. Doubtless I was mentally too young. But with increasing frequency bits of his philosophy recur to my mind, suggested by commonplace situations, and I see their fuller meaning. Would that I in my turn might leave any such legacy!

One test of Truth must be its eternal applicability. I think that he must have discovered for himself a great deal of Truth. But it is a peculiar characteristic of that commodity that one can never force it upon a companion; one may only offer it.

I recall that I was once laboriously untying the string around a parcel while he waited patiently. When finally I had the thing unwrapped I found that he had been waiting with open pocket-knife in hand. "I passed an important point in my education," he said casually, "when I discovered that the time I saved by cutting a string was more valuable than the string I saved by untangling a knot." Here was a bit of philosophy that seemed directly to contradict "Many a mickle makes a muckle", and "Save the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves". A truth cannot contradict a truth. But one interpretation of it can certainly contradict another interpretation.

I suspect that Truth forced upon an unready mind may often do more harm than good; because Truth wrongly interpreted is more dangerous than error. An X-ray photograph, the surgeons tell me, cannot err. But a wrong interpretation of it may lead a young surgeon into mistakes that, without the photograph, he never would have committed. I have since wasted a lot of good string and done little with the time I saved thereby.

* * * * *

I was comfortably established in the Deacon's little "settin'-

room", and we ruminated aloud upon such weighty matters as these; with prolonged silences that may have been given to wise meditation or merely to the sleepy enjoyment of good tobacco. Mrs. Stebbins rarely spoke; she knitted placidly, glancing up now and again with her quick bird-like motion of the head, to contribute an amused or sympathetic smile. I always felt that there was some kinship between her and the canary in the window, except that there was no cage about her spirit.

"You used to be a reporter," said the Deacon meditatively. "Did you ever get so you could tell the facts without givin' your own interpretation of 'em?"

"Probably not," I confessed. "Can anybody? Put three witnesses under oath as to the crime they all saw committed, and each one may contradict the other two. They can't separate what they saw from what they inferred."

"No," agreed the Deacon, "I s'pose nobody can. When we see a thing we see it with our minds, and the stuff that's already in our minds gets mixed up with it. But a man's mind might be trained to behave so it wouldn't raise too much havoc with the facts.

"I figger that a good reporter is a great boon to society, but there's mighty few such boons."

"I'd rather be a philosopher," said I.

"Reportin' is a harder job," he retorted. "A good reporter must be always disciplinin' himself, and philosophizin' is just self-indulgence.

"I recollect when we were all readin' the newspapers to get every scrap of news about our boys in France," he went on. "There was one correspondent that always got me riled. His reports ran like this: 'Leapin' into our car we started for Villee la Rooch, or some such place. On our way we passed regiment after regiment of our boys in khaki, an' my heart swelled an' my eyes filled with tears as I thought of the brave young lives thrown away for an idee.' Now that fellow hadn't any self-control as a writer. I wanted to know which way our boys were marchin', an' if they had tears in *their* eyes. I didn't care a darn about his."

"But a good reporter must be an interpreter," I protested.

"You bet! But he's got to be a self-effacin' one. Take a historian for instance. He's a reporter, an' he's got to try to interpret the past into terms of the present. But your self-indulgent historian wants to make the facts all prove his own philosophy. He won't let me build any theories of my own.

"You see I've just been readin' Rupert Hughes on George Washington," explained the Deacon. "I get a feelin' from it he ain't tryin' so hard to let Hughes reveal Washington as to let Washington reveal Hughes. There's another fellow that's been persuadin' Ben Franklin to do the same thing. Oh, well, I found 'em both interestin', an' I guess Ben an' George can stand it. Their fame has survived an awful lot of historical novels."

My mind was still repelling a remark of the Deacon's. "A newspaper can't make a philosopher, but it can train almost anybody to be a good reporter," I said.

"Then why don't it?" replied the Deacon. "Most of the evils of modern society, as I figger it out, come from honest-intentioned folks misreportin' things to other honest folks. When you add to them the folks that intentionally misreport, it's a wonder anybody ever arrives at a right opinion.

"As for the newspapers," continued the Deacon warmly, "maybe they could turn out more good reporters if they really wanted 'em to report. But they're more anxious to have 'em entertain. As I see it, a reporter nowadays is trained to omit private philosophizin' an' inject entertainment. I'd make good reportin' a fundamental part of ev'ry youngster's education," he added, "an' when a lad showed special aptitude for it I'd give him an extra degree.

"A man can't be a good citizen in a democracy unless he knows the news; an' a newspaper can't get the news for him without honest, intelligent reporters. As I figger it, a newspaper reporter is a public servant whose badge ought to be respected by everybody; an' if he dishonors it by lyin' or trickery, he ought to have it taken away from him by the authorities, an' not be able to get a job on any other paper."

I was amused by the Deacon's apparent earnestness.

"But suppose a reporter felt a hankering to become a philosopher?" I suggested.

"He ought to be shot at sunrise," said the Deacon.

* * * * *

The Deacon had just come in from watering and bedding down the stock. It seemed too early for me to leave; besides, I didn't want to.

"Everybody has his own programme for the schools," I remarked. "Here you are, wanting every school boy to get a reportorial training. Somebody else wants them all to learn woodcarving and basketry. But I was talking to a famous doctor the other day who says there's a lot of over-education. All the educational programmes are getting to be too long and too complicated. He mentioned his own field especially. He says a young doctor has to learn too much. And as for a trained nurse nowadays, she's ruined by education."

The old gentleman grinned.

"An old doctor don't want a young doctor to know more'n he does. An' no doctor wants a nurse wise enough to see his mistakes."

"No, you're not exactly fair," I objected. "He had a better argument than that, and he had me half convinced. He ought to convince you, because he had the rural districts chiefly at heart."

"Sounds like a Congressman," murmured the Deacon.

"He said," I continued, "that a young doctor now has to pay for four years of college, and then three years of medical school, and then a year in hospital. And when he has sunk so much money in an education he has to get it back. So he goes to the cities where there are more patients and the fees are higher, and the farmers don't get any good doctoring as a result."

"They've got a low death rate, an' mebbe one thing explains the other," said the Deacon. "But what does he suggest?"

"Well, he wants a shorter, more inexpensive course for some, so they can afford country practice. And the same with nurses."

"I see," said the Deacon. "He wants to send half-educated doctors an' nurses out to the rural districts, where there aren't any drug-stores an' hospitals, an' they'd have to know enough to

get along without 'em. I'd think you'd want to send the ablest ones out there."

"But they won't go."

"Give 'em time," said the Deacon. "Time cures a lot of damn nonsense. Let 'em go to the cities till there's one doctor there for every patient. Then they'll have to begin practisin' on each other, an' that'll serve 'em right. But I guess before that time comes we'll get all of 'em we need."

The Deacon rubbed the bowl of his pipe against his nose for a moment.

"Eight years to eddicate a doctor," he said thoughtfully. "Well, they tell me a Jesuit priest spends seventeen years on a special eddication, so he can work with men's souls. I'd like a man to have eight years of special eddication before he cuts out my duodenum. I suppose as science gets to know more it takes longer to train a man to practice in it. An' somehow I can't follow anyone's argyment who claims that you want some half-eddicated man to practice among poorer people."

"But this surgeon was speaking of present conditions. He seemed to be greatly concerned over the statistics that proved the well educated doctors shunned the country."

"Wal," said the Deacon, relapsing into idiom, as he sometimes does when annoyed, "I guess the well-eddicated country is learnin' to shun the doctors. It's learnin' better how to keep well. His argyment hasn't exactly convinced me. I like to think that any doctor who touches me has larnt as much as he can, so long as he don't think he knows all there is to know."

The old gentleman tapped his pipe on his boot-heel.

"God save the farmer from his friends!" he added with apparent irrelevance, "an' from statistics. Guess I'd better wind th' clock."

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

This concise definition of the Common Law was made by the eminent Massachusetts jurist, THERON METCALF, *in the July, 1878, number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

The common law is immemorial usage—a system which has been formed and matured by the experimental wisdom of ages, and which finds its highest eulogy in its practical effects. It is a system of principles; and the new points, which arise and are decided, are merely the application of those principles to new combinations of facts, for the purpose of attaining justice.

ANDREWS NORTON, *famous father of a famous son, made this critical estimate of* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1818:*

Let us consider some of the facts which he relates of himself. At the age of seventeen, he ran away from home, and left his parents for several months ignorant of his situation, apparently very indifferent to the anxiety which they must have suffered respecting him; though it does not appear that he had any cause of complaint against them. He habitually neglected all the duties of religion; was a professed infidel; and perverted the principles of two of his associates. He gained the affections of a young woman; entered into an engagement of marriage with her; left the country for England; and while there, sent her but one letter, the object of which was to let her know, that he was not likely soon to return. While in England, he wrote and printed a pamphlet, for the purpose of proving, that 'nothing could possibly be wrong in the world; and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing.' . . .

But whatever charges may be brought against him, it is to be recollected, that he was preeminently distinguished from ordinary men by his zeal and talents for being useful. There was nothing, it is true, of a very high character in his exertions or sacrifices, except the continuance and frequency of the former. It is a quite different kind of praise to which he is entitled, from that which is due to such men as Howard or Clarkson. He had, it may be re-

marked at the same time, little of the spirit of a reformer. He did not attempt to remove moral and physical evils, by entering into a difficult and dangerous conflict with the prejudices by which they are produced. But he very industriously made use of common means for the attainment of very beneficial purposes; and sedulously directed the attention of men to valuable objects, which might be secured without any struggle against prevailing errors. 'I have always,' he says, 'set a greater value upon the character of a *doer of good*, than upon any other kind of reputation.' He appears to have taken sincere pleasure in contemplating and promoting the well-being of his fellow men.

"The spacious firmament on high" was thus contemplated by the mathematician and natural philosopher, JOHN FARRAR, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

It is time to present Astronomy, not only to the senses and the memory, but to the understanding and imagination, to exhibit it not merely as a collection of facts, phenomena, and tables, but as a delineation of the progress of the human mind. It is not longer to be regarded as the science of almanack making merely, as furnishing rules to the mariner, the geographer, and chronologist, but as a history of human efforts, speculations and inventions.

In the phenomena of the heavens we see a great problem held up as a sort of challenge to every nation of every age. It has called forth the greatest talents. It is the subject, on which the understanding has been exercised with the most brilliant success, and in which we trace the development and perfection of some of its noblest powers. It affords a scale on which we compare the genius, the skill, and the attainments of different nations and of different periods; and what is not the smallest recommendation to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans, it furnishes the most indubitable proofs of our intellectual superiority over all other people who have cultivated this science.

Soon after the introduction of Astronomy into Europe, it assumed a new form. In the course of one or two centuries, it is enriched with more discoveries than all that had been made before. The heavens become quite another spectacle, not only to the understanding, but to the senses. New worlds burst upon the sight, and old ones expand to a thousand times their former dimensions; those little stars that twinkle over our heads, become immense globes, with land and water, mountains and vallies, encompassed by atmospheres, enlightened by moons, and diversified by day and night and summer and winter. Beyond these are other suns, giving light and life to other systems, not a thousand or two thousand merely, but more than can be numbered; the imagination is bewildered and lost in the attempt to explore and fathom them. All space seems to be illuminated, and every particle of light a world. When we look for our sun, with its attendant planets, amid those regions of brightness, it is scarcely to be discerned. Its extinction would make no per-

ceptible void. How small then this little speck, the earth, and how much smaller we who inhabit it. But we are more than consoled for this insignificance of our corporeal extension, by the enlargement, and elevation and dignity of the sphere of the mind.

JARED SPARKS *gave this trenchant analysis of the genius of* PATRICK HENRY *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1818:*

He was an ardent and intrepid patriot, a sincere friend to the cause of rational liberty, and an enthusiast in his hatred of tyranny in all its odious shapes. The times in which he lived were suited to his genius—in other times we doubt if his peculiar powers would have raised him to a higher distinction, than that of an eloquent speaker at the bar. It was his pride to be considered a man of the people, and in courting their favour he was not always delicate in the artifices he used, nor very careful to support that dignity of character which never fails to accompany a truly great mind. The secret of his eloquence unquestionably rested in his power of touching the springs of passion and feeling. He had little to do with the understanding or judgment of his hearers. If he could unsettle the mind from the calm moorings of reason, and leave it to be tossed on a tumultuous sea of doubts and perplexities, his work was done; he had only to quell the storm, which he had raised, and lead the shattered bark into such a port as he chose. It should be remembered, too, that those speeches, which are said to have produced the greatest effects, were addressed to the lower classes of society, whose feelings are always easily excited, and whose opinions are seldom founded on the basis of rational conviction. He had lived with the people—had studied their characters—was acquainted with their habits of thinking, their local interests, their prejudices—he had sought and gained their confidence—he possessed their affections, and they were predisposed to be carried along in the current of his declamation, whithersoever he thought proper to lead them. If we add, moreover, the general excitement produced by the state of the times, particularly in Virginia, it will not be difficult to account for his success in kindling a temporary flame with materials so combustible, although nothing now remains, except in the recollections of his contemporaries, which would give us the impression, that he was better qualified for the part he acted, than many others, whose name and whose deeds are already forgotten.

Recent discoveries of the properties of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS *were forecast more than a century ago in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

Professor Moricchini, of Rome, has discovered, that the violet rays of the prismatick spectrum have a strong magnetizing power. The Marquis Ridolfi has succeeded in magnetizing needles, by passing over them, for a period of not

less than thirty minutes, the violet rays of the spectrum through the medium of a condensing lens; after which process, they possess all the energy and the properties of needles magnetized in the common way with a loadstone. Their homonomous poles repel, and their heteronomous poles attract each other. When made to vibrate on a pivot, their points turn constantly to the north, and their heads to the south. We know not, that any important results have as yet followed from this discovery, but it adds greatly to the wonders of magnetism, and may perhaps hereafter serve to throw some light on a subject, which has hitherto been involved in such profound mystery.

SAMUEL GILMAN, *theologian and publicist, drew this vivacious moving picture of* The Man of Expedients *in the May, 1818, number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

Who appears so well and so shining at a ball room, as the man of expedients? Yet his small-clothes are borrowed, and as for his knee-buckles—about as ill matched, as if one had belonged to his hat and the other to a galoche,—to prevent their difference being detected, he stands sidewise towards his partner. Nevertheless, the circumstances makes him a more vivacious dancer, since, by the rapidity of his motions, he prevents a too curious examination from the spectators.

Search farther into his dress. You will find that he very genteelly dangles *one* glove. There are five pins about him, and as many buttons gone, or button-holes broken. His pocket-book is a newspaper. His fingers are his comb, and the palm of his hand his clothes-brush. He conceals his antiquated linen by the help of close garments, and adroitly claps a burr on the rent hole of his stocking while walking to church.

Follow him home. Behold his felicitous knack of metamorphosing all kinds of furniture into all kinds of furniture. A brick constitutes his right andiron, and a stone his left. His shovel stands him in lieu of tongs. His bellows is his hearth-brush, and a hat his bellows, and that too borrowed from a broken window-pane. He shaves himself without a looking-glass, by the sole help of imagination. He sits down on a table. His fingers are his snuffers. He puts his candle-stick into a chair. That candlestick is a decanter. That decanter was borrowed. That borrowing was without leave. He drinks wine out of a tumbler. A fork is his cork-screw. His wine-glass he converts into a standish.

Very ingenious is he in the whole business of writing a letter. For that purpose he makes use of three eighths of a sheet of paper. His knees are his writing desk. His ruler is a book cover, and his pencil a spoon handle. He mends his pen with a pair of scissors. He dilutes his ink with water till it is reducted to invisibility. He uses ashes for sand. He seals his letter with the shreds and relicks of his wafer box. His seal is a pin.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Founded in the year 1815

AUGUST

DON TOM OF ALABAM'
RAY T. TUCKER

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WHAT IS WAR GUILT?	*SIR THOMAS BARCLAY*
WHY WOMEN SUCCEED IN BUSINESS	*LILLIAN M. GILBRETH*
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The tang of salt air and the swish and dash of ocean waves are in TOM WHITE'S account of the world's last great sailing fleet, in the waters of the North Pacific.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1928

CONQUISTADOR FOR SCIENCE

BY MUNA LEE

TROPICAL hurricanes are among the most terrible and most irrational of natural forces. They are not merely furious, but whimsical. Nowhere are they more awe-inspiring than in the Caribbean, where they whirl up roaring from the cobalt sea to tear across a defenseless green land prone in their path and leave it brown and bare and stricken. They change the history of nations and the fates of men. Sometimes one generation or several elapse between these gigantic storms. Sometimes they come in swiftly successive onslaughts. Frequently their effects are strange beyond man's imagining; so unlikely, so illogical, so unpredictable are they. A tropical hurricane which devastated St. Croix in 1772, by subtle indirection gave the not then existent United States her most brilliant statesman and her monetary system. More directly but no less amazingly, a tropical hurricane which more than a century later tore up and carried off the wealth of Porto Rico, lifted also a shameful stigma from the island's slow and pallid workers, and blew a half-inch worm into notoriety as one of the greatest criminals of modern times.

The hurricane of San Ciriaco, laying waste Porto Rico on St. Cyriack's Day, August 13, 1899, was the awful voice preceding Science's revelation of a cure for tropical anæmia, more deadly to human life than the worst of storms. Yet this one was, as

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storm, deadly enough in all conscience. There are still Porto Ricans who reckon time from "San Ciriaco", dropping from their calendar such lesser cataclysms as the Spanish-American and World wars; and "San Ciriaco" is among all classes the standard of measurement for storms, just as the Deluge is for floods.

When the hurricane struck the island, Porto Rico had not yet been a year under the American flag; and in the relief work which followed, a young United States Army officer discovered that the anæmic refugees from the devastated mountains were suffering from an intense anæmia that could not have been acquired in one day. That officer, Bailey K. Ashford, Lieutenant in the Medical Corps, new to the tropics and inexperienced in catastrophe, was at the time in command of the general hospital in Ponce, the island's large Caribbean port; a prosperous palm-fringed city sprawling about a central plaza and looking across a sunny harbor to the "Dead Man's Chest" of Stevensonian song. There was, however, no time for sea-gazing and literary reminiscence during those hideous days when Ponce was filled with refugees, the country people whom dire starvation was driving down the mountain slopes in pitiable inhuman herds. Something had to be done, and at once. Resourcefulness the young officer had, and experience came with action. Lieutenant Ashford wired the chief medical officer in Porto Rico, asking authority to set up a tent hospital and care for the refugees at the expense of the United States Government. Permission granted, he set to work to cure—and to investigate.

The history of the next three months is one of the most amazing stories in modern medicine, and its results have been so important, so far-reaching, that even now—more than a quarter of a century later—it is impossible to define their ever-widening limits. This history is detailed in *Uncinariasis in Porto Rico*, United States Senate Document 808, which shows how the discovery was made in America of the hookworm as an agricultural scourge and the cause of a deadly anæmia. The vindication of a race was implied in this discovery: Dr. Ashford proved once and for all that the "lazy Latin-American", far from being a shirker and a good-for-nothing, is a sick man carried by

desperate resolution through a long day's labor—an ailing body driven (however slowly, with whatever painful inefficiency) by sheer force of will through tasks for which it is incapacitated by disease. This disease was uncinariasis; the cause, a worm, the hookworm, not before supposed to be a native of this hemisphere. And regarding this disease and this worm, a few words of explanation will not be amiss.

All history of uncinariasis previous to 1838 is more or less reasonable supposition. These reconstructed diagnoses on clinical and epidemiological grounds run all the way from plausible deduction to the wildest fancy of the enthusiast who sees in the Ā A Ā disease of Joachim's Egyptian worm hieroglyphic a proof that the pre-historic children of the Nile were in complete possession of knowledge that might have delivered succeeding generations from a scourge that was (in actual fact) to endure through millenniums. In 1838, Angelo Dubini of Milan found an unfamiliar intestinal worm at an autopsy and gave it a name—*Anchylostoma duodenale*—without vexing himself with questions as to what it was doing in the intestines. In 1853, Bilharz, and in 1854, Griesinger declared this worm to be the cause of Egyptian chlorosis, which is to say, the cause of one-fourth of the deaths in Egypt. In 1877, Grassi discovered the characteristic eggs in the fæces, and gave the medical profession an easy means of diagnosis. In 1898, Loos of Cairo proved that man was infested by the boring of the hookworm's larvæ into the bare skin, their entrance into the circulation and their final selection of the small intestine as a feeding-ground. In the development of an idea that bears fruit, it is difficult to say whether the discoverer or inventor, the pure scientist who patiently works out the problems militating against its acceptance, or the man who makes practical application of the idea thus scientifically developed, forges the most important link in the chain of services leading up to a great contribution to human welfare. In the case of uncinariasis, there is no evidence that Dubini ever meant to do more than describe another worm; although if he were living today, he would undoubtedly consider himself the Father of the Rockefeller Commission.

Yet the first generally recognized attack of Dubini's worm on

man was the St. Gothard Tunnel epidemic of 1879–80. Colomiatti found 1500 uncinaria in the body of a tunnel worker dead of anæmia contracted at his work, but it was Perroncito who first made Europe attend the declaration that this worm was the cause of miner's anæmia, and it was Bozzolo who first proved that thymol expels uncinaria or hookworms from the body of man. Upon investigation, the miners of many European countries were found to be heavily infested. Meantime North America paid little attention to the "new" disease. Only the published reports from a half-dozen widely separated American doctors who since 1893 had evidently kept their eyes on foreign literature and had reported anchylostomiasis—or uncinariasis—among stray immigrants, testified to any American interest in or knowledge of the disease. In 1895, Allen J. Smith found ova of hookworm in a privy in Salvation, Texas. While he did not see the patient, the probability that the hookworm was not uncommon in the United States was self-evident. But nobody investigated or even commented upon this probability.

Then, in 1899, San Ciriaco tore shrieking over Porto Rico, and Lieutenant Ashford began his work among the victims of the storm. In an incredibly short time the cause of anæmia in Porto Rico—the "laziness" which for centuries had called down upon the Porto Rican laborers the contemptuous wrath of their employers and the scorn of foreign visitors to the island—was demonstrated to be due to some variation of Dubini's worm. The anæmia of Porto Rico, at that time affecting 800,000 of the then 950,000 population, was declared by Dr. Ashford to be due to this worm; and specimens were taken north for classification to Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles, eminent zoölogist of the United States Public Health Service, by the excited young discoverer in person—he was twenty-seven years old at the time—for, having definitely connected the terrible disease of the island with the innocent-looking worm, he was content to leave to a professional parasitologist the minutia of defining its helminthologic status. Dr. Stiles, who was purely a scientist, studied the worm with keen interest, was convinced, corroborated his observations by specimens submitted by Claytor from Virginia and by Allen Smith from Texas, and in 1902 announced the

worm to be a new species, which he first named *Uncinaria Americana* and later re-christened *Necator Americanus*.

Successive investigations were soon followed by his announcement that the Southern States of the Union were delivered over to a worm whose characteristic was innervation of its host. Here, said Dr. Stiles, quickly seconded by the Northern press, lay the explanation of the laziness of the "poor white trash" of the Southern proletariat. Resultant publicity attracted the attention of John D. Rockefeller, Christian philanthropist and capital business man, who offered a million, more or less, to rid the South of its hookworm. Hence, the famous Rockefeller Foundation, definitely established in 1909.

Meanwhile, the young medical officer in Porto Rico was again at his station in Ponce, and there—far from great newspapers, philanthropists, and an applauding world, but in the midst of a densely-populated, poverty-stricken tropical island where two of every three inhabitants were afflicted with uncinariasis—he continued a work whose chief reward was to be, then and now, the approval of his conscience, the recognition of his peers in tropical medicine (there are not so many of these, now that he has attained his eminence), and the gratitude of thousands of penniless *jibaros* whose lives he saved.

Dr. Ashford, with the aid of Dr. Walter W. King, made a study of one hundred moribund cases of uncinariasis in Porto Rico as a scientific record. Eleven per cent. of them died, but eighty-nine per cent. became again useful members of society. Publication of the results of his work, with its obvious implication, and an incisive editorial in *American Medicine* by Gould, induced action from the Porto Rican Legislature, which in 1904 passed a bill authorizing the expenditure of $5,000 for "the study and treatment of anæmia in Porto Rico". Dr. Ashford was put in charge of the work. Over 5,000 anæmics (at a cost of less than one dollar per case) were clinically cured. This ocular demonstration that the anæmia of Porto Rico was curable, and a careful published study of the disease uncinariasis in this hemisphere (for Lieutenant Ashford, gifted in spite of his youth with Scottish astuteness as well as Scottish persistence, had learned now to set down his findings immediately in black and white), shocked both

the people of the United States and the people of Porto Rico into recognition of an incontrovertible fact. In Porto Rico, for seven years thereafter, the Insular Legislature voted larger and larger appropriations to out-general the little monster draining its life blood. By the time the Rockefeller Foundation began to function, Porto Rico had already presented to the world a record of 317,000 people successfully treated, and had accordingly completed the first successful campaign against the disease in the Western Hemisphere, and—more notable still—the first field attack in history on this devastating agricultural scourge.

In the last days of this campaign, Mr. Rockefeller sent his prospective director of the nascent Foundation, Dr. Wickliffe Rose, to Porto Rico to study the methods there in practice; and on Dr. Rose's return north, a similar campaign was instituted, at first in our Southern States and eventually all over the tropical and sub-tropical world.

The next few years of Dr. Ashford's service—none of them without importance, but, for that very reason, all together making demands too great upon limited magazine space—must be passed over rapidly. When the cyclone of 1908 destroyed Purvis, killing 1,500 persons, the State of Mississippi for the first time since the Civil War sought Federal aid. Dr. Ashford—a Major then—was sent with his company of Medical Department soldiers to set up a field hospital and direct relief work. "The excellent impression made by the official relief operations upon the residents of the district," says the Army report (the Southern press was less reserved in its heartfelt gratitude), "is due in great measure to the splendid work, the courteous conduct, and the fine tact of the officers of the Medical Department assigned to this duty, Major Bailey K. Ashford and Captain H. H. Bailey." In 1910, as United States delegate to Belgium, to the Second Congress of Industrial Hygiene and to the Congress of Alimentary Hygiene, Dr. Ashford took part in a debate on miner's anæmia, of which disease Germany claimed to have treated more cases than any other nation. "Miner's anæmia" is of course hookworm disease; and through the United States delegate, announcement was made for the first time in Europe that 250,000 persons had up to that time been treated in America, all in Porto

Rico; thus securing for the United States first place in the consideration of measures to be adopted in combating the scourge.

In 1916, the Rockefeller Foundation in Brazil invited Dr. Ashford to open in that country a field dispensary, one which would demonstrate methods of treating, near their place of work, laborers sick of hookworm disease. Dr. Ashford's immediate practical response revealed both the scientist and the military man. Some portable frame houses with canvas walls were ordered by cable from Wisconsin, and a $25,000 equipment, comprising all that experience in Porto Rico had shown to be necessary, from New York, to be ready for shipment on the vessel on which Dr. Ashford was to sail with Dr. Richard Pearce and Dr. John Ferrell, each of whom had a mission distinct from the others. The work in Brazil was carried on for a period of three weeks in a remote treeless plateau of Minas Geraes, at Capella Nova, a friendly picturesque town chiefly noted as the home of American trypanosomiasis or sleeping sickness—though in the American variant sufferers do not sleep but go mad. Two days after the arrival of Dr. Ashford and his equipment in the uplands—and their simultaneous arrival, in carnival time, in Brazil, would merit each an exclamatory explanatory paragraph, had we not already stated that he is a physician, an army officer, and mostly Scottish—the plant was set up, ready for patients, out on a table-land shaggy with bearded Brazilian grass. Though there was uncinariasis in plenty throughout the State of Minas Geraes, the population was sparse: twenty to the square mile. Even in Porto Rico, one of the most densely populated countries in the world, with 300 to the square mile, it required at least a month to induce two hundred shy, ignorant and suspicious peons to take thymol in a community where it was being administered for the first time. But Brazilians proved to be either more desperate or more trusting. In three weeks the hospital treated over 1,400 patients who had come incredible distances to be cured. The President of Minas Geraes himself (every Brazilian State has a President) visited the clinic and was so impressed by the work being done that he had thirty similar clinics permanently established through the State.

In 1911, Georgetown University, from which Dr. Ashford had

graduated in medicine in 1896, conferred the degree of Doctor in Science "upon her well-beloved son, Bailey Kelly Ashford . . . for by keenness of intellect and unflagging patience and labor he has lately devised an efficacious remedy for that most disastrous plague which has hitherto exacted a lamentable toll of life among certain peoples, notably in the West Indies. Wherefore in the judgment of all good and learned men, he is eminently deserving of a high place among the real benefactors of the human race; his knowledge and skill in medicine have, moreover, brought additional lustre to the name of his honored father; and finally he has served his country faithfully and well."

And upon the lofty note struck by these words, translated from the Latin of the diploma, we may well begin a brief account of Dr. Ashford's work in France; for during the World War, he was to make a contribution to military science scarcely less epochal than his work in tropical medicine.

No other officer of the American troops in France was more active in service than Dr. Ashford, often in the presence of the enemy; none discharged more magnificently a heavy burden of responsibility involving problems to be solved only by courage, prudence, and the insight and exact knowledge of a great scientist. Dr. Ashford was made the Division Surgeon of the First Division of the A. E. F., and crossed the Atlantic on the first convoy for France. He was, indeed, the second man of the A. E. F. to set foot on French soil. From Gondrecourt, where he was sent to train with the French Chasseurs, he made visits to the French front. Among the drastic reforms and additions to equipment recommended—and obtained—by him were comfortable beds with steel springs for our wounded at the front. His promotion to a colonelcy automatically eliminated him from the First Division after its first engagement, and General Pershing placed him in charge of the School for the Battle-Training of Medical Officers of the A. E. F. The "School" was only a name on paper. Tangibly and objectively there was no School. Part of Colonel Ashford's task was to create it.

He went to Langres and drew up his plans. These specified: (1) That he be permitted to select five associates of his acquaintance from among the medical officers of the army. He

chose men like himself, able, energetic, and loyal; (2) That the half of a girls' school at Langres be evacuated to accommodate the classrooms, administrative offices, etc., of the Medical School; (3) That he might select as students bright men from among the eighty-odd medical officers of each Division on its arrival in France from the States; and (4) That he, with his student officers, be given authority to visit British, French, and American fronts in battle periods.

The object of this strenuous training was to put the medical officers for one week in the trench or on the fighting line in an advance; for a second week in the division field hospitals; for a third, in the evacuation hospitals; and for a fourth, in the base hospitals and special hospitals in the rear, including Paris.

Thus the course of training for our medical officers with the A. E. F.—a course originated and developed by Dr. Ashford, and carried out successfully under his direction—consisted of four weeks in the theatre of operations after a preliminary course at Langres of two weeks. Dr. Ashford carried through ten such courses, was at the front during every one of our major engagements, witnessed also those of the British and the French, and in so doing gave his successive sets of students, the incoming civilian medical officers, a unique opportunity to adapt their scientific knowledge to the actual conditions of war on a contemporary battlefield.

Another unique feature of Dr. Ashford's method as Commander of the Langres Sanitary School for the Training of Army Officers was the establishment of his "printing squadron". He specified that twenty men of the medical department should, upon his return after each visit to the front, mimeograph his notes on lectures, talks and battles. These mimeographed notes were distributed as special bulletins throughout the A. E. F., in order to unify our medical service. Comprising altogether some two thousand pages, they give a history of medical, surgical, and sanitary practice on the battle-field absolutely unparalleled in method and in scope.

"As director of the Army Sanitary School," says the laconic but inspiring official citation for the Distinguished Service Medal awarded to Dr. Ashford in 1922, "by his individual energy, abil-

ity, and vision, he placed at the disposal of the A. E. F. the experience and training facilities of the medical services of the French armies and of the British Expeditionary forces in France. He organized a system for the training of officers of the medical service of the Army of the United States in their duties at the front which contributed to a remarkable degree to the success attained in the treatment and evacuation of battle casualties." For meritorious service with the British at their front during the War, King George conferred on Dr. Ashford the Cross of St. Michael and St. George of England, making him a Companion of the Order.

The end of the war in Europe meant for Dr. Ashford the resumption of hostilities against those microscopic enemies of mankind with which no peace can ever be made. Within a few weeks, he was back in his laboratory.

In 1919, Cuba and the United States together selected two sanitary officers to study and report upon a mysterious flare-up of malaria in the city of Havana. North Americans in Havana feared that mosquito control was weakening: Cubans were apprehensive lest they be misjudged in view of the provisions of the Platt Amendment stipulating an adequate system of mosquito prevention. Dr. Ashford, chosen by the Government of the United States, with Dr. Guiteras, designated by the Cuban Government, found out—and what is in general more difficult, convinced their respective Governments—that the malaria in Havana was by no means the menace at first supposed. The existent cases were being supplied by the removal of laborers from malarial centers in other provinces to Havana hospitals, where they were bitten in early evening by the *anopheles* mosquito, which is fond of flying around in the cool of the day. These mosquitoes were bred chiefly in ditches and holes caused by the abnormal rapidity with which Havana was spreading out and building up. The joint investigation practised by the two physicians resulted not only in the speedy reduction of malaria but in its practical disappearance from Havana.

Dr. Ashford through all these years had been cherishing a great dream of a school of medicine in the American tropics under the Stars and Stripes. In 1906, seeing that the treatment

and prevention of hookworm disease in Porto Rico had become automatically a public health service, and as such should be continued under the Department of Health, Dr. Ashford and his associates had recommended the reorganization of that Department under a Commissioner, and the establishment of an Institute of Tropical Medicine to be manned by the members of the old Porto Rico Anæmia Commission. Underlying the plan was the hope of the establishment, whenever money and the powerful patronage of a recognized northern university could be obtained, of a School of Tropical Medicine in Porto Rico.

The Institute was founded according to plan, and it took up its being in the basement of the Red Palace, historic residence of Spain's Lieutenant-Governors. Within a month the Institute was definitely and demonstrably a success: so great a success that it soon developed into all that had been hoped for; and "the great northern university" was not slow in appearing. To cut forward after the fashion of a cinematograph, we may say that the School of Tropical Medicine of the University of Porto Rico, under the auspices of Columbia University, was formally opened in San Juan in the fall of 1925. The beautiful Spanish Renaissance structure which now houses it shelters the only school of tropical medicine in the tropics under our flag; and its amazingly productive work has already won recognition in the four corners of the world. An international scientific center, it is not surprising that its first graduates were a young Jesuit from Spain, training himself for work as head of a Leper's Institute, and a Hindu who is now giving his own people the benefit of his Porto Rican study. Dr. Ashford's has of course been a guiding voice in the School of Tropical Medicine from its beginning, and before. In 1926 he was appointed Professor of Tropical Medicine and Mycology in Columbia University, detailed to post-graduate instruction in the School of Tropical Medicine in San Juan.

Meantime, in his private investigations, Dr. Ashford had rounded another corner and turned up a tangled trail, a very perplexing trail for tropical medicine. That it leads by devious and jungly degrees up a high mountain no student of the science could doubt; but, until Dr. Ashford turned his attention that way, for more than one hundred and fifty years no one had even got a

toe-hold on the slope. The problem was tropical sprue. Just as uncinariasis is the poor man's disease in the tropics, sprue is the infirmity of the well-to-do; an urban disease, endemic in cities and towns of tropical and warm-climate countries throughout the world, with a range in Asia, for example, from Ceylon, India, and Cochin China to Korea. Sprue is prevalent in our own Southern States, though it is not usually recognized as such.

Sprue is a corrosive thinning of the entire digestive tube, from a raw tongue down, with almost intolerable gaseous distension, an exhausting white diarrhœa, emaciation, anæmia, and, unless cured, death by inanition. When Dr. Ashford began his investigations, the cause of sprue had not been discovered: but it was not long to remain obscure. He had found in 1914 that a little yeast-like body, which he named *Monilia psilosis*, was constantly associated with this condition; and after more than a decade's careful study of its points of difference from other yeast-like bodies, after experiments with animals and blood reactions, he has come to the conclusion that, just as thrush of infants is produced by a similar yeast on a background of physiological exhaustion, sprue is produced by *Monilia psilosis* on a background of physiological exhaustion of digestion, a very usual condition in the tropics. In other words, Dr. Ashford believes that the true problem of sprue, and of thrush, is the condition of malnutrition which permits the little organisms to colonize and produce the familiar pictures we call thrush or sprue.

No lay commentator can say as yet whether Dr. Ashford is entirely right; but we do know that he has been eminently successful in treatments according to his theory ("The characteristic of a true theory," said Pasteur, "is its fruitfulness!"). We know too that a man, vigorous and still young, with a typically Celtic mixture of large-mindedness and large-heartedness, considerably enlivened by a power of wrath no less Celtic, is unlikely to rest content with past laurels. The next quarter-century promises, for many reasons, to be the greatest yet known to tropical medicine. It may confidently be predicted that not least among the causes contributing to that greatness will be the present and future work of Dr. Bailey K. Ashford.

WHAT IS WAR GUILT?

BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY

I

It is not without significance that in Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty the responsibility for the war is not based on the declarations of war as set out in the preamble, but on "aggression of Germany and her allies". In other words, it is not the war or the declarations of war alone that constitute the guilt of the enemy, but their aggressive character. Since the signature of the Treaty, Germany's culpability as the aggressor has never ceased to excite controversy among international jurists, and now the question has become more acute than ever in connection with the discussion on the proposal to outlaw war altogether.

The controversy as to the nature of an aggression, however, is no new one. The object of this article is to exhume some diplomatic attempts in the past to define the term, and to show how far we are still from a clear understanding of its bearing. In any case, it will be seen that the exception from outlawry, of resistance to an aggression, involves an element of uncertainty which might defeat the object of the principle it is sought to establish. Furthermore, we must bear in mind that no war in recent times has been entered upon by any State without alleging that acts of the enemy had provoked it. If both parties charge each other with being the aggressor, who is to decide whether the one who declares war or the one alleged to have provoked the declaration is in fault? We have no difficulty in agreeing that a nation cannot abandon the right of self defense against invasion, or the duty of being on its guard against the consequences of some grievance, real or artificial, of a restless neighbor.

The term "defensive" merely describes the military character of the hostilities and may be treated as leaving the question of responsibility untouched.

II

As far back as the middle of the Eighteenth Century, Montesquieu held that the real author of a war was not the sovereign who declared it, but the one who made it necessary.

We all know the ordinary sense of "aggression". The definition of the word in diplomatic usage is, "the first act leading to hostilities".

Littré, in his great dictionary, qualified this definition to make it tally with contentions of French statesmen of then still recent character. "It is possible," he says, "that he who attacks is not necessarily the aggressor; the aggression may consist of something quite different from the attack." If the attack is provoked, it is not an aggression.

The word has now become more familiar through the use of it in the Covenant creating the League of Nations. Under it, according to the much debated Article X, the Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against "external aggression" the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of any such aggression, or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, it further provides that the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

In the abortive Geneva Protocol of 1924, there were a number of more or less subtle provisions, concerning what constitutes an aggression, entailing intervention of the Council and the application of the sanctions provided by the Covenant. Disobedience to an order of the Council, said the Protocol, would constitute the disobedient State an aggressor and entail the application of these sanctions.

There was no question in the Protocol of an unprovoked aggression, because it was assumed that all States would be subject, in case of any difference between them, to the orders of the Council, and in fact it implied the possibility of both parties in such a case being aggressors, in which emergency all the rigors of the Covenant would have been brought to bear against both of them. This looks like a *reductio ad absurdum*, and in fact it shows the danger of reasoning beyond the actual data of experience.

III

The Final Protocol of the Locarno Conference makes an attempt to reconcile the obligation accepted by the parties thereto as guarantors, to maintain the *status quo* on the Franco-Belgian frontier as settled by the Treaty of Versailles, with the wider obligation to coöperate with all the Members of the League of Nations to insure respect for its decisions.

It is easily conceivable that the guarantors might find themselves faced with conflicting obligations—the obligation to coöperate in enforcing a decision of the Council of the League of Nations against one of the parties, while the guarantors regarded their obligation to be purely and simply the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*. In their agreement it is stipulated between the parties (Germany and Belgium,—Germany and France) that "they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other"; but it adds that this stipulation shall not, however, apply *inter alia* in the case of "an unprovoked act of aggression".

The use of the term "unprovoked act of aggression" does not make the definition of the term less problematic.

IV

Littré makes no distinction between an aggression and an unprovoked aggression. We must therefore look for precedents to see how, in the past, diplomacy has defined the sense of the term.

There are two cases in which France has officially pledged herself to a definition, the one in connection with the Franco-Russian military convention, the other affecting her relations with Italy, both of which only came to light in 1918.

In 1892 the French Government sent to St. Petersburg, as negotiator of the military convention which prior to the World War regulated the relations of France and Russia, General de Boisdeffre. As Chief of the General Staff, he was a specialist particularly well qualified to deal with all the questions involved in the proposed convention. In his report concerning the negotiations occurs the record of a conversation of the General with the

then Emperor, in which the question of what constituted a *casus fœderis* in a treaty of defensive alliance was discussed.

Articles 1 and 2 of the Convention were as follows:

1. If France is attacked by Germany, or by Italy supported by Germany, Russia will employ all her disposable forces to attack Germany. If Russia is attacked by Germany, or by Austria supported by Germany, France will employ all her disposable forces to fight Germany.

2. *In case the forces of the Triple Alliance or one of the Powers belonging to it should mobilize*, France and Russia at the first announcement of such event, and without need of previous concerting, will mobilize immediately and simultaneously the whole of their forces, and will assemble them as near as possible to their frontiers.

The Emperor wished the General to explain the effect of Article 2. The General reported that in his reply he told His Majesty that mobilization was equivalent to a declaration of war; that mobilization necessitated mobilization by the neighboring Power; mobilization entailed the carrying out of strategical transports and concentration of troops; and that to allow a million men to be mobilized on the frontier, without simultaneously doing the same, was tantamount to placing oneself in the position of a man who has his revolver in his pocket, while the other has his levelled at his head.

"So I understand it," replied the Czar.

It is seen that under the convention, the French and Russian Governments regarded mobilization without a declaration of war as an act of aggression. A declaration of war in such a case was to be regarded as a consequence of mobilization, the latter being the first act which leads to war. This, as we have seen, is in accordance with the ordinary sense of the term.

The other record is of negotiations which took place in 1902, between the French and Italian Governments, with a view to securing their respective neutrality in case of war between the one or the other and a third Power, or Powers. These negotiations were set out in a letter addressed by M. Barrère, the French Ambassador at Rome, to the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé. In the course of this long letter M. Barrère writes:

My object, when these conversations will take place,—that is in a week,—is to ask M. Prinetti for a joint protocol, which will define the reciprocal specific

relations and position of the two countries. This protocol would involve the undertaking not to attack one another, not to join in any aggression on the part of one or more Powers against either of the contracting parties; *not to regard as aggression on the part of either contracting party, the obligation to declare war as the consequence of a manifest provocation.* If we can arrive at this result we shall have obtained all that we can hope for and desire.

M. Delcassé confirmed this in his acknowledgment of the letter, reiterating that the chief point of the scheme was that it obliged either one of the two Powers to maintain a strict neutrality in the case of the other taking the initiative of a declaration of war to which she would have been provoked. To M. Prinetti, M. Barrère therefore replied, that he was authorized on behalf of the French Government to state that it understood the arrangement with Italy as follows:

In case Italy should be the subject of a direct or indirect aggression on the part of one or more Powers, France would maintain a strict neutrality. It would be the same in case Italy in consequence of a direct provocation should find herself in the necessity of taking the initiative of a declaration of war for the defense of her honor or her security. In this event the Royal Government would previously communicate its intention to the Government of the Republic, which would then be in a position to ascertain that a direct provocation was involved.

In a later letter M. Barrère replied that M. Prinetti had handed him the draft of a letter destined to give an authoritative interpretation of the adjective "direct" added by him to the word provocation, in the projected declaration "intended to give precision to the general relations of France and Italy".

The Minister explained that he considered as having the character of a *direct provocation*, any provocation resulting from the direct relations of the foreign Powers with the contracting Governments, and he gave as an instance the following example: The publication of the telegrams by Prince Bismarck in 1870 and the refusal of King William to receive M. Benedetti. On the other hand he cited as an *indirect provocation* which would not fall within the scope of the declaration by Italy, the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain, and any indirect initiative taken in Eastern Affairs not aimed at one of the con-

tracting parties, although this initiative might give displeasure and seem to them contrary to their direct interest.

I have given this in some detail to show to what subtleties of interpretation the term "aggression" lends itself when even the noninterference of the King of Prussia with the acceptance by a Hohenzollern relative of an invitation by an independent State to become its Sovereign could be regarded as an "indirect aggression", and the refusal to treat with an Ambassador informally, as a *casus belli.* A satirist could multiply instances to such an extent that every diplomatic incident could be manipulated to serve as having an aggressive character, and show how the lives of thousands, even millions, of human beings may hang on diplomatic jugglery, worthy of casuists of the Middle Ages. The critic who looks on asks himself what other such causes may not lie hidden in the archives of Foreign Offices.

In 1912, M. Barrère, in reply to an inquiry from M. Poincaré, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, wrote that, the Triple Alliance being purely defensive, France in 1902 had sought to define the position of Italy in case France, openly provoked, declared war. Would Italy consider this declaration an act of self defense on the part of France? After ten years of existence, what was the position of the Franco-Italian understanding? The reply was that it had its full force and effect.

V

It is seen from the above precedent that the French and Italian interpretation of the term "provocation" includes acts involving the defense of national honor or security, and that a declaration of war in their defense would not be an act of aggression. It would follow from this that the provocation might be of a very vague character.

The Locarno guarantors would no doubt claim the right, as did M. Delcassé in 1902, to ascertain (*constater*) whether a direct provocation was involved.

The sense of the term "national honor" is so vague that governments have generally had recourse to it where no specific act of aggression could be alleged.

On another point, however, the view of the French Government may be taken as unequivocal: Mobilization of the forces of any country is undoubtedly an act of provocation to its neighbors.

It can be seen from the above how difficult it is to avoid a possible misunderstanding at a critical moment when a decision has to be taken. Any distinction between aggression provoked or unprovoked, or between a war of defense or of aggression, is far too subtle to be workable in emergencies, where promptitude is essential.

The "outlawry of war" can only be regarded as a first step toward the banning of war from civilization, if unqualified by reservations. The history of piracy shows how universal moral condemnations had to precede its universal outlawry. Why should any exception be made in a declaration of outlawry? None was ever made for piracy or any other form of crime, if we are agreed to regard war as crime. Besides, the introduction of any exception into a declaration of outlawry of war is an unnecessary complication, for no declaration, however emphatic, can deprive a nation of its right of self defense, or a group or league or confederation of nations from that of maintaining if need be, in common an armed police or *gendarmerie*, for the preservation of law and order among them.

DON TOM OF ALABAM'

BY RAY T. TUCKER

THE boy's pasty, pudgy face turned livid. He let fall the armful of wood which he had been collecting for the supper fire, holding tight to a slender stick five feet long. It shone in the sunlight of the clearing with the purple gleam of an Excalibur, while he waddled toward the kitchen door as swiftly as his thin legs would move his tumbler-shaped body. The sight of his sister sprawled on the floor, with old Aunt Rose standing over her in a threatening posture, left no doubt of the cause of the cries that had startled him.

In less time than it now takes him to tell it, he struck the Negro cook over the head with his five-foot weapon. She danced a beeline across the floor and fell. Frightened at the old mammy's deathly stillness, the brave boy walked over to the shapeless black heap, shook it and explained that he "hadn't meant to kill her."

Thus did Senator Heflin of Alabama first exhibit the chivalric impulses that now inspire him to deeds of high emprize in the United States Senate Chamber. In the light of this childhood display of gallantry and self-discipline, it is not so difficult to understand the man. In fact, a sympathetic insight into the influences which shaped his early days seems to reveal that Providence ordained there should be at least one James Thomas Heflin, if only as a milestone to measure the progress which public men and manners have made during his lifetime. Motionless has he sat astride his charger and smithered lance after lance upon life itself as it coursed by. As the Don Quixote of American politics and the sole survivor of a long line of picturesque and Elizabethan figures who once lent zest and color to the most drab capital in the world, Don Tom is a subject of historical as well as topical interest. He represents an era which, though it might well be forgotten, the romanticist as well as the realist is loath to forget. He spans and speaks for several generations of the Old South.

Don Tom was born into a family of eight sons and one daughter, in an isolated Alabama hamlet of fifty people. It stood in the midst of a country of canebrakes, cotton plantations, swamps and agricultural land. Life and the means of enriching it seem to have been fairly primitive. Planters, preachers and politicians of the post-Civil War era were his father's cronies, often spending the night at the eleven-room, one-story Heflin home. The Senator recalls that he frequently sat far into the morning before the fireplace while his elders discussed the politics and problems of those bitter Reconstruction days, and from them he undoubtedly derived many lasting prejudices.

Republican Reconstructionists, the great financial interests, the alien influences of the Yankee North, both political and religious—these were the forces held blameworthy for the South's wretched condition. Carpet baggers, capitalists and Republicans-for-revenue-only were denounced in language as vehement as it was picturesque, and these were the ogres which tumbled through the boy's dreams. The elders mourned—and their listener does to this day—the passing of the golden age of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy, when the South's star of empire lighted the land from the coast to the Mississippi River.

Such beacons as remained to brighten the days of the dying generation were the Methodist church, the Masonic hall and the Democratic party. The "greatest speech" Heflin ever heard was delivered by the late Senator John T. Morgan at a Masonic rally in an oak grove overhanging the Methodist church. The boy's world was as circumscribed as his father's. Diversion he obtained by clandestine attendance at Negro revivals, which developed in him an extraordinary art of mimicry and story-telling. His imitative instinct was given more orderly direction at the Friday afternoon declamation hour at school, and it may have been prophetic, in view of his matured style of oratory, that his favorite selection was "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

It was from these barbecues, these speaking contests and these harangues on the hearth that he became imbued with the feeling that he "would rather be a United States Senator than hold any other office". Now that boyish hopes have come true, those inspiring scenes of fifty years ago still dominate his horizon. His

unique garb of striped trousers, one-button frock coat, stiff-bosomed shirt, cream-colored, double-breasted waistcoat and flat black bow tie, is that of the old-fashioned Southern statesman, he explains—"though the one-button idea is my own invention"—and therefore he wears it. If his politics still smack of the fireplace, the barbecue and the camp meeting, it is largely because the child was father of the Senator.

When he arrived in Washington to enter the House in 1904, he moved in a congenial atmosphere. Though he is now the only "character" in Congress, blooming and booming all alone, both House and Senate then had their shares of riotous and attractive figures. There were Ollie James, who was to become Heflin's roistering companion by night and by day, and such human, historic celebrities as the "two Uncle Joes"—Fordney and Cannon. Their escapades and adventures in and out of Congress are legend; they were lusty makers of ballads and history, men who mingled liquor, horse races, drollery and racy moments at the table with more serious duties. Those who grieve at Heflin's present sourness on life can hardly believe that he is the only relic remaining from that generous, tolerant age of fun and fermentation.

The cafés and oyster houses which lined Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the White House had not yet given ground to the prim offices of white-ribboned reformers. At the basement bar in the Senate a statesman or near-statesman could still obtain Olympian inspiration before mounting the dizzily winding stairs to deliver a Ciceronian or Bacchanalian oration. Among this group in the House, Heflin soon became the good fellow and jester. His Negro dialect stories and rollicking spirit commended him to the graybeards, whose tales were growing stale.

No closing session was complete without an hour's foolery and clowning, in which the Member from Alabama played a leading part. His habit of hyperbole and rodomontade, though developed in him to a pathological degree, was not unique, and it nettled nobody, for it was overcast with Brobdignagian humor. In assailing the Republican tariff, for example, he was not content to charge that it increased the cost of living; his intensely partisan spirit did not stop this side of the grave.

"Not satisfied with taxing the swaddling clothes of the infant,"

he would thunder, "you Republicans levy a duty upon the winding sheet of the corpse. Not even when we are dead can we escape, for you raise the cost of the coffin our cold bones lie in and the tombstone that stands guard over our dust."

Nor was his anti-Negro attitude, with his demand for "Jim Crow" cars in the District of Columbia, more extreme than other Southerners' until he demonstrated that he was ready to shoot as well as speak for racial segregation. For twenty-four hours the Capital was plunged into a turmoil approaching that of inauguration night by this comparatively insignificant member from below the Mason and Dixon line.

His mad March night began quietly enough. While riding on a trolley car to a Methodist church, where he was to deliver a prohibition address, he grew infuriated at a Negro who was drinking liquor in the presence of a white woman. Soon Congressman and Negro were rolling on the pavement. When they were dragged apart, Heflin reëntered the trolley car and the colored man turned toward the curb. The latter, according to Heflin's witnesses, continued his abusive language, and his hand shot toward his pocket. He may have been reaching for a flask or a gun, but Heflin had no doubt about it—he never entertains doubts—and blazed away twice through the car window. One bullet struck the negro in the neck, and the other, as bullets will, ricochetted and penetrated the leg of an ex-jockey.

Booked at the police station on two charges of assault with a dangerous weapon, Heflin's defense and justification, it would appear, was *dementia democratica.* To questions regarding his nationality and occupation he gave but one answer: "I am a Democrat." He said that he had done "only what any gentleman would do". He insisted that he had been receiving threatening letters and therefore had obtained permission to tote a pistol. Meanwhile, the Capital paid appropriate tribute to its two-shot Congressman.

The police station soon filled with excited members of Congress. Telephone bells rang, messengers scurried through the streets on a search for bail, the newsboys sang the story of the extras and the most thrilling event since Admiral Dewey's homecoming was heralded with the opening, banging and shutting of gossip-laden

windows. It was, without a doubt, a great night for Heflin and headlines.

The concentration of his Congressional champions in the precinct house may have touched Don Tom, but it was not productive of bail. All twenty members were eager to aid, but some possessed more zeal than property, others owned up to certain embarrassing encumbrances, and the rest had assigned their belongings to their wives. It began to look like the hoosegow for the honorable gentleman from the Fifth Alabama District, but after a four hours' wait there appeared an ex-saloon keeper with sufficient unencumbered and wifeless collateral. Thus ended an evening in which a holy tilt against Demon Rum had been transformed through the best and most chivalric of intentions into a scuffling and shooting scrape, with Heflin emulating his Spanish prototype by landing in the donjon keep.

This incident seems to have exerted a mollifying effect, but not for long. During the Taft Administration he was a vanguard and rearguard speaker against the "big interests" as he saw them reflected in century-old Republican policies. The issues of those days were heaven-sent for a young member who owned a pair of leather lungs and acrobatic arms.

But he was not alone in these tirades, and a good part of public and press agreed with his ideas, so that although he cannot be said ever to have enjoyed a golden age as a statesman, these years may accurately be described as his gold-plate period. He was ever ready to shed a tear or an oration over the evil ways into which the party of Abraham Lincoln had fallen.

"The sons of Eli," he Jeremiahed, "carried the Ark of the Covenant, but the Spirit of the Covenant had fled, and the spirit of Lincoln no longer abides in the ark or strong box you Republicans carry above your cohorts at campaign time."

The election of Woodrow Wilson was "balm of Gilead" to him. He strode through Congressional corridors as triumphantly as the Sons of Israel swept through the streets of the Holy City upon their return from the land of bondage. Likewise, Heflin was returning from a political wilderness in which the tree of patronage had withered under the neglect of a Philistine President, and the flower of his oratory had oft been crushed by a

czaristic Speaker. Heflin held no doubts of the righteousness of the Democratic victory at Roosevelt's Armageddon, or of that in 1916.

"You know why we won," he roared, when twitted by "Nick" Longworth about the 1916 affair. "The success of the Democratic party was the triumph of mind over matter. You Republicans nominated your strongest man, but he was an animated icicle with frost on his whiskers. Someone else has explained it by saying that, in the opinion of the rank and file, neither of your candidates belonged to the human family."

The Congressional Record does not disclose Heflin's name attached to any important legislation during Wilson's régime, but that is presumably an oversight. He has often charged that "Republican stenographers" of Congress deliberately misquote him, and it may be that the editors of *The Record* have been equally culpable. But inasmuch as he professes to believe that talk is the essence of a Congressman's duties, he is perhaps correct in assuming that he was a "pillar of fire" and a "Tower of Babel" during this period.

It was about this time that Heflin as we know him today began to appear. Foes visible to none but himself beleaguered him. Correspondents of "the subsidized press" organized plots to destroy him and keep his message from the people. With a cocksureness that brought quizzical smiles even to the lips of his friends, he accepted fiction as fact and rumor as reality, so long as they accorded with his prejudices. Those who opposed the slightest whim of his Virginian President shared a circle in hell as low as that occupied by Judas and Benedict Arnold. The ancient, childish spectres which had darkened his bedroom fifty years before again arose to becloud his horizon and, so it seemed, to befuzzle his wit. Everybody but himself was out of step, and everybody was laying pitfalls that he, too, might stumble into paths of prejudice, bitterness and ignorance. Day after day there were so many of these puffing and prophetic storms that Uncle Joe Cannon once declared that Heflin reminded him of an "Albanian sunset".

"But what is an Albanian sunset, Uncle Joe?" inquired Fordney, who divined that the Speaker was in epigrammatic mood.

"An Albanian sunset, sir," replied Uncle Joe in all seriousness, as he turned cool and contemptuous eyes on the purple-faced, palpitating member from Alabama, "is a string of big, red, fat firecrackers all going off at the same time."

The World War, which unbalanced so many great minds, could not but leave its mark on Don Tom. His attitude was never in doubt; it was vocal and visible. The patriotic flames which burned fiercely enough in other men made of him a roaring, red, white and blue bonfire of chauvinistic fervor. Thus armed against challenge, he proceeded to question the loyalty of some of his colleagues.

No sooner was it hinted that Von Bernstorff was using a $50,000 fund for propaganda purposes than Heflin assailed thirteen unnamed members whose conduct, he told the House, had been "suspicious".

His coupling of the names of two members with those of "traitors and Anarchists" led the House to expunge his remarks, but this censure was not sufficiently drastic for a raw-boned Irishman from North Dakota. As Heflin disappeared under a bench with his assailant straddling him, it appeared that the gentleman from Alabama was to suffer the fate of his remarks, with the approval of many amused members. There was none to defend the firebrand, but there were many to cry "Let 'em fight!" and "It will be a good thing if Heflin gets a licking!"

When Heflin and the hubbub had been quieted, the House authorized an investigation of his insinuations. Notwithstanding his denial that he had intended to intimate the acceptance of German money by anyone, and his repudiation of two newspaper interviews on the subject, the committee found that his conduct had been "subject to criticism". When the repudiation of the newspaper stories was read, the House "greeted it with loud guffaws", and "Heflin turned red in the face". He did not follow the committee's suggestion that the proper course was to institute expulsion proceedings against suspected members.

Upon his citing his remarks as published in *The Congressional Record* to prove their innocuousness, it was discovered that he had "softened" the stenographic notes, a fault which has be-

come a habit. Uncle Joe Fordney then pointed out that Heflin had changed the word "applause" to "loud applause".

"The stenographers' notes did not contain the applause in the galleries," stammered Heflin, as his colleagues rolled in their seats from side-splitting laughter. "The applause was all around the hall, showing that the people endorsed what I said."

"Then I take it," suggested the suave Fordney, "that the gentleman from Alabama did not address the House, but the galleries, as he usually does."

In 1920 Don Tom abandoned the House to its careless and unregenerate ways, and won a seat in the Senate. His career there has been no more turbulent than in the House, but it has attracted more attention because of the smaller size of the upper body, and its pre-Heflin dignity.

Moreover, the Senate's liberal rules afford him wider scope and greater altitude. In fact, he has often been cited as an irrefutable body of evidence for the demand of Vice-President Dawes that the Senate adopt stringent cloture rules. When all that can be said has been said on any conceivable subject, Heflin is sure to be ready with "just one word more, Mister President." He lives, oratorically speaking, off other men's achievements.

It remained for Senator Walsh of Montana to expose the Teapot Dome and Elk Hill oil deals, but Walsh could never advance his lines so rapidly that the Alabama artilleryman, who then sat directly behind the Senate's chronic investigator, was not belching brimstone into his ears. Walsh may have uncovered "the little black bag", but it was left for Heflin to reveal that an even slicker means of ministerial corruption was the system whereby Harry F. Sinclair laid fictitious wagers on Kentucky Derby entries and turned over fabulous winnings to depraved Cabinet officers! Walsh may have had the evidence, but Heflin had the rumor.

Extravagances such as this have often weakened a good Democratic cause, but Heflin's political associates learned long ago that they can do nothing except grin and bear him. They have discovered that they can neither shame nor suppress him; should he find himself in a tight place, where naught but facts will save him, he "declines to yield" or tells a funny story to divert his

pursuers. His recourse to an alcoholic anecdote once reduced even the loquacious Senator Borah to speechlessness, and deprived the sensitive Idahoan of a chance to continue his explanation of his vote against the bill to raise Senators' salaries.

Heflin, who declared that increasing its own pay was one of the finest things the Senate had ever done, likened Borah to an "old soak" who, with tongue in cheek, was pretending that he had no taste for the mint julep his wife was preparing at the direction of the drunkard's doctor friend.

"After protesting long enough," chuckled Heflin, "John Allen took that mint julep, with frost on the sides of the glass, a bank of sugar an inch deep on the bottom, and three strawberries nestling thereon like so many eggs in a robin's nest, while the mint leaned over the rim of the glass. John Allen took that mint julep in his hand, and the amber-colored liquid flowed over the velvet folds of his stomach, like a dewdrop sinking into the heart of a rose."

Senator Robinson, who rebuked Heflin for his anti-Catholic speeches, found him quite as slippery as Borah did. Although Robinson and Heflin had battled like two gladiators, with menacing gestures, flushed faces and clenched fists, Heflin assailed the newspaper correspondents for not having described the encounter as an exchange of pleasantries. As soon as Alabama's leading citizens and newspapers had expressed resentment at Heflin's picture of their State as a hotbed of intolerance, he changed his tune and crooned this lullaby:

"Those newspaper men knew I was foolin' when I said Senator Robinson would be tarred and feathered if he spoke for religious toleration in my State. There was no feeling or bitterness in what I said; there was none in my heart. Ha-ha! Why, Senator Robinson laughed, I laughed, the galleries laughed—everybody laughed. It was all in fun. But those hickory-headed scribblers took that one sentence out of a three-hour speech and played it up. That shows how they lie about me."

At this exhibition of gymnastics the Senate sat silent a moment, and then, with howls from the galleries as an obligato, permitted itself a dignified snicker. To his colleagues Heflin must long since have become a bore, but to the galleries he is ever a source of amusement. It is to them that he addresses himself, and he

frequently cites well-filled balconies as evidence that his services for God and country and Alabama are appreciated.

"Oh, we understand perfectly," interrupted the caustic Senator Moses on one of these occasions. "The population of Washington knows that at times the Senate is much more interesting and cheaper than the movies, and consequently they come here."

But these sarcastic flings will not deter Don Tom from his self-appointed task of baring and beating his breast against the day when a Papal army will debark upon our shores. To this prediction he would undoubtedly subscribe, qualifying it only with the invocation which he utters so frequently in the Senate: "If I live, if I live!"

For it appears that he is in daily fear for his life. Once again he is receiving threatening letters; plots and poison are all about him. He must exercise extraordinary precautions about his food, and eat only at restaurants that are safeguarded against possible enemies. Though he can recall no specific attempt to poison him, he remembers, when pressed, that once he "ate a delicious dish of peach ice cream and suffered violent cramps two hours later." That was in Chicago.

"I never found out whether they had tried to get me that time," he adds in a theatrical whisper.

But let it not be suspected that these fears are mere hallucinations. On another occasion the Senator was forced to leave a restaurant unfed to ward off his foes.

"I was in the habit of eating there," explains Don Tom, "and I always had the same waiter girl; her name was Gertrude. I had been warned by friends that I must watch out for a certain waitress in the place. This particular evening I wanted to leave early to catch a train, and I asked that Gertrude serve me. But when a waitress appeared, it was the one I had been warned against. She insisted she was to wait on me, but I just pulled out my watch, said I had to catch a train and fled."

WHY WOMEN SUCCEED IN BUSINESS

BY LILLIAN M. GILBRETH

THE title of this article is a very charming one, for it takes for granted what one otherwise would have to prove. But this is in no wise a controversial presentation or a statistical one, and does not aim either to prove that a large number of women do succeed in business or anywhere else, or that this number, whatever it may be, bears a significant relationship to a similar number of men in industry or out. It aims rather to show that women succeed in business or anything else because of certain definite things. As it happens these things or most of them bring success to men also, but that is beside the question, except that it stamps what is to be said from the start as having little value as an argument.

Success is a difficult thing to define or to measure, but we may perhaps take it to mean here a certain amount of satisfaction that a person takes in her achievements, that her associates take, and that the world at large takes. It is a pleasant thing to study, if we characterize it in this way, so that it is surprising that more time has not been devoted to it. We are always avid to investigate failures. The front pages of the yellow dailies, the most popular magazines and films and novels, are full of the details of people who have failed in business, in marriage, in life in general. Compared with accounts of these, stories of successes occupy little space and arouse little interest; that is, if written in a simple and straightforward fashion and not transformed into romantic adventures.

The reason for this is probably because success does not usually come through a lucky accident, a marvellous endowment and equipment, or an extraordinary combination of circumstances, but through a definite plan of work, ability to stick to a job, and a realization that real satisfactions come only from keeping at a thing until it is done and done thoroughly. It is true of course

that if a successful man or woman is asked how he has succeeded, he will probably give an account of the unimportant things which he remembers to have contributed in some way to his getting on, but will forget the big underlying principles which have really been the cause of his succeeding. They have become a very part of his living and he will never think to speak of them unless he is asked definitely about them.

Fundamental to success in business as in everything else is a right philosophy of work. A person who believes that work is in and of itself desirable and worth while, goes at any kind of work she has to do as at an opportunity. She does not attempt to rush it through with the idea of getting leisure for something more attractive, but settles down to it with a feeling that here is the best that life has to offer, a chance for activity. This does not mean that she does not look forward to and appreciate leisure and fill her leisure with the most worth while thing she can plan for. She knows that without it her life will be poorly balanced and her work itself not nearly so worth while, but she plans for it as a relaxation from work done and a preparation for work to follow, and values it most as sending her back to work rested and adequate.

If she has this feeling toward work, then it is worth planning carefully and performing efficiently. She can get interest and satisfaction out of applying all the technique for personal efficiency that would otherwise seem a deadening undertaking. None of the findings that the engineer is increasingly putting at the disposal of any one will seem discouraging or oppressive. She will be glad to learn that all activities are in many ways fundamentally alike and that her personal programme, in industry or business or teaching or the home, may all be regulated by certain rules which simplify work methods and bring better results for every expenditure and effort. Of course if you hate work and rush through it efficiently only to enjoy leisure, any one who attempts to standardize your work methods and tell you how to do the things you only do under protest anyhow, is a bore if not a menace. But if you love work, then simplified methods which help you to get more done with less effort simply free you from making unimportant decisions over and over again and teach

you, when the precious time comes that is free to devote to the really creative work, how to give most of yourself to it with the greatest effectiveness.

In the second place, those who succeed have learned not only to love work but to revel in the economic contributions which they are able to make through it. They have come to feel the thrill of being producers. That makes one satisfied, no matter what activity she happens to be engaged at, if she is simply having a chance to be one of the group that is adding in some way to the world's assets. Just the type of satisfaction she will take in what she contributes depends of course partly on her and partly on the kind of work she finds available. For work as it is set up everywhere may give such a variety of satisfactions. It may mean output that heaps up in quantity, where the worker has a chance to see what she has done assume increasing proportions. It may be a stack of machine parts, or a pile of manuscript, or a basket of darned stockings, or anything else that one can hold to long enough to enjoy for quantity, before it is taken away to be used. Industry and home alike must be careful not to do away with this satisfaction by ingenious devices designed to prevent clutter and crowding or too eager users. Both of these may mean that a possible satisfaction is taken away or is never even known to exist.

Another type of satisfaction comes from quality work, from having a part in the creation or perfection of something fine and perhaps beautiful. This is found in many types of work everywhere, but is something the careless or untrained onlooker often fails to realize. It is at times even something that the person who gets the satisfaction fails to note herself unless it is called to her attention. Then she realizes that her job means what it does to her just because it gives her a chance to give that finish to what she does that makes it what it really is. For everything that we work on we create to that extent and its degree of perfection reflects something in us.

Just as quantity and quality give us a chance to extend our personality, so do tools and instruments and equipment and machinery and power. We hear so much of the restrictions of this machine age and of the deadening effect of power, yet we

forget that it has not only freed the horse but the man and woman as well. Like everything else power can be turned to bad use and one can become its slave, but there are millions today whom it has made to some extent masters and who feel themselves develop as they learn to handle new tools and new machines. This is one of the real lures of the automobile and the speed boat and the aeroplane. The same thing holds true in a more modest way of machine tools and even of hand tools, be they used in the shop, the office or the home. It is a factor of success to realize this, to keep one's equipment effective and one's skill active. A trained observer can pick out those who do this anywhere. There is something about the satisfied skilled worker at the punch press, the adding machine, the typewriter, the sewing machine, that spells adequacy and usually spells success also. If it does not, it is because there is some known or unknown hindrance or resistance that needs to be overcome. This is the job benevolent thinkers should be busy about, rather than trying to find inherent causes for dissatisfaction in the results of engineering progress.

Some jobs give a chance for working by oneself, others for group activity. Some jobs give a chance for working inconspicuously, others for appearing in the limelight. Some jobs mean competing only with one's own record, others mean strenuous competition with other people's records or with those people themselves. The satisfactions differ very widely. Some jobs mean working with things, other jobs mean working with people. Some take us outdoors and others in, some take us away from home and some keep us at home. Some are repetitive and others never twice alike. Some mean little responsibility and others much. These all have their own peculiar satisfaction. They may be jobs for men or for women or for both. They may be jobs in industry or in the home or both. They are primarily jobs set up in a certain way and bringing with that setup certain results and satisfactions.

It may ultimately be the task of the person looking for success to study jobs, to find out who ought to be doing them and whether there is something fundamentally about them that indicates that they belong to a certain sex or a certain place or a certain time or have other such limitations. It is certainly her task to find out

exactly what their requirements are under the setup of today and exactly what satisfactions may be expected of them. Then she will know what to expect of them, provided of course she is of the type that is willing to accept present day usage and get the most out of things as they are. If she is a pioneer or a fighter or an adventurer, she may try to change things or to undertake something which is unusual, knowing that she will get some pleasure out of the attempt, no matter what the outcome may be. If she is wise she will provide against surprises and shocks unless she really likes these, and give the job what it asks, if she expects it to give her what it offers.

The successful person must know jobs. She must also know herself. Just as she will accomplish most if she is sure what she can expect from the job, so she will if she is equally sure what she can expect from herself. She may get this information by having some one rate her, or even by rating herself, if she has courage enough to do this. The introvert-extrovert tests of Dr. Laird, of Colgate, the many other rating scales which the industries and the schools offer, will help her here, or she may simply ask herself "What things can I do? What things do I like to do? Why?" If the "why" is true and is explicit enough, it will help her to locate the similar things in other fields which she could do and enjoy doing, and the other things which she could not do or would hate to do if she could.

Let her not for a moment delude herself by thinking that an activity which she cannot do in one place would through some miracle be possible or easy in another. Let her not think that if she hates doing it in one place, she would, after the new wore off, like doing it in another. If she is irritated by the children in the home, she would be equally irritated by the childlike minds to be found everywhere in industry and business. If she hates detailed work in the office, she would find it equally unattractive in the research job. If she despises repetitive work in industry, she would find it equally unalluring in the home. Novelty of surroundings, possibility of new contacts, other accompanying features, might make a job attractive for a while, or bearable permanently, but the fundamental things one does poorly or unwillingly remain identical, and their dissatisfactions remain iden-

tical also. The same thing luckily is true with satisfactions, and if one is clever enough to know oneself and the types of things one can do well and with pleasure, one can find congenial, profitable work almost everywhere.

What has all this to do with women marrying and running homes and raising families, or going into business or industry, or making "careers", or possibly combining both? A great deal. It means that success in every case depends on analyzing consciously or unconsciously the demands of the job and the supply one has to offer to meet them; but especially the satisfactions that the work has to offer and the degree that these would really prove satisfying to oneself. It is to be hoped that this analysis will increasingly have a broader field for both men and women, that all of us will care to know enough about every job of every sort to see what possibilities it would offer to us and to other types of people. No matter what we feel about woman's place being the home and the man's place being in industry, we should not grudge to both a chance to know what every opportunity in every field offers. If family life really meant living with our children, making them a part of all the activities of both their parents, they would, boys and girls alike, have far better chances to know what openings there were for them. Every man, certainly every man who marries and raises a family, should have had first-hand experience in home-making jobs and some knowledge of the problems of family relations. Every woman, certainly every woman who marries and raises a family, should have some first-hand experience of the demands of industry, and what actually being in business means. She should know the effort it takes to earn a dollar, she should know the fatigue that comes from the industrial day, she should know the problems of pressure and friction and clutter and worry and monotony which are to be found in business and home life alike, and of course in every other activity as well.

We sometimes feel that if we care desperately for each other we can see through each other's eyes, but it is a great help to see though our very own eyes and to carry into our chosen life work a clear, first-hand, real picture of the other things we might have done, the other places where we might have worked, the other

schedules we might have kept, the other people we might have associated with, the other satisfactions we might have enjoyed.

We can help each other most perhaps by coming to some common understanding as to what is most worth while. Surely we do not any of us grudge each other satisfactions and successes. What are the indications of it? How can we know it when we see it? What should we look for? Perhaps we shall find some very definite things about successful people. Perhaps we shall find out some things about people who are headed for success. Perhaps we shall find out some things about people who have aptitudes for it.

One thing we may expect to find is that the person is going somewhere, has some definite goal in mind and is on her way toward it. She may rush and cause great inconvenience to other people and herself, or she may go at a sure and slow pace and cause no bother to any one. She may go alone, or join a group, or lead a group. She may be pugnacious or peaceful. But she is always on her way.

A second thing we may expect to find is that the person looks adequate, and that other people have confidence in her and her ability to do what she says she can do. She may succeed without this, but if so, it is because she has overcome a tremendous handicap. To look and feel fit and adequate, physically, mentally, emotionally, and even sartorially, is an enormous asset. It makes one look successful at the start, and is perhaps the foundation of the old saying "Nothing succeeds like success". It is not the cocksure attitude of the person who has started off without adequate planning and without really knowing what she can perform, but the quiet assurance of the person who knows what she can do and is ready to do it. It is an outward appearance which reflects an inner reality, and does much to give the person who has it a chance at the things she wants to do.

A third thing we note is the work and the rest methods of a person who is going to succeed. She knows how to "get ready" and "do it" and "clean up". She works quietly and effectively and rests as efficiently. She has no waste motions because she has thought her methods through, and her definite thinking works itself out into definite action. Not necessarily standard action,

for everything she does reflects her individuality. That is why it gives satisfaction.

Again the person who will succeed knows her limitations. She is not aggravated by them, neither does she aggravate others with them. This means she has learned not only to accept certain duties but to delegate to others to coöperate; to team off with some one who can supply her deficiencies, and perhaps if she is fortunate some of whose deficiencies she can supply. She has learned to think of the activity of which she is a part as something bigger than herself, to which she contributes, i.e., an organization, an educational group, a family. She realizes that the important thing is that the group shall make progress, and she shares in this progress if she contributes to it in any way. Its successes are hers. It is a bigger thing to be a part of an integrated group project than to develop a little individual unrelated project of one's own. She may, of course, have her own project too, but its chief aim is at some time to be of use to a larger, more significant project than it can ever be.

This means that women who would succeed in business must realize that success will come to them not primarily because they are women or because they are not women but because they are trained, adequate, understanding human beings. It is surprising how few successful men or women in business ever give much thought to the sex of the people for whom or with whom they are working, unless it is especially called to their attention. Habits of courtesy of course persist. Methods of thinking and emotional attitudes probably persist during rest intervals or fatigue periods. But successful people are too busy, too concentrated, too anxious to accomplish what they set out to do, to allow of their co-workers being anything but what they are, co-workers toward a desired goal. We recognize the impersonal attitude of the surgeon, or the doctor, or the lawyer. We do not recognize so often that this carries through to all who are absorbed in their work, so that we often make problems where none exist.

Again, women must realize that they will succeed in business not because they are in a plant or an office, a school, or even a home, but because they look upon their work whatever it is as a job to be understood thoroughly, done effectively and left when

completed. This last is important. We must not put in less than the job demands, neither must we put in more. We must not expect less than it gives, neither must we expect more. We have no right to demand satisfactions a job is not designed to give, or to fill a twenty-four-hour day with a job that demands only eight. This has been one difficulty with the job of home making. We have confused the business of running a house with the activities of creating a home. The first is a job with definite duties and satisfactions. The second is a project which is supposed to complete the twenty-four-hour day of every one of us, no matter what his business may be. Whether one marries or not, and, if one marries, whether one raises a family or not, she must be a part of a home making project that will demand certain time and money and effort and interest and that will supply certain satisfactions. She has no right to ask business to make these demands or to meet them.

I believe that home making is the really essential project for all of us, men and women alike. If this is satisfying, we can go into business with prospects of success and satisfaction there also. If this is not satisfying, we may get temporary success and the resulting transitory satisfactions there. But to be permanent, they must be carried into the home project to be appreciated and shared. It does not answer the question as to what constitutes success in business to say that it depends on success in the home, but it is the first step to finding the answer, and in an integrated home will be found not only training for success in business and in the larger home project, but the field in which the success is demonstrated and enjoyed and made serviceable.

THE DIME MUSEUM

BY DON ROSE

One may read of the amenities of book collecting, and so enjoy vicariously the cultivated delights belonging to a higher financial sphere. One may taste the calculated hospitality of the bookstores, skimming stacked tables discreetly, rapidly enough to escape the necessity of purchase. There are public libraries; there is the magnificence of the British Museum, the Louvre and the Library of Congress. But of all thrills attendant on the seeking, the buying, the borrowing of books, there is one supreme.

This is to buy a good book for ten cents at a second-hand bookstore.

All cities have their share of such bookstores. They also serve, in a world wherein there is no end to the making of books. They are a sort of intellectual repositories; wayside inns for books of passage; purgatories of paper and print; Potter's Fields for many books of no importance. In our own city is a second-hand bookstore distinguished above its fellows by a five-tier, fifty-foot shelf devoted to ten-cent books, and flanking the sidewalk with a standing invitation. This is the daily Mecca of many pilgrimages and hopes, and the field for rich gleanings among the unconsidered stubble of the publishing profession.

There are seasons when people seem either to sell more books or buy less. Of a sudden at such crises, either before the blast of inventory or the cold chill of poor business, the store begins to erupt its surplus, and books that have been enjoying false security and fancy prices on inner shelves rapidly descend the social scale. Unable to justify their original rating, they are sold up to pay for their board and lodging. They drop to fifty cents, to twenty-five cents. Finally they are poured forth on the ten-cent shelf in daily replenishments that keep it overflowing.

Here is the real dime museum of the day. Here is the true democracy of letters, and the melting pot of the brains of men.

Here is the last judgment. Here must they find a kindly owner or face a final grave.

These books are venerable, used and worn, as is the wisdom of the world. They are doubtless full of germs, as by now are most of their authors. The great majority of them are overpriced at ten cents, but a greater majority I shall not buy. It is the remnant, the residue, that I seek after, and if I find one pearl a day in so many bivalves, my dime becomes a joyful offering.

A certain conscience must be developed in the buying of ten-cent books, else a library becomes a confusion of tongues. To buy all that are worth the modest price imperils the peace of the home, and books will overflow into cellar and attic. Four cardinal principles prevail. First, to buy no book, however excellent, treating of matters outside the conceivable domain of interest. Here, for instance, is a book, not unduly obsolete, on basket weaving. Yet I do not weave baskets, nor at this moment intend to. Here is a solid book on dentistry, and again the *Confessions of a Barber*, yet I do not practise auto-dentistry nor cut my own hair. Such books are not for me, and in charity I must remember that others are here to buy ten-cent books to their own liking.

Secondly, no book shall be bought for binding alone. This is a hard rule; it has a harder corollary, that no book shall be bought because it matches others already acquired. I prize some half-dozen volumes of Belles-Lettres, part of a "universal library", so called, which fell to my lot in the past. Here are six or seven volumes of the *Memoirs of Continental Courts* in the same edition or one of sufficient cousinship. How richly would they swell the importance of that other five, adding substance and symmetry to the shelf! Yet the Memoirs of Continental or any other courts have no proper place in my library, and for that I cannot, shall not buy them.

Thirdly, I may buy no book which I may not possibly, conceivably, eventually read. This does not mean that I have read or expect to read all my books; to ask this is to challenge the reasonable expectations of human life. But as I have more ties that I can wear; as I own pipes that I may never smoke again; as flowers grow in my garden that will never be plucked or noted, so my library is to present an opulence of choice, a variety of in-

terest and infinitude of resource. With a thought to this wide basis of eligibility and another to the scarcity of shelf space, I will buy with such discretion as is granted to me.

Fourthly, no book may be forgiven for poor binding or bad print, and scarcely for the lesser shame of unseemly binding. I will have books substantial and adequate; yea, though they cost but ten cents; books whose outsides are comely and whose insides are decent. And even this is not incompatible with our appointed price. Witness my five volumes of George Eliot, all dressed in good leather, explaining in their substantiality how they have lived to tell their tale again. Here is a charming copy of *Rasselas*, surely an oversight of the presiding deity of the shelf. Here are five volumes of Dickens containing thirteen of his novels, bound in leather and not in ill repair. Why so cheap? Presumably because the set is incomplete. Yet thirteen tales from Dickens are no mean education.

The aim is to buy good books, well bound and printed, books of genuine interest which I hope or intend to read; and to buy them for ten cents. Occasionally, it is true, I am tempted around the corner and pay as high as twenty-five cents, but no profound principle is violated by somewhat stretching the limit. What fortune, then?

Enough to satisfy imagination and a modest ambition. A stray volume of Duruy's *History of Greece and Rome* were no great catch, but to collect five more becomes an achievement; that five of the group are in sequence is nothing short of direct Providence. A copy of Scott's *Antiquary* suggests further search, and patience is rewarded with thirteen volumes of the *Waverley Novels* in the same edition. Thirty cents purchases five inches of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf, and compasses all classic English poetry. From these same shelves I have three Shakespeares, and one cannot have too many Shakespeares. The plays of Euripides, the Poems of Emerson, the *Ingoldsby Legends*, Marcus Aurelius, *Don Quixote*, *Sartor Resartus*, Xenophon on Socrates, Macaulay's *History of England*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, who will grudge for a volume of these the price of a sandwich?

If a man can read he need not die ignorant. Twelve harmonious volumes of science have left the shelf for a better home with

me. Here are Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Tyndall's *Essays*, Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Huxley's *Addresses*, and others as imposing. Have I read them? No. Have you?

Outside the classics there is room for rash venture. *Is Mankind Advancing*, a book much quoted years ago, turned up here and was worth another reading. Charles Kennedy wrote *The Servant in the House*, whose reputation justified the investment of twenty cents for two other plays from the same pen. Ten cents devoted to Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* was a happy accident. Odds and ends of poetry and short story have paid generous dividends. Sometimes one buys an odd volume of a series or of some many-volumed work, but there are many voluminous masterpieces of which one volume is enough.

Religious books are here, of course, in an abundance matched only, it seems, by the inexhaustible supply of Owen Meredith's *Lucile*. There are books of doctrine, hymn books, prayer books and polemics. The state of the Christian world makes its own confession at ten cents a copy. Not least significant is a copy of the Scriptures, once handsome and with its message still entire, which a piece of silver rescued from the underworld of books.

Indeed, if there be a moral to the ten-cent shelf it is this, that the best and most important memorials to human genius find their way eventually to this plentiful scrapheap. One not too particular as to binding and condition might find here fair representation of every writer of importance to classic English and American literature, history and philosophy. The novels of the day, the transient fads of philosophy or art, the technical treatises of trades, live on the sheltered shelves and name their own price. But in the open air, begging for an owner, herded with the least among books, are the wise thoughts of the ancients, the classics of literature, the fundamental studies of human wit and wisdom, and even the Word of the God of both Hebrew and Christian.

Add, then, to the many joys of poverty this privilege,—to spend much time and little money in treasure hunting on the scrapheaps of literature. Call it a waste of time if you will, but since there is time to be wasted, name if you can a better way to waste it.

THE MEANING OF "DEMOCRACY"

BY JOHN S. DEAN

I AM obliged to dissent from practically all the sentiments expressed by our English cousin, Mr. C. H. Bretherton, in the article published in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, entitled *Too Much Democracy*.

The use of the term Democracy to describe the great free governments of modern times is, to say the least, unfortunate. It is a word of Greek origin, first used to describe the form of government under which certain diminutive City States in ancient Greece were managed and controlled. Modern "democracies," so-called, trace their origin to an entirely different source, and are in no sense patterned after the governments of these ancient communities. There is practically nothing in common between them. Nevertheless, theorists and lexicographers persist in identifying them with each other, thus leading to great confusion of ideas on the subject.

The most fundamental classification of governments has been either overlooked or ignored by most writers on the subject. This classification is not based upon mere matter of form, but relates entirely to divergent theories as to the source of governmental authority. From this point of view all governments that have ever existed in the world may be classified as belonging to one or the other of two great orders:

First, those established upon the theory that Government is a divine institution, established by Deity, and imposed upon the people, who are mere subjects and have no voice either in the choosing of their rulers or in defining or limiting the powers that may be exercised by them.

Second, those founded upon the theory that Government is a human institution, devised by the wisdom of man for the protection of society, which possesses no powers except such as are delegated to it by the people residing within its jurisdiction, who

are regarded as citizens, and who may from time to time add to the powers already conferred, or withdraw them in accordance with an orderly procedure provided for that purpose.

Outside of these there are, of course, the nondescript dictatorships, which are mere temporary usurpations of governmental authority. There are also the unclassifiable, mixed forms, characteristic of the period of evolution, during which one order changes into the other.

All those of the second order, that is to say, all those organized upon the theory that government is a purely human institution, are "democracies" within the modern acceptation of the term. To express the principle more tersely, it may be said that all governments, where the people are citizens, are "democracies," and all governments, where the people are mere subjects, are not "democracies." "Subject" and "citizen" distinguish between the two orders of government.

It will, therefore, readily be seen that the subject of Mr. Bretherton's article, *Too Much Democracy*, is inept and meaningless.

It is inconceivable that any sane person would favor such a modification of the democratic principle as would change his status of citizen to that of a mere subject. The ancient conception of government as a "divine" institution, with its accompanying train of governmental hierarchies, vice-gerents, orders of nobility, and inheritance of power, is defunct among highly civilized and cultured people. The principle of Democracy is a living truth, reigning triumphant over the Western World, and certain, at no distant period, to supplant those despotic governments of the first order still prevailing in the Oriental world. Never again in the Western World will any man, clothed with governmental authority, repeat the sentiment of Wilhelm II, habitually addressed by his former subjects as the "All Highest," and now closing an inglorious career as an exile at Doorn, when he said:

> Here my grandfather placed, by his own right, the crown of the Kings of Prussia on his head, once again laying stress upon the fact that it was conferred upon him by the grace of God alone, not by Parliament, by meetings of the people, or by popular decisions; and that he considered himself the chosen instrument of Heaven and as such performed his duties as regent and as ruler.

Undoubtedly, it was the modern significance of the term Democracy which President Wilson had in mind when he said that one of our principal objects in entering the late war was "to make the world safe for Democracy", and this was what President Lincoln meant when he said at Gettysburg that the soldiers of the Union made their great sacrifices so that "government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people", might not perish from the earth.

Our representative form of government, all of the authority and powers of which are admittedly derived from the people over which it is established, had its origin in the customs and practices of our barbarian ancestors. Says Freeman, the English historian:

> We brought with us our own political and social system; that is, the form which the political and social system common to the whole Aryan family had taken among the tribes of northern Germany. A germ of political and social life was brought into Britain in the keels of Hengest, which, changing from generation to generation but never itself exchanged for any other system, borrowing from foreign sources but assimilating what it borrowed with its own essence, changing its outward shape but abiding untouched in its true substance, has lived and grown through fourteen hundred years into the law, the constitution, the social being of England.

And Blackstone corroborates this historical fact by the following statement:

> The absolute rights of every Englishman, which, taken in a political and extensive sense, are usually called their liberties, as they are founded on nature and reason, so they are *coeval* with our form of government; . . . and their fundamental articles have been from time to time asserted in parliament, as often as they were thought to be in danger.

These "liberties of Englishmen" were dearly prized by the Fathers of our Republic, and it was the violation of such rights by a British Parliament that led to our Revolutionary War.

Successful in that struggle, the people of America in the establishment of our constitutional system re-affirmed and adopted the great principles of liberty thus outlined. In our State Constitutions the common law of England is specifically adopted as the law of the State, and the Seventh Amendment to the National Constitution provides:

No fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

Briefly stated, the Revolutionary controversy arose over the effort of a British Parliament to govern its colonies arbitrarily, denying to Englishmen outside the little island the same rights and liberties enjoyed by the Englishmen at home. Our forefathers did not rebel against the constitution and laws of England which protected the liberties of Englishmen—they fought for the right to claim them as their own. It was the arbitrary act of an English Parliament, declaring that "all His Majesty's colonies and plantations in America, have been, are, and of right ought to be, subordinate to and dependent upon the Imperial Crown and Parliament of Great Britain; who have the full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient validity to bind the colonies and people of America, subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, in all cases whatsoever," against which they rebelled.

Having succeeded in establishing their independence, they proceeded to establish upon a firm foundation those ancient principles of liberty and self-government which they claimed to be the rightful inheritance of all Englishmen, whether abiding in the British Isles, or pioneering in the vast wildernesses of America.

In the accomplishment of this purpose they found it necessary to announce and confirm a new principle, which forms the keystone of the arch of human liberty, to wit, the principle that the legislative power of government is naturally a limited one.

Congresses and parliaments, no more than princes, can be trusted with absolute power. The people, as individuals, possess rights which no government should be permitted to take from them, and our constitutional system, for the first time in the history of the world, recognizes and guarantees the observance of these rights.

The germs of our representative system are found, not in any precedent of the ancient civilized world, but in the practice of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, in the village-moot (meeting of the freemen of the village, or township, where all matters of local concern were determined), the hundred-moot (meeting of the freemen of numerous villages to decide on matters of common concern to

them), and the wittenagemote (meeting of the freemen of the whole people, or nation, to elect their chiefs, or leaders, and to decide matters of national concern). The rules and customs gradually developed as guides for the decisions to be made in these several meetings (the common law) were the sources out of which the representative or parliamentary character of government was developed.

This early character of Anglo-Saxon polity was developed without any knowledge on the part of our ancestors that there was any such place as Greece, or any such thing as a democratic City State. These were independent Anglo-Saxon institutions, the results of experience, developed through unknown centuries before the conquest of Britain, without knowledge by the people who developed them of any governmental institutions of the so-called civilized world.

Mr. Bretherton's reference to the governments of the little City States of ancient Greece as "pure democracies" repeats the common misunderstanding of the character of those institutions. They were "pure" *aristocracies* in which a small percentage of the population exercised all the functions and powers of government without any authority derived from the vast majority of the "people". The offices of government devolved by lot, day after day, upon the members of this aristocracy who happened to be chosen for the time being to perform official acts. True, these aristocrats called themselves "citizens" and called their government a "democracy" or "government of the people". It was a misnomer. The great democracies of modern times do not resemble them in any respect, and were developed by people who had no knowledge of their existence, or character. They were not governments "*of* the people, *by* the people, or *for* the people", but absolute forms of government in which a few of the "people" maintained an absolute, unlimited, and tyrannical sway over most of the "people".

The sooner we learn to exclude these misnamed "democracies" of ancient Greece from the category of democratic governments, i.e., governments deriving their powers exclusively from all the people, and in which every individual is given an equal legal status with every other individual, the sooner we shall arrive at a

correct apprehension of the modern character of government which we call a "democracy".

Mr. Bretherton's prediction, that our Federal Government will eventually absorb all the functions of our State legislative and judicial establishments, betrays an abysmal ignorance of the trend of public thought in the United States. Local self government in all matters pertaining to the domestic affairs of the States is as thoroughly established as a fundamental part of our polity as that the National Government is, and will remain, sovereign in all things that pertain strictly to national affairs. The disastrous failure of the attempt of the Government of Great Britain to deprive the American colonies of local self government settled that question for all time. Her error has received a belated acknowledgment in the establishment of the "British Commonwealth of Nations" which roughly corresponds to the Confederation of the Colonies.

The States of the Union will never submit to have their own ideas and desires, in regard to the control and regulation of their domestic affairs, overruled by the central Government at Washington. An attempt to establish such a dictatorship would sooner or later result in a dissolution of the Union.

The sentiment of the people on this subject was emphatically demonstrated by the overwhelming rejection of the proposal to adopt the Twentieth Amendment to our national Constitution, which would have given Congress the power "to prohibit the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age"—a palpable attempt to substitute National for State authority over the domestic affairs of the States.

Whether Prohibition is a matter of domestic or national concern may well be a subject for debate, but there can be no doubt that it is regarded as a domestic question by many of the States, and its transference to the jurisdiction of the Federal Government has to a considerable extent imperilled the stability and weakened respect for the authority of that Government.

The strength of the argument, that on account of the multitude of laws necessarily resulting from the independent legislative authority of the several States conditions are becoming intolerable, is greatly overestimated.

Mr. Bretherton's statement, that "more inhibitory laws are annually placed on the statute books, State and Federal, than in all of the statute books of Europe together" is, I believe, incorrect and misleading. More than ninety-five per cent. of the laws referred to are mere appropriation acts, enabling statutes, and minor enactments which do not in the least affect the liberty of our citizens. A review of the session laws of one State is enlightening upon the subject. In the last session of the Legislature of the State of Kansas 347 laws were passed. Of these seventy-three were mere appropriations of money to pay the State officers and maintain State charitable institutions; forty-nine related to the management of city affairs, and had no general application at all; seventeen related merely to the management of State institutions; nineteen related to schools, merely giving authority to vote bonds to build school houses, or some such local matter; fifteen related to subjects of taxation; eighteen merely fixed salaries of county officers; nine related to courts, creating additional facilities for the relief of overburdened dockets, etc.; eleven related to county and State fairs, conferring power upon counties to encourage and assist such institutions; four related to banks; seven to bonds; sixteen to roads and drainage districts; five to cemeteries; and fourteen fixed various fees and salaries.

Only six of these laws could be said in any way to be "inhibitory", and these were simply provisions strengthening already existing laws where they had been found to be unsuitable, and in need of amendment. "Inhibitions" of personal liberty are much more numerous and oppressive in European States than in the United States.

CHURCH SHRINES AND MARKET STALLS

BY WILLIAM WALLACE IRWIN

One Sunday morning the fancy took us to attend the service at the church of Saint Eustache, where the organ music is reputed to be the best in Paris. In addition to the smell of incense with which old churches become saturated, Saint Eustache always contains a mighty and appetizing odor of fresh cabbage and spicy potherbs. In our ignorance we had always attributed this smell to the proximity of the great central markets which lie just across the street, and had never stopped to ask ourself why the church should smell of savory herbs when the section of the market that is nearest to it is devoted to the sale of beef.

The buying in the markets is usually finished by seven in the morning, but as the working folk who cannot come on other days descend like locusts on Sunday, on that day the markets are active until nine. This is why we had the chance to discover the origin of the odor of Saint Eustache.

Immense as the market is, space is scarce and valuable and the truck farmers from the suburbs usually sell their produce directly from their great carts backed up against the curb. They began to build the church in 1532—Pizarro was fighting and stealing in Peru at the time and the Pilgrim Fathers were not due to sail for nearly a century—and ever since that date the pavement skirting the south side has been sacred during market hours to the vendors of cabbages and cooking herbs.

Here were stacked against the very walls of the church great piles of silvery garlic, of dark green laurel branches, of perfumed thyme, of waxen leeks and golden onions, while against the curb were wagons with mountainous loads of cabbages whose firm white and green rotundity showed in fresh and pleasing contrast with the time-blackened stones of the ancient building.

It appears that when he comes to *Les Halles* to do his weekly marketing, the French workingman prefers a gunnysack to a

basket; at any rate four out of five that we saw were provided with that humble but capacious container.

"That cabbage, madame, how much costs it?"

"Ah! is it not beautiful, monsieur? Feel how it weighs. I will give it you for twenty sous."

Monsieur shakes his head sadly and turns away with the expression of a man who finds himself heartlessly betrayed by a friend, but who is too proud to show how he suffers.

Madame calls after him, "Well, take it for eighteen. I lose by it, but—what would you?—the market is nearly over." Monsieur opens his sack—chug! goes the cabbage to the bottom and they separate. They are both content; Monsieur has paid a fair price and Madame has received exactly what she expected.

Monsieur is accosted by a young lady; her blond bobbed hair is elaborately waved, but her hands resemble bunches of fat red sausages. She holds up six beautiful purple and white turnips. "They are the last I have, monsieur. Take them for twenty sous. They are worth more, but I want to leave." The sack is opened; tum-tum-tum! go the turnips on top of the cabbage. The young lady ducks behind a wagon for an instant and as we stroll on we see her approach another possible purchaser with six more turnips—"The last I have, monsieur, . . ." etc.

The market women of Paris are credited with a vocabulary which outdoes even that of their sisters of Billingsgate, and when things—or individuals—do not suit them, "the long black curses come sliding out of their innocent little mouths like morning dew off a rose". This freedom of speech has been famous for centuries, and Villon refers to it in a ballade, *Il n'est bon bec que de Paris*, written fifty years before Columbus sailed.

As we continue our walk we pass a lovely color-scheme composed of many great orange pumpkins spread abroad on a thick bed of clear yellow wheat straw and framed at each side by tall narrow baskets full of emeralds—it is true they sell them as Brussels sprouts, but no emeralds were ever more beautiful.

But here is the jeweler of the market. Merely to look in his plate glass window gives one a mingled feeling of hunger, indigestion and bankruptcy. Here are displayed edible birds' nests from China, dried turtle meat from the West Indies, se-

lected truffles from Périgord,—each as big as a goose egg,—lark pies from Pithiviers, goose liver pies from Strasbourg, fresh caviar from Russia,—each egg as big as a small pea,—and the wonderful white sausages of chicken-breasts, bread-crumbs, cream and truffles, that Burgundy supplies to the truly virtuous.

Having thus wafted our epicurean soul up to the proper pitch, we enter the battered portal of Saint Eustache and steep ourself for an hour in the rolling music of the mighty organ.

* * * * *

Another morning—in war time—I took a walk, across the *Pont Neuf* to *La Cité*, past the grim towers of the *Palais de Justice* with its ancient Hall of the Lost Footsteps, past the sombre walls of God's House, eldest of the long line of endowed hospitals, across the *Parvis* with its memories of Quasimodo, and so into the great cathedral. Here at least, in a fane hallowed by a thousand years of worship, I hoped to forget for a few moments the city and its sorrow. I stood and steeped my soul in the beauty of the great rose windows, windows that were old when Columbus was born, windows whose high purple and scarlet grandeur is as soothing as the sound of wind in the pines.

As I turned to leave a new altar caught my eye. It stood against the south wall near the eastern portal and was dedicated "To those who die for the motherland". Above the altar, dimly seen in the dusky shadow lightened only by the flickering flames of the votive candles, hung in folds of heavy silk—color lapping color—the flags of the Allied Nations, and among them our flag . . . at last. And I stared at it, thinking of the little children on the Lusitania and what a foul thing is a politician.

When I had stepped ashore at Bordeaux I had vowed a candle to a saint for bringing us safely through the region of German hate. I knew nothing about saints, but the idea had a rich mediæval flavor that appealed to me. It took some meditation to decide who was entitled to the candle, but I finally settled upon Saint Geneviève, as she was the patron of Paris and to her city I had safely journeyed. Although it was many years since I had last been in Paris, I remembered distinctly the appearance of the church that contained her shrine and that it lay in the Latin Quarter, but its name I had forgotten.

On leaving Notre Dame, I stood on the Little Bridge and consulted my map. For some reason Saint Germain-des-Pres sounded likely, and it seemed to be in about the proper spot, so thither I hurried. A glance at the outside convinced me of an error, and a hasty survey of the interior made it certain. Again the map—well, Saint Sulpice is near, let's try that. Foiled for the second time, I pocketed my pride and asked the way. The beadle was all courtesy:—"*La tombe de Sainte Geneviève . . . mais oui, Monsieur . . . à l'église de Saint Étienne-du-Mont.*" So up the hill I journeyed and, as luck would have it, it was the feast of the good saint.

Down the street before the church, under the very shadow of the great dome of the Pantheon, ran a row of booths for the sale of medals, rosaries, pictures, etc., and at one of these I stopped and made known my desire to purchase a candle . . . a large candle . . . a most large candle. Instantly all was excitement, polite excitement, well controlled excitement, but nevertheless excitement. For what did Monsieur desire the most large candle? Monsieur had made the voyage from America with great safeness—yes, yes (with nods of understanding)—the submarines. Monsieur desired in token of his thanks for having reached the beautiful Paris in safety, to place a candle on the tomb of Saint Geneviève of Paris. Sighs of perfect comprehension—that was very good, but Monsieur must purchase the candle in the church.

Monsieur headed for the church followed by a buzz of conversation from which projected herself a very respectable Madame of the small shop-keeping type. Would Monsieur do himself the trouble of following her and she would—the rest lost in a bubbling rush of explanatory syllables. Although a trifle puzzled, Monsieur asserted his willingness and Madame led him around several odd corners, through a dilapidated doorway, a dark passage, a sudden turn, and lo! he was in the church and close to the tomb.

It was then that Monsieur really appreciated the kindness of Madame. There was a special service in honor of the saint and the church was crowded; if he had entered by the main door, Monsieur was assured in a whisper, he could not possibly have reached the shrine.

The scene was truly mediæval in its contrasts. On one side was the altar with the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris in full canonicals, assisted by a flock of priests and altar ministrants—a glory of gold and cream and scarlet in a cloud of "good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke". On the other side—blue and gold, with candles, hundreds of candles—candles sprouting like a lake of flame-tipped ivory reeds—was the shrine. Between were the people—mostly plain, some shabby, and all . . . all in black. And overhead, among the high, shadow-filled vaults of the ancient building, boomed the wonderful Gregorian chant.

Monsieur would willingly have stood for an hour soaking in the beauty of it all, but Madame had an object to accomplish. Politely but firmly, and with wonderfully little disturbance considering how closely crowded was the congregation, she worked her way ahead with a very apologetic Monsieur in her wake.

At the shrine itself was a booth for the sale of candles and here Monsieur made his choice. The price it appeared was five francs, and considering the size of the candle it did not seem exorbitant. Monsieur was reaching for his purse when Madame addressed the vendor. "Daughter of a fishmonger!" she began in a hissing whisper—but Monsieur could catch the words "*la patrie*" and "*les soldats des États-Unis*". Madame's little outburst came to an abrupt close at the very instant when the keeper of the stall decided that two francs and a half was ample for the candle selected. Monsieur however felt certain that Madame's speech must have possessed a certain pungent quality, for it was a very subdued candle seller that handed him his change.

Madame then assisted her ward in the lighting and placing of the offering and at last he saw it burning, clear and steady, over the gilded brass of the tomb. "There, good saint," thought Monsieur, "burning candles is no doubt a silly business, but somehow I feel better for having done it."

At the church door, quite cheerfully and unemotionally, Madame bade him goodbye and Monsieur swept his hat to the ground as he bent over her shabby glove as he would over that of a duchess—which was the least and the most he could do. And Monsieur has since wondered more than once if there is any country save France where such an incident could have occurred.

CARMEN BECOMES A CITIZEN

BY ISABEL DE PALENCIA

THAT anything so progressive and, to certain minds, prosaic as "Women's Rights" should exist in Spain, even theoretically, may seem little short of tragedy and contrary to all well established principles and notions regarding the idiosyncrasy of the land of the Cid, of Cervantes, and of Christopher Columbus. Romantic souls will perhaps regret that such modern views as come within the limits of feminine emancipation should have taken root in a country considered by poets as the birthplace of Love with a capital L; where women have long been supposed to cherish no other aim in life than to set men's hearts on fire—supposing this to be still a possible accomplishment—with their flashing eyes, lissome figures and dainty feet, and where maidens had no ambition beyond that of listening to the impassioned love songs of handsome brigands and dauntless toreadors. "Alas!" these sentimentalists will say, "Can it be true that women will prefer voting to playing the rôle of 'Carmen' in everyday life?"

Judging from all outward appearances, it certainly does look as though Spain had banished Romance from her precincts, from this special point of view, for many women have succumbed to the wish or the necessity of taking part in the struggle for existence which they had been led to believe was man's patrimony alone.

It is interesting to observe that in the field of feminine independence, as in every other phase of national development, Spain has not followed the example of other countries but has kept faithful to the traditional methods of evolution which have differentiated her growth from that of other nations. Spain in the race forward has not tried to run abreast of her competitors; she has never cared to cover the ground at the same level pace, but loved to tarry and saunter by the wayside, at times even to fall into a rut, blissfully unconscious of the winks and nudges provoked by her delay, and then suddenly to surprise her rivals by giving a

spurt or a jump and landing ahead of many more consistent runners. Such is her system, and the reason why we see her pass, unexpectedly and with apparent ease, from ox carts and diligences to motor traction, without the need of the intermediary railway lines; from the old Roman oil and wick lamp to electric bulbs, and from mediæval customs and dances into bobbed hair and jazz.

The same thing has occurred in feminism. For centuries men kept their womenfolk apart, not only from the wear and tear of public strife but even from the usual not to say conventional association with the outer world. How else could the old saying "*La mujer con la pierna quebrada y en casa*" (For woman a broken leg and the home) have ever become a password? Under what other circumstances could the idea of giving the fair sex this only possible alternative have arisen?

Yet of a sudden those women who were supposed to keep strictly within bounds according to the national usage, broke through the excessive restraint and invaded the men's territory with a vengeance; entering into open competition with the masculine forces in colleges and universities, hospitals and law courts, literary and artistic pursuits and, just lately, taking part in municipal administration. Such a rapid onslaught naturally took the men by surprise, and whether they were too polite to refuse to share their privileges with the ladies or they thought it useless to oppose the new and forceful current, the results are one and the same; for women have initiated their economic independence and are on the eve of obtaining a satisfactory answer to their other demands. It is only fair to say that the new attitude adopted by the weaker sex has often provoked indulgent amusement but never harsh criticism from the other side.

Although quite in harmony with Spanish peculiarities, the speed with which feminism has grown and spread is really extraordinary. In fact it has taken the breath away from some of the women themselves, and one feels tempted to search for a secret propelling power capable of moving the machinery of national development at a quicker rate than it was ever made to work before. The answer to this question can be found in another Spanish idiosyncrasy: that of long nourished individual effort or ambition suddenly blossoming into a collective requirement.

The disparity of character found among Spaniards who belong to different regions is perhaps responsible for this delay and in the case of women's enfranchisement an excuse for it may be found in the fact that Oriental influence is still strong in many provinces; eight centuries of Moorish domination having left enduring marks in the customs and opinions of the people. The faintest knowledge of Spanish history and literature, the most summary examination of the past, will however show that in Spain, as elsewhere, women have ever been conscious of their possibilities and proved their capacity whenever circumstances proved favorable to that end.

After all it was a woman, the Catholic Queen Isabella, who, setting aside convention and with a true democratic spirit, held courts of justice in the public squares of the towns she entered. It was a woman, Saint Theresa, most daring of reformers, who put an end to the abuses and scandals in the monasteries of her order. It was a woman, Catalina de Arauso, the "nun-lieutenant", who defied public opinion and, led by her adventurous spirit, visited America,—no mean feat for a woman to achieve in the Sixteenth Century,—disguised as a sailor lad or as a soldier, travelled, served in the ranks, shot down men as well as big game, gambled and drank until, moved by spiritual grace, she retired into a convent to end her days.

These and many others paved the way for present emancipation, but we should add that most of the women who in olden times obtained success in the world of politics, literature or social development were members of religious communities. The reason for this is obvious. Before the Nineteenth Century the monasteries of Spain, even more than those of other Catholic countries, were the centre of every national activity. The leisure and peace of religious life favored the growth and development of culture, to such an extent that one may count hundreds of nuns who have done some literary work, in olden times, for every laywoman who has achieved something in the same way.

Little by little, however, the convents lost their power and with it much of their attraction. Women were forced to solve their economical problem as best they might in the world, and this brought about a desire to assert their independence. The

love of adventure, which had led the "nun-lieutenant" to cross the ocean dressed in men's clothes,—a vagary for which she obtained a special permit from His Holiness the Pope Urbanus VIII,—led other women to strive after their liberty. The first attempts were met with derision, and all through the Nineteenth Century feminism gave no serious cause for anxiety. A few individual efforts amazed the public, but were not followed up in any considerable degree, although they inspired general respect.

Before the first half of the Nineteenth Century had expired two women had efficiently helped to maintain Liberal ideals, then at their very lowest ebb in Spain. The first of these, Doña Mariana de Pineda, who was a woman of great beauty and belonged to a distinguished family, was executed for having dared to express her sympathy toward the cause and for helping those interested by embroidering a flag which it was hoped would lead the Liberals to victory. The other, Doña Concepcion Arenal, was also for many a long year looked upon with suspicion and exiled from her native town on account of her defense of liberty and what were then considered extremely advanced ideas. Fortunately she persevered in her work and helped to develop the new ideals which had been accepted by other countries. Anxious to fulfil her mission in as wide a sense as possible, Concepcion de Arenal increased her knowledge as far as she was able. She was admitted into the University under the belief that she was a man, having donned masculine attire with this object some time before. Once in possession of her degree she specialized in social questions and very soon became absorbed in prison welfare, and her methods are still in force in various European countries.

One may say that the lives of both these women were the starting point for feminism in Spain. Up to that time the education of the fair sex had been somewhat neglected, and although it was long before more women dared to enter the universities as scholars, a good many schools for girls began to adopt a broader view and to reform their curriculum. It was not however until the Twentieth Century that the woman's movement as a collective effort came into existence.

First in Madrid, and in Barcelona later, the world's news referring to feminine emancipation gave rise to heated discussion.

The English militant suffragists were in the midst of their gigantic struggle and the Spanish papers followed the ups and downs of the fight with great interest and seriousness. In 1913, after a several days' public debate on women's rights, a little band of enlightened women formed an association for the defense of these principles and all problems connected with them, primarily of course the obtaining of suffrage. This was the first step in organized feminism made in Spain. It was soon followed up by others. In most of the large Spanish towns either suffrage associations were formed or the organizations already in existence for the protection of women's work and the forwarding of other social problems incorporated the demand for the vote in their programme. Men of high standing seconded the movement, and the European war with its upheaval of traditional customs and the enforcement of feminine labor in every possible capacity helped the new ideas. The fear of being left economically dependent in the new and difficult world, which was expected to arise out of the general commotion, pushed girls by hundreds into colleges and universities, and soon it was no longer considered a novelty for a woman to have a degree or to study a profession.

Farsighted people interested in the movement were however far from satisfied, and the inequality of the sexes still prevailed before the law. The first congress held after the war by the International Suffrage Alliance saw Spain incorporated in the world movement. Five years later, at the Paris Congress, she was able to boast of being the first Latin country where women had been granted the right to vote and to be elected to public representation with no other restrictions than those imposed by the national laws.

Woman's position today in Spain may be thus summed up: As regards educational and professional rights she is on a par with men, no field having been closed to her excepting the military, naval and diplomatic services.

In political rights she has lately been granted the same that are extended to men, except in the case of marriage which legally makes her dependent on her husband and bound to his wishes. Unmarried or divorced women—the former if of age—as well as widows, may vote and be elected to office since the advent of the

new political régime, and in fact several ladies are at present occupying public posts as mayors, municipal councillors and representatives in the National Assembly.

The situation of the married woman is made harder by contrast, for not only is she deprived of such rights of citizenship but also is prevented by law from working, opening a banking account in her own name, or absenting herself from home without her husband's consent. Women adopt their husbands' names and nationality, and mothers have no control over their children unless they become widows or, in the case of unmarried women, when the children have not been recognized legally by the father.

Divorce does not exist in Spain, but a separation may be obtained if the woman is able to prove that she has been ill treated or abandoned. In olden times, and even now in remote villages, marriage in Spain was a real bondage for women. Traditional customs, at times, obliged her to cut her hair—not in a becoming bob—and keep strictly to the house except on Sundays, when she was allowed to go to Mass. At present, however, married women generally are in a similar position to what is usual in other European countries.

The woman's movement nowadays has many enthusiastic supporters, principally among Conservative groups, as it is hoped that the granting of political rights to them will favor reactionary methods. The same idea makes progressive people afraid of feminine emancipation, although theoretically they are of course absolutely in sympathy. Women of the aristocracy are not, as a rule, interested in the cause.

The right of suffrage has been granted in Spain almost without a struggle, a fact which is not altogether fortunate, since it prevents women from realizing why they want the vote and from studying the problems they are called upon to solve. On the other hand, there are so many things still to be gained for the movement that it is as well that feminism should have some sort of arms with which to defend and strengthen its arguments. Meantime the women who lead the different groups are striving to direct the ideals of one and all towards a higher moral standing and the finest form of culture.

NEWSPAPER PARALYSIS

BY GEORGE H. SPARGO

NEWSPAPER cannibalism or Malthusianism, Mr. John Hunter Sedgwick calls it. Newspaper mass production and stabilization, superimposing of professional effort upon a sound business foundation, is Mr. Roy W. Howard's defense. Newspaper paralysis—that is my conception of chain journalism.

I, perhaps, have no right to a conception, or at least to expression of it, in the face of the expert opinions of Mr. Howard and Mr. Sedgwick. They are journalists, eminently capable and successful far beyond my fondest dreams. I, on the other hand, am a plain newspaper man, holding a fairly good editorial position at a characteristically poor salary on a representative paper of a mediocre, albeit well and favorably known, chain.

It is not for me, nor is it my intention, to dispute Mr. Howard or to champion Mr. Sedgwick's arraignment of chain journalism. To do either would be ridiculous. Rather, it is my aim humbly to beg an ear for the opinion of one man in the mill who performs but one act, however trivial or important that act may be, in the complex process of manufacturing a modern newspaper, a man who has performed that function for both individual employers and for an organization.

The independent newspaper has a soul. It is a living, breathing, thinking, though oft-times blundering, being. But it lives! Its features may be junk, "boiler plate," so much "pi" fit only for the "hellbox." Its editorials may be weak, its typography poor, its headlines out of balance, under- or overwritten. Its reporters may be cubs incapable of ever attaining any stage higher than cubhood. There is not a man on the staff, perhaps, who knows how to write a good lead paragraph, or how to write a good story even if a good lead be written for him. Its style may be antediluvian. Its columns may bristle with errors. But the independent newspaper is human. It has a heart.

The beating of that heart pounds in the temples of every man jack on the staff, from the editor-in-chief down to the rankest cub and the copy boy. It is the heart of the man behind the paper, that is, the man who actually directs its policies and its style. He is real. He is personal. As he is, so is his paper. It IS he. Personality having thus been given to the paper, to the men on the staff, at least, "It" becomes "She".

More than that. The independently owned and controlled newspaper is the pulse of its readers. They may ridicule it, wax wroth at its blunderings and its editorials, threaten to blow up the plant and laugh at its shortcomings. But they continue to buy and to read it. They love it because it is theirs and mirrors their lives and those of their neighbors. It is a home talent production. To them, too, it is personal.

Perhaps, as Mr. Howard has pointed out in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the independent newspaper does present a far too much "undiluted reflection of the ideas, the ambitions and the prejudices of a single man" in its editorial columns. But the readers know that one man, know him as an individual and as a fellow-citizen, agree with such of his ideas as fit their own and disagree with the others, or accept them for what they are worth to themselves as another man's opinions.

On the other hand, in the case of the chain paper, the readers know the ideas and opinions expressed on the editorial pages to be those, and only those, of or sanctioned by the corporation or its hireling. Oft-times they are not accepted at their full value even by the individual reader who in his heart agrees with them. He fears and distrusts that corporation as he fears and distrusts the gas company, the street railroad corporation or the telephone company. It is cold, too big a thing to be easily understood, too powerful a thing to be trusted. It is just a "thing", a monster, a system.

So it is with the corporation-owned chain newspaper—for the newspaper is the corporation. It is accepted for the service it brings in the way of news and features, and there its welcome ends. It is tolerated and its service is bought in the same spirit as that in which the gas company and its service are tolerated and bought.

The one man controlled chain newspaper meets a similar reception, because it is the voice of a "foreigner", a man from outside—and the man from outside invariably and universally is the object of a certain mistrust and suspicion.

If the independent newspaper expresses ideas which are distasteful to too many of its readers; if, as Mr. Howard puts it, it is edited by "demagogues seeking to influence public opinion and stampede mass action for their own aggrandizement"; if it is willing to prostitute itself to "certain vested interests and public exploiters", its readers soon find it out and rebel. They can hate as strongly as they can love. And when they hate, such a paper generally sells out. It is doomed to die or at best to hobble along on rickety legs, a fizzle.

When these faults are true of the chain newspaper, unfortunately such remedy of the trouble does not tend to follow. It is rare indeed that a chain newspaper is greatly affected by public hatred, any more than is the gas company. One reason for this is that generally the chain paper has a monopoly in its particular field. Another reason is the corporation itself. Consequently its readers are beaten into submission by sheer force of the impersonal, *un-human* system. It is tolerated because it has to be and, perhaps, because it can give its readers a bit more for their money.

With the business aspect of chain journalism we are not here concerned. All the economic benefits of mass production and corporation system that accrue from chain control are admitted without reserve. We are here concerned only with the human side.

It has been my experience, and that of scores of men with whom I have worked on both chain and what I choose to call "personal" papers, that the rank and file workers on the average chain newspaper are distinctly inferior to those on the average independent sheet. This has been so because of several reasons, chief among which is, of course, the money problem. Workers on the average chain paper, I have found, are almost invariably paid less than those in similar positions on "personal" papers of the same size. Seldom, if ever, is this the fault of the editor of the particular paper. He is held to a certain budget, beyond

which he may not go without personal censure. He cannot, therefore, offer salaries high enough to attract good men, or to keep them on his staff for long should he be fortunate enough to hire them. He may—no doubt he does—fully recognize the capabilities of So-and-So and want to pay him according to his real worth to the paper. But that budget is in the way. Also, his paper must help carry along the weaker sisters of the chain.

By the "good" man I do not mean the occasional exceptionally brilliant writer whose stories carry "by-lines" and whose name is known to every reader. He frequently is hired by the chain as a whole, his stuff syndicated and his salary pro-rated among the member papers of the group. I refer, rather, only to local staff members, responsible for the paper's city pages and, therefore, its appeal, or lack of appeal, to the citizens of its own particular parish.

In the case of the average independent paper, on the other hand, there are generally no such inflexible restrictions. Usually the managing editor is empowered to grant a capable man a salary more nearly commensurate with his ability and his worth. He is able to offer such a man enough money to hire him and to increase his salary sufficiently to hold him. Inferior men can thus be weeded out and replaced by more capable workers. As a consequence his staff is, on the average, far superior to the staffs of his chain contemporaries, and his local news service much better from every point of view. The average story is better written and the tone of the whole paper is improved. The language and grammar of its stories, deplorable enough in the best of newspapers, are more accurate, the reports more complete and more interesting, the headlines in better taste and balance, and the whole layout more appealing to the discriminating reader than in the case of the average chain paper. By average, incidentally, I mean the paying daily of the twenty to fifty or sixty thousand circulation class.

I am not so sure that the chain paper can claim much more in the way of service or features than can the "personal" journal of its class. The same great news-gathering agencies are at the disposal of the independent paper—the Associated Press, the United Press, the Consolidated Press, and hosts of others, em-

ploying the best writers in the profession. Syndicates by the hundred offer the independent paper every conceivable sort of feature service. Costs are rated entirely on circulation, whether for chain or independent papers. The independent sheet, therefore, pays no more for the same service than does the chain paper of the same size.

Some of the larger groups, it is true, have their own exclusive news and feature services. None of these, in my experience at least, can outdo or for that matter even equal any of the high class services available to the independent paper, either in quality, quantity or diversity of subjects covered. Many are distinctly inferior.

As far as the average worker on the staff of the chain paper is concerned, my personal experience has been—and I know this to have been the experience of many others, both on the chain paper by which I am employed and on similar papers in this and other chains—that he is dissatisfied (true, newspaper men always *are* dissatisfied), is interested in his work only as a means of livelihood, and complains bitterly of the "system" or the corporation. He turns out less work than previously he has done for independent papers, and such work as he does turn out tends to be inferior.

The worker may or may not be conscious of this situation. Probably he is and wonders why it is so. He does not intentionally lower his output or the quality of his work. In his effort to find out just why he is slipping and losing interest he blames the profession. Perhaps he quits newspaper work entirely. More often he slides into the rut of mediocrity.

The reasons for this are many but they are simple. Every newspaper man hopes some day to hold a responsible executive position. If he is employed on the average "personal" paper he knows, or has every reason to believe, that when a vacancy higher up occurs he may be considered for the position. Whether or not he is considered depends entirely upon himself and upon his own ability. If he is not appointed, he feels that his own shortcomings are responsible. He knows that editors of independent papers, familiar with their men and knowing them to be familiar with their policies, pick men for promotion from their staffs whenever it is possible to do so.

Promotions on chain papers, on the other hand, generally come through shakeups. That means that elevation to executive position takes place only in executive ranks—i.e., the head of a smaller paper is placed in charge of one a bit larger, and so on. Of course there is the chance that the individual worker may some day be promoted to be head of one of the smaller papers—but how remote that chance is when there are several hundred men to be considered! Naturally, then, the average chain paper staff member feels that his chances for advancement are slim and that his work is not appreciated. His ambition is thwarted. He feels that no matter how hard he works, or how faithfully, he will rise little above his own particular job. It is an unhealthy state of mind for any man in any profession. The paper, directed by the agents of the cold, impersonal corporation, has not the heart or the soul of the independent sheet. It is just a neuter thing, inanimate, un-human. It is the corporation. The worker's interest in it lags.

That means purely mechanical work—mediocrity. Interest in the profession itself is destroyed and the position becomes mere drudgery. Perhaps the disillusioned worker has a wife and children. That means he is not free to go elsewhere. He is forced to remain in a position he not only dislikes but gradually grows to hate. His nose is held to the grindstone by what to him is sheer adversity of the most hapless kind. He cannot put his best efforts into his work and cares little whether he does or not. His work not only does not improve or maintain its previous standard, but actually becomes inferior. He stagnates, mentally and spiritually. The paper suffers accordingly, for he, in the last analysis, is the one who makes it. He is paralyzed—by chain journalism. So is the newspaper.

CHANGING FASHIONS IN ROMANCE

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

If you go to the old church at Dorchester, not Thomas Hardy's Dorchester but the one near Oxford, you will find an Eighteenth Century inscription to a lady who died a martyr to excessive sensibility. Ladies do not die of sensibility any longer in Dorchester or anywhere else. They may have nervous breakdowns because they have nothing to do or because they are bored by their husbands, but the bureau of statistics contains no single record of death due to sensibility. The very word has an old-fashioned flavor suggestive of the vapors and tight lacing. There is no question that sensibility like fainting has gone out.

Explain it any way you like. We have a keener sense of humor than our ancestors or we are more hard-boiled, more brazen they would have called it, but at any rate we can't be frightened and we can't be shocked. Go to the theatre and watch the pathetic attempts of the playwrights to terrify us. With all the ingenious modern stagecraft at his disposal, including the unlimited possibilities of electricity, the Broadway producer has lost the art of making our hair stand on end. Try as he may, he cannot make us blench. Every season sees a plentiful crop of mystery plays, but when the lights go out, and the detective dives through the grandfather clock, and nothing can be heard but the death rattle of the inoffensive butler, the audience does not cower. Much more likely it guffaws with laughter. Twenty years ago Richard Mansfield was playing *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* and when the green light was turned on him and he clawed his way across the stage, everyone in the audience, old and young, shuddered with fright, and they were not ashamed of it. If Mansfield could be resuscitated, what would the new generation of playgoers think of his Mr. Hyde? Probably they would be interested in the lighting effects, but except for that they would not, to use their own phrase, bat an eye.

The flapper and the boy in the coonskin coat are not alone in their inaccessibility to emotion. Romance is everywhere at a discount. The love of the strange, the quest of the unattainable, the passion for the past and the yearning for the future, what do these familiar phrases mean to us today? The old power of incantation, which they once unquestionably possessed, is exhausted. Perhaps the War killed romance. Thousands of men hailed it as a God-given means of escape from a life of deadening monotony, and instead it turned out to be more sordid and more monotonous than anything they had known at home. No wonder that when the Great Adventure was over, the men who came back were disgusted with the Happy Warrior conception of a soldier's psychology. How dared Wordsworth write such a poem, and how dared the world accept it as anything but the crazy fantasy of a man who stayed at home? Naturally, they were determined to strip off the veil of romance from war and from every other form of human activity as well.

It is easy to blame the years 1914–1918 for everything, but as a matter of fact war does not necessarily embitter a whole generation. The young men who grew up in the shadow of the Napoleonic legend may have assumed a disdain for the copy-book virtues, but whatever their faults the young Hugos, Mussets and Theophile Gautiers were certainly not emotionally bankrupt. Brutal scepticism was not the password of youth in 1830, even though Liberty, Fraternity and Equality were in a worse plight then than Democracy is today. After twenty years of fighting, the ideals of the French Revolution were apparently snuffed out on the field of Waterloo, and yet as far as we know there was no wholesale condemnation of the fervor by which these ideals had been inspired. Men went on loving and dreaming and hoping just as they had before. The trouble with our literature, as compared with that of the French Romantics, is that the old men do not see visions and the young men do not dream dreams.

In America it has always been the engineers and the business men who have been the dreamers, rather than the poets and the men of letters. The country is positively reeking with sentiment, but the sentiment does not find its way into literature. The public speaker, if he knows his trade, can always get an emotional

response, but the author, however deft he may be with his pen, labors under a perpetual disadvantage. The printed word has become so common that it simply does not register. At college many an undergraduate munches his way through the whole menu of English literature, from Chaucer to Masefield, without his pulse ever quickening, but the fraternity initiation, which is after all a pretty obvious piece of pseudo-romantic machinery, stirs the deepest part of his nature. In the same way the most hardened Babbitt sublimates his unconscious yearnings for romance by becoming an Elk or a Shriner. Give him a book and he will be utterly helpless, for he has no capacity for living vicariously. Nevertheless, in one form or another his nature craves mystery and exclusiveness, and the craving will not be denied. "Something there is within me," says Robert Frost, "which does not like a wall; " and superficially that does seem to be one of the obvious differences between Americans and Europeans. Foreigners are constantly bewildered by our gregariousness and by that amazing spirit of hospitality which precludes privacy. The absence of hedgerows and garden walls is one of the distinguishing features of the New England landscape, which in other ways so often recalls the Old Country. Yet it is doubtful whether this apparent indifference to privacy is really an inherently American characteristic. As soon as he acquires the means the American is just as anxious to buy privacy as the European, but privacy happens to be a very expensive luxury in America, whereas in Europe it is still within reach of the modest purse.

It is this instinct for privacy and romance which in the long run will silence the clamor for companionate marriage. This ultra-rational solution of matrimony runs counter to sentiment, which is always the determining factor in our social as well as our political problems. No one, least of all people who are in love with each other, wishes to have something that is intimate and romantic transformed into a public problem in sociology. Lovers expect to be taken seriously, and it is no good trying to treat them like high-spirited children who have promised to be good. Marriage for most people is the supremely important moment of their lives, and when Judge Lindsey tells the bride and groom that the step they are taking is not necessarily final, he

belittles them in their own eyes as well as in the eyes of their friends.

It may be that the remedy for divorce is not companionate marriage but a greater respect for privacy. Many a couple who have got hopelessly on each other's nerves in a two-room apartment might still be living happily ever afterwards, if only the kitchenette had been a little bigger. It is all very well for the poet or the philosopher to retire into some close corner of his brain, but the average mortal, man or woman, requires something more than an austerely intellectual sanctuary. The modern small apartment in which every cubic foot of space is carefully husbanded puts too high a premium upon neatness. Once the man starts leaving his pipe in the bathroom the game is up. They must separate; eventually his sloppiness and her nagging will make life at such close quarters intolerable. Of course it does not necessarily follow that the bigger the house the less chance there is of divorce. Marble halls are no more immune from marital disaster than squalid tenements. Romance requires intimacy fully as much as privacy, and intimacy is apt to fade away when the various members of a family are so rich that they can afford to ignore each other.

Absorption in oneself is another of the commonest symptoms of romance. The great romantic poets like Byron and Shelley have always been sublimely egotistic; they could never conceive of any hero but themselves. As a nation we are going through a similar process of introspection. For the first hundred years of our independent existence every man of cultivation and refinement gazed longingly towards Europe, but now we are profiting by Sir Philip Sidney's advice: "'Fool', said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'"

Preoccupation with self does not entirely explain the elusive spirit romance, but the element of self-confidence amounting sometimes to jingoism is an undeniable factor. Romance is a Protean thing that refuses to be caught and systematically dissected. It changes its form in every age and in every country. In Europe it has always fled from the touch of trade and business; here in America it thrives more vigorously in Wall Street than anywhere else. It used to be that the man who began life as a

newsboy with a capital of ten cents, and died a multi-millionaire, was held up to aspiring youth as a model of democracy. People would refer to his career as extraordinarily romantic, but times have changed and the mere amassing of a great fortune is not enough. The romance of initiative culminating in fantastic wealth has given way to the romance of philanthropy. We are no longer interested in the mere fact of a great fortune, we want to know what people do with the money when they have got it. So powerful is philanthropy that it has ousted initiative from its pedestal, and even given birth to a new profession. The modern philanthropist is known by his *Fidus Achates*, a practical business man, who tells him how to give his money away. This scientific humanitarianism may seem oppressively practical, but surely it is more romantic, more fascinating to the imagination, than the old spirit of haphazard largesse that it has displaced.

These two elements in romance, the deification of one's self and the conscious feeling of obligation toward mankind in general, are constantly at war with each other. Hence the hopeless struggle to enforce Prohibition. Looked at from one point of view, the idea of Prohibition is positively inspiring. No individual, no nation, has ever dreamed of such a sweeping self-denying ordinance as the Volstead Act. It is the most gallantly Utopian legislation ever enacted. Don Quixote tilting at windmills becomes a hard-headed realist compared to the Anti-Saloon League battling with the giant Moderation. That is what endears Mr. Volstead to the romantic. To curb drunkenness is the common sense duty of any legislature, but to cast the flat footed virtue of common sense to the winds, to revolutionize human nature by one stroke of the pen, to ram a doctrine of pure asceticism down the gullet of the most self-indulgent people in the world, that is truly magnificent. *C'est magnifique*, indeed, *mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* That is not the way human nature is reformed. For a moment we were spellbound, and then we went back to our evil ways. In vain did Bryan shout to us that the choice was between the sanctity of the home, and light wines and beer. After only momentary hesitation we regretfully summoned the bootlegger and decided to take a chance on the sanctity of the home.

There is only one road to the enforcement of Prohibition, and our legislators are too timid to take it. Having made our rash vow we must burn our bridges behind us. We must accept the fact that the world cannot endure half wet and half dry, any more than this country could endure half slave and half free. We must build a chain of forts along the Canadian frontier, we must establish an international system of espionage, and we must ruthlessly exercise the right of search at sea. Of course that means war, but what a sublime war it will be! No question of annexing colonies, or developing spheres of influence, or buying oil concessions; nothing at stake but the sacred issue of compulsory abstinence.

That is the way to treat Prohibition, as a glorious excursion into Utopia. As long as the two parties content themselves with declaiming upon the sacred duty of enforcing the law, we shall continue to flout it with an easy conscience. Let them call for a preliminary appropriation of five hundred million dollars and embark upon the great adventure of drying up the world. Prohibition as a humanitarian crusade has infinite possibilities, but as an ostensibly sober piece of legislation it lends itself too easily to ridicule.

If, as we maintain, the effort to legislate moderation out of existence is nothing but a gorgeous piece of romantic folly, it naturally would collapse at the first pin-prick of satire. Children, dogs, and prohibition, cannot stand being laughed at. Of course they can't; they appeal to our emotions and most of us take our emotions seriously. Humor is cleansing, but it is also destructive, and never more destructive than when it comes face to face with romance. The laborious sincerity of the post-war novelist has not been nearly as effective in exploding the theory of military glory as Falstaff was in that one pitiless speech on honor. He punctured romance with a single thrust of his wit, while the novelist to achieve the same effect expounds his disillusionment through one tedious chapter after another. Of course there is another type of humor that goes hand in hand with sentiment. Dickens is an obvious example, but even Dickens usually lets us know when to laugh and when to cry. Certainly the great masters of the comic spirit, Molière, Swift and Mark Twain, are all on the

side of reality, fighting against sentiment and romance. They emphasize the world as it is, not as it might be. Molière's bourgeois gentleman is made ridiculous because of his cultural aspirations; the Connecticut Yankee is glorified because of his shrewd common sense. Each in his own way illustrates the close relationship between a sense of humor and a sense of proportion, which in itself explains why fanatics and reformers are inevitably non-humorous persons.

The humorist is never the man to lead a forlorn hope unless he can adopt for the moment the blinkers of the fanatic. His capacity for action is always being paralyzed by his awkward perception of the other side. Meredith may have overstated the case when he insisted that the Comic Muse could not thrive outside of a drawing room, but it is certainly true that the humorist is not wanted in the forest primæval. The poet and the novelist invariably preceded him. Only when the wilderness has been cleared and the settler's immediate wants have been satisfied can the humorist begin to exercise his civilizing influence. We can test the fact by our own history. In spite of a cherished conviction that humor is a peculiarly national trait, there was no American humor worthy of the name until the middle of the last century. Artemus Ward had his predecessors, no doubt, but nobody remembers who they were or what they wrote. A nation must be conscious of its achievements and its ideals before the humorist can expose its follies.

If America is a more interesting country today than it ever has been before, it is because we are developing a capacity for self-criticism without losing any of the *élan* which has made us a World Power. Hitherto romance has always been uppermost; now romance is dividing the field with humor. No other nation is at once so sentimental and so hard-boiled. How bewildered the poor Mexicans must be by those two excellent diplomats, Lindbergh and Will Rogers. Just as they grasp the significance of our home-spun Galahad, they are confronted by the shattering satire of our cow-boy Mephistopheles. Wherever we go these two extremes are always in evidence. We have an ideal about American womanhood which would do credit to the heroine of any Victorian novelist. The pundits of the advertising business, who are sup-

posed to know more about national psychology than any group of college professors, have not yet dared to display an American girl smoking a cigarette. They content themselves with a conventional vision of loveliness, and only in a discreet corner of the poster are we reminded that it is just possible that the vision is earthly enough to crave tobacco. Romance refuses to surrender the charming fiction of maidenly reserve, but the maiden herself has no such compunctions. She insists upon seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, which necessarily involves climbing down off the pedestal and mixing with the crowd in the market place. As a matter of fact the American girl gets precisely the degree of reverence that she wants. You can not eat your cake and have it at the same time. If you insist upon drinking life to the lees, upon knowing everybody and everything, you must give up the idea of being a *princesse lointaine*. Force of habit compels us to idealize the whole sex, but the individual has long since grown weary of this exaggerated respect. The passion for naturalness, which is always at war with romance, has effectively dispelled the haze of mystery that still envelops the women of Latin countries.

The question is, what have we lost and what have we gained in the course of this struggle between realism and romance? Obviously we have lost the capacity for vicarious excitement. It is no good telling the modern man or woman that intellectual adventures are the most exciting. Even if they would, they can not accept such a point of view. Unluckily for them, they will never know what it was to gallop down the Calais road with D'Artagnan, or even to settle back in a hansom cab with Sherlock Holmes. They are so acutely sensitive to the ridiculous, so morbidly aware of bunk, that if we would stir their feelings we must learn to walk as delicately as Agag. But when romance has passed through the fiery ordeal of humor, as it occasionally does, what a tremendously genuine thing it becomes! It is this dangerous process which makes the Twentieth Century so intensely interesting. All of the old standards, of morality and conduct and patriotism, are being examined anew, and unless they can stand the double test of idealism and common sense we refuse to submit to their dominion.

DYING AT THE TOP?

BY WILLIAM W. GREGG

I

A RECENT religious survey of the City of St. Louis reveals that for every four living churches there is one dead church. A more recent survey of Springfield, Mass., gives Protestantism there only "a fighting chance". In another large city less than twenty-four per cent. of all the churches of a single denomination are supported from living sources. The Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy embitters religious conventions and has spread to the foreign mission field. Many teachers and ministers are under suspicion as not being doctrinally "sound". Rumors of heresy trials and church "splits" are in the air. The Presbyterians have appointed a notable committee "to study the causes of unrest within the denomination", while the eminent Episcopalians who are sponsoring the "Bishops' Crusade" describe their church "as idle as a painted picture". Dr. Stelzle, after conducting an extensive religious questionnaire, concludes that "the Church as a whole has lost its grip upon a very large percentage of its members", and Dr. Carroll in his report to the Inter-Church Conference describes as "alarming" the waning membership in Protestant communions. The Men's Church League announces that "over thirty-two per cent. of the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist churches of the United States failed to add a single convert in 1927". Dr. Fosdick says: "Religion in the United States is in a badly muddled state."

In brief, if the watchman on the walls of modern Zion be not stone blind and deaf, he must now hesitate long before crying "All's well!"

The situation presents contradictory features. Along with increasing totals in denominational membership and property are numerous instances not only of "unrest", but also of religious stagnation and declining influence where once were strong and

united churches. Nor are the decadent churches confined to the rural districts which have lost population. For, notwithstanding famous preachers and costly edifices and elaborate equipment for both religious and community service work, all supported by huge annual budgets largely raised, however, from a few wealthy members or old endowments, there seems little doubt that Protestant metropolitan churches, with some notable exceptions, now occupy a relatively less influential position than formerly. Certainly their total active membership is under-representative of the normally Protestant populations, both as compared with the same parishes in the past and with parishes in cities and communities where church going is still popular.

This decline is, of course, due in part to the fact that most of the great urban populations are now predominantly foreign and non-Protestant. Some of our largest cities show populations from eighty to ninety per cent. either foreign born or with one or both parents foreign born. But the influx of alien stocks does not explain all the decline.

II

It is a well-recognized human phenomenon that "the best stock is relatively sterile". As Professor McDougall says, there is a tendency "for the population to be renewed in each generation from the mentally inferior elements". Another scientist declares: "The Harvard graduate has on the average seven-tenths of a son, the Vassar graduate one-half a daughter". If college graduates constitute in general our best social group, it must follow, as eugenists claim, that the best part of the population fails to reproduce itself. In other words, our much vaunted civilization is dying at the top.

Taking, now, the various religious bodies and grouping them according to the cultural and intellectual standards of their members, it will be found that the growth of each organization parallels the average reproduction quotas of its membership. For just as the college bred group does not reproduce itself and is kept from dying out in time solely by additions from without, similarly the church or denomination that is of the intellectual type, and so appeals most strongly to this group, will usually be found either

waning in influence or not progressing with the same proportionate rate of growth as is shown by the church or denomination of the more emotional type, which makes its most successful appeal to others than the college bred.

By college bred is meant the typical graduate; that is, in view of the total group make-up, a graduate of one of the larger colleges or universities, and not of the small denominational institution, founded, perhaps, for theological propagandism or because of the dissatisfaction of some religious sect with the influence or teaching of the older colleges. Graduates of large or non-sectarian institutions have always been hard to keep within orthodox fences. The distinction taken between holders of the same degree from different colleges is important. Although, for instance, some college graduates actively supported the Tennessee anti-evolution law and the Scopes prosecution, it is doubtful if any of them hold A.B.'s or higher degrees from any large, first rank institution.

In all religious organizations there is an element, more or less divergent from the group standard, that may be termed relatively liberal or advanced. Similarly the organization itself may be so termed, or the reverse, according to the strength of this element. Unfortunately, exact data on the annual growth of individual liberal and conservative churches are unobtainable. Churches are not so classified for statistical purposes, nor can they be. All published data are for the different denominations as such, but churches of the same denomination may show wide divergences both of faith and practice. Church organizations of the same sect in different localities, or under different leaders, or at different periods, may appeal to widely different types of individuals. Then, too, there is often far less divergence of aims and beliefs between churches and clergy of different denominations than between those of the same denomination. Dr. Fosdick is acclaimed a great religious leader by the Modernists of both the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. To the Fundamentalists of these same denominations he is anathema. "Billy" Sunday brands him an "infidel".

Such data, however, as are available confirm the common belief that most of the so-called liberal, or advanced, or Modernist

churches, whose appeal is chiefly intellectual and to the highly educated, are losing ground or barely holding their own as compared with churches where the appeal is more to the emotions. As there is obviously no falling off, but rather an increase in the numbers of the intellectuals, if the liberal church is losing ground the reason must be that it is being gradually deserted by the very class which formerly supported it and which, one might suppose, would naturally support it now.

III

As every social or political movement has its "lunatic fringe", so every church has its agnostic fringe; that is, nominal adherents and often contributors, loosely classified as indifferent, who are not fully "sold" intellectually on their organization, and whose allegiance for this reason falls short of whole-hearted devotion to its belief and doctrine. The strength of this fringe varies widely. Possibly some primitive or well disciplined religious groups may claim a one hundred per cent. loyalty from every member, but most churches carry on their rolls many who are members in name only.

This fringe is especially in evidence in the liberal churches. Independence of thought is hard to bound. When once the orthodoxy of the past has been abandoned, there is no limit to the range of private judgment that may make one disaffected even with an organization that takes pride in its liberality. In the orthodox churches lines are drawn hard and fast. One is in the fold or out of it, a sheep or a goat, is saved or lost, as determined by well defined tests of creed or practice. There is no middle ground. But the "new theology" has a twilight zone for all problems of right and wrong, of belief and unbelief, of salvation and perdition. Eschatology gives way to sociology; soul-saving to social service. No longer a strenuous earthly soul-pilgrimage to a definite other-world objective, life here becomes for advanced Modernists merely "the great adventure". Regarding the life hereafter, their attitude may fairly be summarized as "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

In the liberal church the historic creeds, liturgies and hymns,

although meticulously retained and in constant use, become symbolic and nebulous. They do not mean what they say, or at least what they once said to believers. Liberal churchmen defend the practice of mental reservations. They refuse to be bound by the plain wordings of the ancient confessions and demand the right, under the plea of private judgment as to nonessentials, to reject all parts which do not meet with their approval. The old question, "What is the Constitution between friends?" finds its up-to-date ecclesiastical counterpart in "What is a creed between Modernists?"

Certain primitive types of Christianity, as of Judaism, appeal to only the poor and ignorant. Many other types offer at best small attraction to the educated and well-to-do. Take, for example, any religious sect that flourishes in primitive or backward communities, and let one of its members become wealthy. He, and possibly his family, will continue in attendance as before if old associations are strong. But what of the next generation? With a different financial and cultural background, his children as they reach maturity will lose interest in the old church, and if they are connected with any church it will usually be with one of a broader type. As has been observed: "When a Protestant gets into the surtax class, he is apt to acquire an interest in Apostolic Succession."

The economic and social progress of many a family is reflected in its changes of church or synagogue affiliation, sometimes in a single generation but especially over two or three generations.

IV

Although Evangelical churches of the stricter type seek converts primarily among the unchurched masses by means of missions, revivals and evangelistic campaigns, few such appeals are made by the Modernist church. Its accessions come largely from those who already have church connections. Here lie both its strength and its weakness. If a church cannot keep up its membership from its own constituency and from non-churchgoers, but must draw on other churches for new members, it is to that extent a parasite. And this irrespective of whether it offers

a higher or lower form of religion than that of the churches from which it draws. Hence their complaint that the liberal church would better justify its existence by gaining its new members from the unchurched upper or college bred classes than by drawing on orthodox congregations.

This complaint goes to the root of the whole matter. Does, or can, organized Christianity, Catholic or Protestant, in any form appeal to our intelligentsia, even to the extent that orthodox religion now appeals to the masses? The man on the street, however remiss himself in religious practices, will usually admit belief in some form of religion. But what about students, scientists and thinkers in general, especially the more distinguished? Do they have any religion at all, properly so-called? The statistics published by Professor Leuba are significant, as is also the fact that most of our colleges no longer offer courses in religion that are at all comparable in intellectual appeal to the old "Evidences of Christianity". Modern curricula no longer include the Christian metaphysics of McCosh, Hopkins, Garman and many another great teacher of former generations. The noteworthy report of the Education Committee of the Harvard Student Council recognizes that "organized religion has ceased to command the allegiance of a large number of students", and urges a course in the "Philosophy of Christianity".

It seems reasonable to expect that as society at large, or a particular group, advances in wealth and especially in education, it will gravitate away from a crude, or orthodox, or Fundamentalist type of Christianity, to a more intellectual or liberal type. Ph.D.'s are presumably rare among the Amish Mennonites or Two-Seed-In-The-Spirit Baptists. Must it also be expected that ultimately the most cultured and best educated will in turn drift away from liberalism, or Modernism, into a non-Christian religion, or else will abandon religion entirely for some cult of philosophy or ethics?

Frankly, to use the vernacular of the day: Unless organized or institutional Christianity is to be confined to the lowbrow and mezzobrow, some type of church must make good with the highbrow, and that soon. Apparently orthodoxy has failed. Can the Modernist church succeed?

THE SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Founder

In the summer of 1903, Francis W. Kelsey, General Secretary (and later the vivid President) of the Archæological Institute of America, asked me to found a Society of the Institute in Los Angeles. They had been unable to make one endure west of Wisconsin. I had been an unprofitable student of Art in Harvard under Charles Eliot Norton, the father and founder of the Institute. I had been a disciple, companion and younger brother of Bandelier, who gave the Institute the most important volumes it ever published—the very fundament of all scientific study of our Southwest and Mexico—and received sixty dollars a month for only a few years before he was cut off.

So I said to this magnificent Crusader in Science: "You folks back East had grandfathers. We hadn't. We have to build our own towns, sewers, car lines, libraries, museums, jails, schools. You could probably dig up fifty people here who would pay ten dollars a year each to help your classical studies in Greece and Rome, but I am too busy. You have been going twenty-four years and have a dozen societies. You haven't a museum nor even a museum case. You have 'added to human knowledge'—but nobody knows it! We need here a Museum of the Story of Man; and if Los Angeles could serve Science and the World in this way, under your hallmark, with intelligent benefit and credit to its own people—we would astonish you. I certainly will not attempt a museum on any Chamber of Commerce plan—nor yet on the lines of a Latin Professor."

"Precisely what we want," said Mr. Kelsey. "We want to Americanize the old Archæological Institute of America."

The Southwest Society A. I. A. was founded on that agreement, November 30, 1903, and chartered in May, 1904; at one year old was third in membership in the Institute; at two years, first;

at three years, by more than fifty per cent. larger than any other of the twenty societies, and with nearly one-fifth of the total membership of the Institute; at four years it had 360 annual members as against 194 for the twenty-nine year old parent Boston Society, 181 for the twenty-four year old New York Society; 139 for Washington, 132 for St. Louis, and so on; or 360 annuals out of a total of 1,936 in twenty-one societies, or nearly four times the average membership of societies averaging nearly six times its age.

The secret of this unparalleled growth, which astounded the Institute, was perfectly simple. It was merely humanizing the Science of Man, and making it a part not only of education but of civic pride and homely usefulness.

The object of the Southwest Society (not Los Angeles Society or Southern California Society, after the tags of the Eastern Branches of the Institute) was to use this scientific leverage to procure a Museum of the Southwest located in this largest city and metropolis of the Southwest.

The Society instantly raised special funds and purchased collections of Southern California Archæology of almost incomparable importance. (Eight years before, I had induced the local Chamber of Commerce to purchase the incomparable "Palmer Collection" and hold it against the day of a Southwest Museum.) We also raised funds and rented quarters at $70 a month, and bought show cases, and put these collections on free view—the first scientific Archæological exhibit in California.

For nearly twenty years I had been collecting "by ear" the Spanish and Indian folk songs of the Southwest; now, we procured an Edison Home Phonograph and went at harvesting of this most precious and most perishable crop of folk lore. Already, many of these songs rested on only the faltering memory of a few old people. Already, when I foregathered with the very people who had taught me songs in 1884, it was I who had to prompt them as to the words! But on these wax cylinders, we have recorded some 550 Spanish folk songs of the widest range; and 450 Indian songs in thirty-seven different Indian languages.

These things made the community feel that it was getting something for its Archæological memberships.

Furthermore, while every other society in the Institute turned in to the mother treasury ninety per cent. of each $10 fee, saving ten per cent. to pay hall rent and for invitation cards to lectures by eminent scientists sent out by the Institute without pay except their expenses, the Southwest Society very promptly secured the return of an $1,800 grant for folk songs and exploration, and Arthur Farwell, one of the best fitted men in the country for this work, camped with me for three months, transcribing the Spanish songs, with frequent help from the native singers.

The public equally felt it was getting its money's worth when the Southwest Society promptly began exploration and excavations in Arizona and New Mexico. Here as it had broken the red tape of the Institute, it had to cut the red tape of the Washington bureaus. President Roosevelt gave the matter his very personal attention; and in conferences and Cabinet meetings where I had the fine companionship of Edgar L. Hewett, a power in the Institute as well as in Southwestern scholarship, Mr. Roosevelt swept aside the stupid restrictions of bureau clerks, and ordered that the regulations for scientific excavation on public lands of every sort should be according to the formula that we had very carefully drawn up.

Our excavations were extraordinarily successful; with a trifling amount of money we secured more art objects and other tangible evidence of the ancient civilizations of the Southwest than many expeditions that spend tens of thousands. All this material went to our exhibits. We had lectures on Archæology, on the folk songs, and on other germane topics. The schools were brought to be interested. It was a living thing, even in a city full of real estate activities and boom and expansion.

The Southwest Society also began publication at once; and issued in September, 1904, at less than a year old, its first *Bulletin*, with twenty-five half-tones showing the "Caballeria Collection" it had purchased, of the thirty-four paintings that had hung in the Franciscan Missions of Southern California up to the secularization of the Missions by Mexico in 1834. Most of these were interesting only because they had been the only art known in Southern California in its beginnings; but some are of genuine art value; and there is a Palomino de Castro y Velasco, *The*

Madonna of the Ring, worth many times what the whole collection cost.

The second *Bulletin* was issued only five months later (January, 1905), and referred to the beginnings of the Southwest Museum. It also defined the characteristic policy of this organization—"To catch our Archæology alive."

In the Southwest, more vitally than almost anywhere else on earth, we can study the ruins of ancient civilizations side by side with precisely the same culture-stage still alive; can excavate the Cliff Dweller ruins with crews of the direct descendants of the Cliff Dwellers; and with more than three hundred years of critical documentary record in the Spanish Archives for comparison. We conducted expeditions in Arizona and New Mexico independently; later, in conjunction with the School of American Research (of which I was a founder), in several localities in Mexico and in Guatemala.

To this work for Science it was easy to enlist officers and an executive committee of prominent men like the editor of the leading newspaper, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, two of the most eminent lawyers, a university president, a bank president, the Superintendent of City Schools, the leading merchants, the Catholic and Anglican Bishops, and others of this stamp.

People who could build a Parthenon could not build it down in the flat! We wanted an Acropolis. Every hill site in Los Angeles was carefully examined. Henry E. Huntington offered us the free gift of a $200,000 hill back of East Lake Park, but conceded that we were wise to decline his generous gift and pay $30,000 for a twenty-acre hill on the main artery between Los Angeles and Pasadena in the Arroyo Seco. We had rather liberally promised "the noblest site occupied by any public building of the United States". I am not at all sure that this promise was not kept. The Museum is visible to travelers for miles in each direction; commands a sweep of more than sixty miles of the Sierra Madre, nearly 10,000 feet above it, and within ten miles; and across the city to the sea, twenty-five miles away—and even to Catalina Island, twenty-five miles further yet.

The Southwest Museum was incorporated on December 31, 1907. As its first President I secured General Adna R. Chaffee,

late Chief of Staff, U. S. A.; his outstanding record as head of the American Army in the Boxer Rebellion was still fresh in the public mind. With Sumner P. Hunt, architect, I worked out the elevations of the building—a structure some 300 feet long, in the noblest simplicity of the ancient Spanish, with a tower 125 feet high at the north end. His scale drawings followed strictly the rough drawn plans which I made while totally blind in 1911. The "Lummis Caracol Tower" (so dedicated by the Trustees, "in honor of his work as founder of the Southwest Museum") is unique. We could not afford a great tower just for looks. In all other caracol or helix staircases, the stair fills the tower—as in Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece in St. Paul's, London, with 85 steps. The Lummis Caracol is a helix in a central shaft, 9 feet square, with rooms around it 40 feet square, and as much exhibit space, wall and floor, as in all the rest of the great building. The lift is 160 steps, or almost double that of St. Paul's.

Ground was broken for the Museum on November 16, 1912, Gen. Chaffee and Elizabeth Benton Frémont turning the first shovels, and she raising—for the first time in sixty years—the historic flag her father the Pathfinder raised on the crest of the Rocky Mountains, August 15, 1842, the first American flag in the Far West. The corner stone was laid on December 6, 1913, with a brilliant concourse of notables, and the building was opened to the public a few months later.

The difficulty of access to this hill, by path and auto road, was later remedied by a tunnel and elevator coming up to the main entrance.

The fundamental installation was by Hector Alliot, curator, in wall and table cases devised by him and me.

Gen. Chaffee gallantly held over for nearly a year after the expiration of his term, to enable us to find some surgery by which the young institution might lose so notable a head without bleeding to death. I finally secured the consent of Dr. Norman Bridge, eminent physician and philanthropist, who had become prominent and wealthy through operations in Mexican petroleum; and this solved our problem. Up to his death, Dr. Bridge was a generous helper of the Museum; and in his will he left a bequest amounting to about $800,000; unfortunately consider-

ably minimized, later, by the selfishness of kin and by depreciation of stocks, but still a rich endowment. Like every other such enterprize, the Museum was hard hit by the World War; and when we entered it, all such activities were paralyzed.

But the Museum has gone on steadily, growing sanely, if not fast. Last year it secured for Director Dr. James A. B. Scherer, the eminent educator and executive who had built Throop College into the beginnings of the California Institute of Technology, now, under Dr. Robert A. Millikan, one of the foremost "Techs" in the world. Modest exploration and excavation is being done in Arizona and New Mexico. Recently, the Museum has acquired the *Casa Adobe*, on a sightly location at its foot—a beautiful reproduction of one of the Spanish homes of Old California, where the life of that patriarchal era is embalmed for the instruction and delight of modern days.

To put a new proverb into an alien tongue is impertinent only if it fails. I think my motto for the Southwest Museum was not impertinent:

"*Mañana Flor de sus Ayeres.*"

"Tomorrow shall be the Flower of all its Yesterdays."

MERRICK AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

BY ROSE HEYLBUT WOLLSTEIN

A RECENT review of the new novel of one of America's best known authors set out to reveal the book's utter gracelessness, its lack of inventiveness, of adequate characterization, its second-rate conventionalities, its faulty structure, its steadfastness in withholding the least show of genius or art; and concluded by saying: "Nevertheless, it has many of the elements that make for popularity." There could be no more eloquent commentary upon the position of Leonard Merrick.

For twenty-five years, Merrick has continued in the anomalous position of finding himself lauded for every eminent quality that builds the writer's craft into an art, without attaining popularity. He possesses artistry, charm, gaiety, humor, power, narrative inventiveness and fluency, and the majority of the reading public is by no means certain to which century he belongs. Yet Merrick has had the most singular "advertising" in the history of letters. The definitive edition of his works was published wholly through the efforts of his literary colleagues.

Says Sir James Barrie, in his priceless preface to *Conrad In Quest of His Youth:*

> There have been many "author's editions", but never, so far as I know, one quite like this, in which the "author" is not the writer himself, but his contemporaries, who have "engineered" the edition themselves, and fallen over each other, so to speak, in this desire to join in the honor of writing the prefaces. Such is the unique esteem in which Mr. Merrick is held by his fellow-workers.

In the nine years since the first volume of this "author's edition" came fresh from the press, Merrick's reputation has steadily grown; through the influence of popular magazines and chairs of literature alike, more people have come to know and to admire the captivating individuality of his art. And still his position is not what its merits deserve to make it.

Sir James Barrie bears the guilt of branding Merrick the "novelists' novelist", and heavily indeed must the responsibility weigh upon his shoulders. For of all his complimentary epithets that one has grown into a synonym for the name of Merrick; and that one above all others is best qualified to lose for its holder the favor of the average public, which shuns nothing as resolutely as the advance caption of "high-brow" art. But worse by far than simply exposing Mr. Merrick to such loss, the pleasant term exposes him unjustly. "Novelists' novelist" connotes a chilly, remote, almost technical aloofness that has no application to the genial warmth, the gallant, pulsing quickness of Leonard Merrick's writing.

And so his books continue to be passed by, as thoughtlessly as the prose of Monsieur Jourdain; which is a tremendous pity, less for Merrick than for those who do the passing. For the generation of readers that has found itself since *Conrad* was hailed as "nothing *pour les jeunes filles*", that esteems Willa Cather and Eugene O'Neill, will find a wealth of vivid and personal enjoyment in the dozen-and-a-half novels of Leonard Merrick.

Merrick's lack of popular favor is the result of two causes, neither of which is in any way due to shortcomings of his work. One cause depends upon the nature of popularity, and the other, upon the nature of Leonard Merrick. "Popularity", in its first sense, means that which represents the people. The "popular" author writes of and for the majority of Average Persons, and he marshals his materials and places his angles of envisagement within the standards of general, popular appeal. When you have the rare combination of a popular author who is also a great artist, you have a Dickens or a Hugo. When you have a popular author who is no great artist, you have the father of that type of best-seller that makes its appeal through its content rather than its nobility or beauty. And when you have a great, sensitive artist who is no popular author, you have Leonard Merrick.

Merrick's every thought, his every emotion, his every spiritual quickening, is unpopular in that it does not represent that monarch of averages known as the Man in the Street. Merrick's appeal is to the mind grooved to extreme, almost exaggerated, sensitiveness; to the wistful mind that ranks delicacy before force,

and effort ahead of achievement; to the mind, not untinged by a shade of *Schwermut*, that is permanently torn between its blazing passion for beauty, and its even more blazing hatred of the unpicturesque disenchantments of average life.

Spiritually equipped as he is to mirror the Man in the Moon rather than the Man in the Street, Merrick has made himself a fictionist who shrinks from nothing quite as vehemently as he does from the writing of fiction. He persists in writing life, and nothing short of life will satisfy him. None of your juicy morsels of sex stimulation that love to mask as "the facts of life", but the actual, dry, bitter facts as they are met, less in the boudoir than in the business of living: at the hands of hard, shrewd business men, in the offices of tricky professional men, in the stuffy parlors of the codfish *gens*.

Merrick is an inveterate truth teller, and the best of his powers both of truth and of telling are dedicated to a vivisection of the Man in the Street. Merrick paints him a pretty dull creature; heavy, slow-witted, selfish, cruel, insensitive, pompous, mentally dishonest. There you have Mrs. Barchester-Bailey of the "apocryphal hyphen", the ex-Flossie Coburg, the entire Walford clan, the girl George Heriot could not make up his mind to marry, Blanche Ellerton, Hilda Sorrenford, Leopold Moses's set, Ownie Lee, the Harpers, the relations of Chris Tatham, and almost the whole race of editors and theatrical managers of the late nineteenth century. In each case, the persons are different and individual; in each case, the ear-marks of mediocrity are identical; in each case, the portrait is flawlessly drawn. Merrick is too controlled an artist to exaggerate the least of his effects for the purpose of strengthening them, and the Man in the Street is denied even the last-laugh comfort of watching a serious portrait turn caricature through misplaced accents.

Still, the unpopular qualities of Merrick's work state but half his case. He has done far more than simply to lay bare with awful accuracy those things of the spirit that make the average man so average. If he has shown merciless truth, he has shown it through the eyes of illusion. Not the illusion of what life ought to be—Merrick is nothing less than dogmatic—but the illusion of what a high-strung, sensitive dreamer's nature had hoped to find

life would be. And oh! the beautiful optimism of Merrick's illusions! How gallantly he persists in chancing that Beauty and Understanding must surely lie just around the corner *this* time, forgetful of the dead heap of blasted "this times" that have brought him only pain!

If he has charged head on into average dullness, he has done it to voice the crushing hurts that average dullness can deal the Artist-Soul. And this Artist-Soul—the beam-spangled being of the Moon Man who lives in terms of pulsing emotions and leapings of the spirit—has never found a more gallant champion. To such as sicken for beauty, *Cynthia*, *The Actor Manager*, and *The Position of Peggy Harper* will guarantee a soul purge more mercurial than calomel. Such as gape before the strange thing called Justice will find response in *The Worldlings* and *One Man's View*. And those for whom the World of Never Was reflects a poignant loveliness the World of Is seldom shares, can never be utterly lonely while *Conrad* and *The Quaint Companions* remain within reach.

Merrick's supreme and unequalled achievement is the revelation of the Artist-Soul free of eccentricities, free of abstract philosophizings, actually at grips with the business of adjusting itself to life without compromise. The greatest thing Merrick has done for the artist is to show him as unfreakish. Merrick's artist differs from the Man in the Street, not by his length of hair, nor by the cut of his coat, not by his oaths nor the strangeness of his demeanor; but by virtue of being more highly sensitized, more responsive, spiritually hungrier. Merrick's chief problem remains the life clash between people of congenitally different grain.

His most poignant moments are built out of the sufferings of his sensitive artist-protagonist at the hands of the Man in the Street, with that amiable denizen of the highways wholly unconscious of the pain he inflicts. Merrick shows the misunderstanding between people of different fibre to grow out of the graining of that fibre itself, and of nothing that can be "constructively" cured. Thus, at great expense to himself, he has come crashing through the Popular Convention of Artistic Temperament.

Artists have their place in popular fiction only in so far as the

temperamental differences that make them artists serve as well to furnish vivid and "different" entertainment. Temperament has been kept as conservative as Philistinism from Murger through Maugham; its mission, to devise startling apartness from the crowd, for the crowd's edification. But barring the *Tricotrin* series of short stories, the conventionalities of Bohemia are singularly absent from Merrick's books. There is nothing the least startling in the Merrick temperament. So far from opening the way for colorful eccentricities of behavior, it keeps its owners wistful, moody, shy.

Conrad, the most beguiling of all Merrick's people, presents the lightest side of the Merrick temperament. His most serious grief is his failure to capture illusion, and his story remains the only one of its parentage in which the illusion-seeking protagonist is not brought up hard against rocky truth in the end. The fault is neither Merrick's nor life's. The book remains a fantasy instead of a disenchantment because Conrad belongs to that race of Asra that is congenitally incapable of accepting the truth. Instead, he chases his illusion from Paris, to Sweetbay, to eloquent Upper Tooting, to Ostend, to Blithepoint, and back to London, where he is just as fervidly sure that it is coming to him *this time* with the tinkle of Rosalind's cab bell. *Conrad* stands the most perfect chronicle of unthwartable temperament ever written. But it is the Moon Man's and not the Street Man's conception of temperament.

If *Conrad* is a fantasy, the other books are built of sterner stuff. The illusions of Merrick's earnest young people concerning Life and Art and the Triumph of Merit meet a fate that is crueller than that of Conrad's jauntings. An unknown young actor with twenty words to say, gesticulates off by himself in a corner of the stage at rehearsal, in the cramping hope that one of the principals may notice his enthusiasm. Royce Oliphant is willing to go without the necessities of life that his theatre may survive to serve art. Humphrey Kent's dearest hope is that his own stories may be accepted by the very journals that buy his work as Eva Dean-Pitt's "ghost." In some cases the hope comes true, in some it does not; but in no case are the facts of the outcome as important as the blithe, poignant hopefulness of Merrick's people.

Their indomitable hopefulness does not spring from any convictions of the ultimate goodness of life. Merrick does not find life essentially good. He finds it patternless and accidental; often it is cruel, mostly it is sheerly indifferent. Hope springs from that unquenchable life-force that rests its faith in the dignity of human emotion, and struggles for adequate expression.

The chance for full expression is the most that any Merrick character asks of life; it is also the most he ever gets from it. Merrick leaves his people neither on the heights of triumph nor in the depths of despair; but at the moment where the dark cloud is beginning to lift, where life loses nothing of its struggle but much of its desperate bitterness, and where appreciation and the scope for fuller activity beckon invitingly a little way ahead. That is the happiest, the most definite ending Leonard Merrick can devise; for the problem of clashing temperaments that make life to him "a dreary or strenuous affair at best", admits of no more definite solution. Notwithstanding the fact that the Public likes definite endings, preferably happy.

Removing himself still further from the fictional requirements of the Street Man, Merrick never solves his problems through love. William Dean Howells, in his admirable study of *The Fiction of Leonard Merrick*, published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of June, 1907, wrote: "He is not in bonds of superstition concerning passion as most novelists . . . he ranks himself with the great ones in that." Without underestimating the human passions, Merrick paints them as but one in a series of forces, personal, economic, temperamental, conscientious, that weave the length of human days into the pattern of life.

He does not apportion romantic fulfillment as the basic requisite, to be taken for granted in the life of every well regulated heroine. Indeed, he is one of those uncanny people who peer behind the wedding journey, into that No Man's Land of fiction, where community of mind and congeniality of spirit reign equal with love. There you behold Kent, Tatham, Oliphant, finding fuller expression at a time where they were deprived of romantic bloom than in the company of their uncongenial mates. And though they were not happy at such a time, they were at least spiritually more tranquil. More than any other writer, Merrick

has shown the possibility of two people's being sincerely fond of each other and agonizedly out of sympathy with each other at the same time. More than any other, he has shown readjustment to be possible only through sympathetic understanding and shared pain.

The happiest qualities of Merrick's style are its luminous clarity and its buoyant gaiety. Clarity is doubtless the cornerstone of the singular "shapeliness" of his novels that Howells commended. Merrick possesses in absolute degree what Dreiser, in like degree, lacks; the unerring, never-wavering ability to say exactly what he means, and always to couch that meaning in the most economical, the most felicitous, the most nicely fitting terms, that convey fact and mood simultaneously.

This clarity, further, is responsible for Merrick's having been termed Gallic in his writing. And, indeed, if style could be divorced from spirit, he might take rank with the Immortals themselves. But Merrick's spirit is not Gallic. If Gallicism means polish and refinement and crystal clarity, then Merrick's art is crystal holding mellow burgundy within it. Sacrificing no polish, he goes deeper than polish. Consider, for instance, Merrick's and Anatole France's treatments of the shy, wordless love of a sensitive boy for an older woman. Conrad, at seventeen, is achingly in love with Mrs. Adaile; Pierre Nozière answers the musical Madame Gance with a terrible "Oui, Monsieur!" (*Le livre de mon ami.*) Of the two, though, Merrick has gone the further.

Where France shows the familiarly amusing aspects of calf love, Merrick induces, along with the smile, a dignified pity for the anguish of the gawky young adorer. France comprehends the boy's sultry *malaise;* Merrick, his inarticulate suffering. And how significant that France unites his pair unemotionally, years later, on an equal plane of memories and rheumatism, while Merrick adroitly evades the admission of impossibility in Mrs. Adaile's hastily pencilled: "*Dreamer!* Good-bye. There is no way back to Rouen." In form alone, though, Merrick does possess the clarity of the French. He shapes a straight, continued progress towards a given end. There are no detours with him. His imperturbable artistry and his admirable restraint keep him

true to his path where often the slightest deviation would prove as fatal as a misstep on slack-wire.

After his clarity, Merrick's native gaiety ranks among the sources of his apparently effortless effect. Paradoxically enough, his books that treat of the painful struggle for beauty and the disenchantment of life, remain among the gayest we have. Merrick's gaiety is a complex affair; a gaiety of temperament, of contrasts. It partakes of a razor-edged wit, to be matched with the keenest *esprit* that ever came out of France; a whimsical, chuckle-provoking humor; geniality as the German bestows the term, to designate that luminous by-product of genius that blends temperament, sentiment, subtle intellect, and impeccable taste; and an unexpected, almost Semitic heart-throb that tempers the most divergent passages of hope and hate in a manner not unmindful of Heine. The foundations of his art, in truth, lie near to those of Heine's, albeit he has reared upon them a brighter structure, free of sardonic tintings. Where Heine commands attention by the stun of his blows, Merrick can but induce it, by his charm. And Merrick would be quite incapable of addressing anyone as did Heine the *Schwäbische Schule* (*Testament*).

Merrick's gaiety, however, is flavored to the palate of the multitude as little as caviar. His most fertile source of fun is the spark struck out by two minds moving on widely divergent planes of intelligence. Here, for instance, is his appreciation of the bourgeoisie in a two-page argument (*Cynthia*) on whether to say "richer than we" or "richer than us". The climax is Mrs. Walford's:

> Momentarily she looked disconcerted. Then she said: "All I maintain is that 'than we' is very pedantic in ordinary conversation—very pedantic, indeed; and I shall stick to my opinion if you argue forever. 'Than us' is much more usual and more euphonious. I consider it's much more euphonious than the other. I prefer it altogether."

The three possible ways, after all, for a writing man to prove himself are, the fact of what he has to say, the means by which he says it, and the manner in which he says it; and in each of these channels of expression, Leonard Merrick manifests a bent of mind architecturally different from that of the Average Man, in whose hand lies the ultimate bestowal of popularity.

But not alone *is* Merrick "different"; he refuses to turn his differences to profitable account for himself. He is an exceedingly fine novelist, and an exceedingly poor salesman. Understanding all there is to be known about giving himself wholesouled to his art, he has not the first, faintest inkling of "selling himself to his public". He persists in writing what he wants, and not what the Public wants. He refuses to give it the plot it expects, and the ending it likes, and the people it best understands. He accepts no compromises of fictional convention. He is even too stern in his artistry to benefit from gratifying "thrills"—consider, only, the episode between Kent and Mrs. Dean-Pitt; suddenly you *know* she has been his mistress, without so much as one throbbing scene to show all about it. Indeed, Merrick does not recognize that there is a Public, until his books are done, and jacketed in the book-sellers' windows. And then he wants it, quite as his protagonists want the money they are unwilling to sell themselves for.

And in the face of such astounding conflict—to want what one is unwilling to bargain for—the great majority of the Reading Public has really nothing left to say! So it continues saying nothing, while the minority ranks of admirers wonder, with Sir William Robertson Nichol:

> When will the public find out that Leonard Merrick is the best narrator living? The day must come.

CHARLOUN OF PARADOU

BY WALTER R. AGARD

It was not at Paradou, as a matter of fact, that I first met Charloun Riéu, troubadour of modern Provence. He had walked up the valley to Les Baux to visit his friend, M. Bouquet. As it luckily happened, I was staying at M. Bouquet's *pension*. There I met him, and through these two, the poet and my host, came to know Provence.

A week before this I had journeyed from Arles on the narrow-gauge railway, past Fontvieille, where Daudet's mill dreams of the days when it swung lazily in the breeze, to Maussanne, *village des fêtes provençaux*. There one could see to the north, dominating the olive-silvery plain, a rugged escarped hill, crowned by a fortress against the sky. As I tramped across the sinewy countryside, over a dusty road through olive and almond groves and plots of vines, every detail was exposed with cruel clarity in the glare of the southern sun, like a Cézanne landscape in its geometric precision; but later I was to see it softened by lavender mist at dusk and made magic with silver in moonlight.

The way grew steeper as I neared the hill of gray stone, in which and upon which the ancient town of Les Baux was built. Entering the postern gate, I walked over streets hollowed out of the rock, now silent, which once echoed to retainers' footsteps and the hard beat of hoofs; past ruined doorways of houses open to the sky; and finally came to a little inhabited courtyard with postcards and pails of honey by the gate. It was the home of M. Bouquet, who himself came to greet me—an immense, gaunt, bronze-cheeked man, with a great shock of white hair, eyes of smouldering brown, and a husky voice as gentle as that of a woman. One relished the dignity of his erect figure, for he boasted of being the last of the Magi kings! When I knew him better he showed me a greeting from Mistral:

Salut au félibre Bouquet, que descend d'ou mage Bautezar,

and brought me Mistral's epic, *Calendal*, where is recounted the old legend how a descendant of Balthazar came to Europe and settled in southern France. "Hence the cry of war of the Princes of Les Baux: '*A l'asard, Bautezar!*' ", and the blazon of a silver, sixteen-rayed star.

While I lingered after my supper of tomatoes stuffed with sausage and cooked in olive oil, and honey, tart and fragrant with the thyme and marjolaine of the mountain side, M. Bouquet sat beside me in the courtyard and talked of those ancestors of his, the Princes of Les Baux. Six hundred years ago they ruled not only the citadel and its three thousand inhabitants (where today there are fifty souls) but four-score cities, fiefs and châteaux as well, and contracted alliances with Poland and France, England and Barcelona. On the gray hill, braving their enemies and the beating blasts of the mistral, they hewed their castle out of the soft rock and built towering rooms where they held their court. "A race of eagles, never slaves," proclaimed M. Bouquet, in his sonorous, full-flavored Provençal.

Raço d'eigloun, jamai vassalo.

Eagles in very truth, who swooped down upon their prey in the valleys!

"And we must not forget the Princesses of Les Baux," he continued, quoting the lines from *Calendal:*

O princesso di Baus! Ugueto,
Sibilo, Blanco-Flour, Bausseto . . .

ladies "of exquisite body and radiant spirit, who poured forth love and joy and light; whose shadow the mirage still reflects, and whose perfume the thyme has preserved."

Cors subre-bèu, amo galoio
Dounant l'amour, largant la joio,
E la lumiero li mount-joio. . . .

. . . . . .

Encaro vuei dins soun mirage
Se representon voste oumbrage . . .
Li ferigoulo même an counserva l'oudour. . . .

With M. Bouquet's genial introduction I came to know this

cité morte. We roamed together up its streets, along the jagged walls broken by an occasional doorway swinging open when the mistral blew; here was a Renaissance window of lovely purety of line and delicate mouldings, and an inscription: *POST TENEBRAS LUX;* the Romanesque church of Saint Vincent, where shepherds sing the Midnight Mass each year; the Renaissance pavilion called that of La Reine Jeanne; and, finally, after a steep ascent, the labyrinthine castle, of which the donjon and chapel are still preserved. It was built, M. Bouquet told me, in the tenth century, when the Princes of Les Baux were nearing the height of their power, and although partially razed by Robert de Duras in 1355, was not finally destroyed until by order of Louis the Thirteenth. From its summit we saw the long plain of the Camargue, to the northeast the foothills of the Alps, the Mediterranean gleaming, a line of silver, far to the south, and Arles by the Rhone against the setting sun. To the north was a grim expanse of jagged gray, up to the Saracen tower, which looked on the valley of St. Remy and the way to Avignon.

"Val d'Enfer!" exclaimed M. Bouquet, pointing with his stick toward the narrow ravine between scarred rocks that wound its tortuous way toward the tower. "Dante in exile became a citizen of Arles and visited that valley. Up above, the mountain side is murmurous with bees among the rosemary and thyme.

L'abiho
N'a pas de mèu plus dous e briho,
Coume un linde diamant e sent lou roumanièu,
Emai lou brusc, emai la nerto
Qu'à nosti colo fan cuberto.

(The bee makes no honey more sweet and gleaming. Like a limpid diamond, it smells of rosemary, of the bruyère and myrtle which cover the hills.)

Many a day during the next three weeks I spent roaming down that Val d'Enfer, to the Cave of the Fairies, where Mistral laid the scene of his *Mireille,* up the slopes of those sun-baked hills, among the herbs and bees, with Les Baux gleaming high across the valley. It was loveliest by moonlight, when the gray rocks, worn to fantastic shapes by the wind, towered above bathed in silver light; the high, ivory-colored chambers of the

quarries glowed in mysterious *morbidezza*; and there was a softened radiance over the empty houses and the deserted streets of this Pompeii of the Middle Ages.

* * * * *

One day I went to St. Remy, where once was held the Court of Love. How the landscape changed when the ridge was crossed! The road wound along past juicy green meadows, watered by an irrigation system first installed by the Saracens, after the manner of Valence and Seville. The site of the mediæval *Cours d'Amour* is today only a sleepy little town, like a hundred others in Provence. Continuing past a stolid Roman arch and mausoleum, I reached Maussanne in time for a fête; boys and girls were dancing in the main street, and local heroes were showing their agility and cheap courage in the arena.

"Nothing can keep one of us away from a bull-fight," said M. Bouquet when I described the fête to him that evening. "We have an old ballad about a Provençal sinner who slipped into heaven when St. Peter nodded. How should the good God get him out? It was a matter demanding the most exquisite tact. It was done by advertising a *course des taureaux* in hell. There were no attractions in heaven comparable. Once out, the sinner never caught St. Peter napping again."

M. Bouquet told me of other legends, of the Enchantress Estérelle, of the villanous Count Sévéran, who was slain by Calendal. But his chief story was no imaginary one, nor was it laid in the past; it was the romantic account of the rebirth of Provençal literature today.

"Mistral was the genius," he explained. "He quickened its life. But it was never dead." It maintained its own integrity, an essentially popular language, never entirely yielding place to French since the days of the troubadours. The tradition first established by Guilhem, Count of Poitiers, in the beginning of the Twelfth Century, was kept alive until it flowered into intenser bloom in the modern *félibrige* movement, which dates from 1854. Roumanille of St. Remy was the leader of the Renaissance; Frédéric Mistral of Maillane was the genius; and among the coworkers have been Aubanel of Avignon, Mathieu of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and Charloun of Paradou.

M. Bouquet had known Mistral well. I had come to Provence a few years too late to meet him, but M. Bouquet said, "At any rate, you must meet Charloun."

* * * * *

So it happened that one afternoon, returning from a tramp over the hills, I found waiting in the courtyard a slim little old man, with bright, soft eyes, a short gray beard, and slouch hat, a farmer in dress though not in build. Charloun Riéu!

We talked of Mistral, of St. Trophime at Arles, of the resemblance of Provence to Greece. Then I whistled a bar from *Au Moulin d'Oli*, a song of Charloun's, the soft lilt of which I found especially entrancing. "Play it for me," he said, motioning toward the piano through the open door. So then we started, I softly playing the languorous melody while he sang the words in his gentle, piping tenor, like those old men in the *Iliad* on the walls of Troy—of the mill for pressing olive oil, and the bench beside it bathed in sunlight, fit for a summer afternoon's repose. "I have a better one," he said, and recited the words of a more thrilling song of a mill where he was to meet his beloved.

"We must not forget Mistral," said Charloun. I took down M. Bouquet's song book, and we all—M. Bouquet and Madame Bouquet herself, who so seldom came out of the kitchen—joined in the ringing verses of the *Cansoun de la Coupo*, the *Marseillaise* of Provence, song of an ancient people, proud and free.—

D'un vièi pople fièr e libre,

Which is, beyond all doubt, the most spirited national air ever created.

Then we sang the very old songs of the *pays:* children's songs, such as *Quand te coustèron tis esclop?* (How much did they cost you, your wooden shoes?) No children's songs can equal those of France, as anyone knows who has heard Yvette Guilbert. Some of the best come from Provence. We ended with *Magali*, the most tender of all serenades, and, like all songs of Provence, with a gentle dignity even when most intense.

O Magali, ma tant amando,
Mete la testo au fenestroun!
Escouto un pau aquesto aubado
De tambourin e de viouloun.

(Oh Magali, my beloved, come to the window, listen a little to this song of tambourine and violin.)

Long after Charloun had left that evening, the recollection of this prompted Madame Bouquet to talk to me of love in Provence. "You know we have an old motto, 'One must become well acquainted before falling in love', " she said. "But (with a twinkle in her eye as she knitted, and a sharp grimace) I fear we are not *pratiques*. The sun is too much in our blood."

* * * * *

The sun is in the poems of Charloun. Before I met him again I had read all of his poems I could find in the library of M. Bouquet. His verses were like himself, belonging to the farms and fields, full-flavored yet sensitive. He wrote of the things he knew—the country fêtes and markets, great white oxen and chirping cicadas, almond and olive orchards; but always with nature as a background for people. I read his *Cansoun d'ou Terraire* (Songs of the Soil) and his translation of the *Odyssey*. (The *Odyssey* he loved, calling it his Mediterranean epic; but he would have found Theocritus's *Idylls* or the *Georgics* of Virgil better suited to his powers.) Like the old troubadours, he sang chiefly of love. Mediæval Provence, for all its intensity, cultivated a technique of restraint in the ritual of love; to the troubadours love was a cult, a religion, with its own laws and formalities. I found that Charloun had inherited from them their patience and delicacy, but in place of their sentimentality and sophistication he expressed his own directness and simplicity.

He sees a girl bent over a wayside brook, washing clothes, the breeze stirring her petticoat so that her ankles gleam in the sun. The blood rushes to his head—"*Coume pousqué resta tranquile?* (How could one remain serene?)" The breeze dies down, he goes on, quietly driving home. He sees the first violets in spring, the birds building their nests, a shepherdess and shepherd, lizards sunning themselves, a boy and girl gathering roses; and he asks his love why she is not smiling when all nature is so glad.

Vène, te culirai li proumièri viòuleto:
Toun sourrire enfantouli,
Lou veirai mai respeli.

(Come, I'll gather for you the first violets; your child-like smile I shall see flower again.)

And finally he concludes impulsively:

Ma douço amigo!
Oh! digo, digo:
Tu, se me vos,
Laisso toun bos;
Se pièi t'agrado,
Dedins la prado,
Vène emé iéu:
Moun cor es tiéu.

(My sweet friend, oh! tell me, tell me, if you wish me leave your wood, and, if it pleases you, come with me in the field, my heart is yours.)

"*Me parles plus, Rouseto*" (Speak to me no more, Rosette) is a song after Theocritus. He comes upon a girl doing the family washing. She is in water to her knee. It is spring. The refrain is a haunting, hopeless one: "Speak to me no more, speak to me no more, Rosette, for in speaking you reawaken my love."

Me parles plus, me parles plus, Rouseto,
Qu'en me parlant revihes mis amour.

At an August fête at Moriès a girl will not dance. She has an Arlésienne coiffure, built high with lace, with a bright blue ribbon and a rose. To the boys who ask she says, "I am only listening to the violin." When men whisper to her that she is beautiful, she lowers her eyes or looks at the stars.

He is sad, having seen a girl by the brook. Moon, sun, birds' songs no longer delight him.

La tant douço aureto
'Mé soun dous murmur,
Beisant li floureto
Fai plus moun bounur.

(The breeze so sweet which kisses the flowers with caressing murmur does not make me happy any longer.)

The lovely girl who was his joy has gone far away, to pluck other flowers. Since then he has lost all joy, all love.

Desempiéi siéu sènso
De joio e d'amour.

. . . . .

I saw him once again, at his home in Paradou. It was in the early evening, before I took the train for Arles. "Where shall I find Charloun?" I asked people near the church. "At the café, or his home, *là-bas*." He was not at the café, where he was accustomed to meet his friends and sing with them, but I continued along the poplar-shaded road and soon had the house where he lived pointed out to me by eager and curious townsmen. It was back of a wayside well, a peasant's tenement in the middle of a stucco row. He was sitting alone in the twilight, holding a copy of *L'Homme de Bronze*, the newspaper of the *félibrige* movement, in his hands, but not reading. The room gave evidence that Charloun, like many another good poet, had married Mistress Poverty. A farmer's house, but right for him who pretended to nothing more, this "lover and priest of the earth".

He told me the simple annals of his life, of his blacksmith grandfather and farmer father, both of whom were natives of Paradou. During his fifty-six years he had had no schooling except a little Latin and less Greek from the village curé. Like Walther von der Vogelweide, he was by Nature taught. He recalled the great day when he first met Mistral, and how the master had said, "Charloun is the only peasant who sings of his plough and knows how to sing of it." He had never married. "I spend my time singing at the fêtes," he said. "We have many of them in Provence."

He asked me for American music, to which he would set Provençal words. I gave him the wide choice of *Suwanee River*, *Yankee Doodle* and *Lord Jeffrey Amherst!* While I was writing the musical notation on a scrap of his own paper, he took his pen and wrote me an original little quatrain of farewell.

We sang a few songs together before I left to take my train. I shall not forget him, standing there in his doorway, a Rembrandtesque figure, waving me adieu. I hoped it was only au revoir, but in March two years later I saw in the papers that he had fallen one evening and died of exposure. Now the lover and priest of the earth is one with the herbs and flowers he loved.

I received a black-bordered funeral notice from Madame Bouquet. The race of the Magi was no more. In the *cité morte* had died the last of her princes.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE PURITAN

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

It is difficult to share to the full the rejoicing of a new school of literature in this country which joyously proclaims that, in part by bringing in new racial influences from many lands, it has broken down our narrow race inhibitions and moral scruples, and has prepared the way for a triumphant escape from Puritanism. The tables have been almost too thoroughly turned. Indubitably our Puritan forefathers, some of them at least, did their share of persecuting, but so great a castigation has the Puritan been receiving of late years that one feels inclined to take up the cudgels in his defense. In these contemporary jibes and denunciations there is lack of reference to any specific Puritan or Puritans, but, through large generalizations, a phantom is created, flitting across the pages of novel and criticism, an arch-oppressor, with meaningless harshness in his face, holding grotesque beliefs, denying himself and others the joys of life for the mere pleasure of the denial. Doubtless the typical Puritan (for I will generalize even as these others) had his harsh aspects, with his stern theology and his stern ideals of conduct, yet I am not sure that he was not a better man and a deeper thinker than his modern critic.

It is a pity that, so far as the printed word is concerned, the Puritan expressed himself for the most part only along the lines of theology; after all he probably did not think about theology all the time. I dare say he had many weeks and months of enjoyable hard work, wholly absorbed in his toil; I dare say he had his hours of comfort by the household fire, with his children at his knees, and no thought of hell in his mind. He was doubtless more human than posterity has thought. Again, it is a pity that in modern allusions to him the most unfortunate aspects of his theology have been the most stressed; human attention is most quickly caught by the bizarre. As to his convictions, man's thought is in every age liable to error, conceivably even in this.

Even if he did believe in the damnation of unbaptized infants, the belief never did the babies any harm, yet the modern world shudders as if he had cast them with his own hands into the flames. The greatest hurt of this and other cruel aspects of his faith—except when he too went a-persecuting—was to himself.

Though we cannot accompany the Puritan all the way in his theology, his basic convictions were such as to make him a better citizen of the world, and possibly of the City of God, if I may use such a term in this age of the world, than many of his detractors. If he grasped a thorny stick to help himself upward, at least he was groping his way upward; are his assailants? His faith had much of lasting import. He believed in a Power greater than himself and better than himself, God. It is well for eras of rampant self-expression to remember that believing in the reality of a Power greater than oneself confers a worth upon existence, a dignity upon human nature. The ability to do it represents man's greatest intellectual and spiritual reach, and provides escape from a vicious centring of thought in self. The Puritan's God had his stern aspects, but the inmost centre of the thought of Him was a conception of the Beauty of Holiness. Whether you grasp a bit of Eternal Beauty through Plato, or through our ancestors' thought of God, it is well to grasp it.

The Puritan interpreted life in terms of the spirit, not of the flesh; soul was his one great concern. Perhaps he was no philosopher, but both act and utterance show that existence meant to him more than mere animal life. His thought here is on a high plane, more in accord with the thought of the wisest in past great epochs of the world's history than is the thought of those who, in any age, say: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;" or "Let us follow our immediate physical impulse as the supreme good." He made, in behalf of his central conception of holiness, and of his endeavor to keep his soul in the saddle in seeking this, rigid laws of conduct. His denials were not mere negative repressions, imposed for the joy of denying, but constructive affirmations of a faith in the power of man's soul to win the body to do its will. He was no moron, bent on repressing natural instincts for the sake of repression, making cruel laws for himself and others for the pleasure of the hurt. Even his bitter

doctrine in regard to the flames of hell was but the measure of his belief in a distinction between right and wrong in human conduct. It is much to his credit that he made such a distinction and held to it stubbornly. If he could not always live up to his standards he tried again; the very attempt to do what he attempted in self-mastery confers a dignity upon human nature.

He believed not only in a distinction between right and wrong, but also in his power to choose, holding himself accountable for his actions. He thought himself a man, with a man's individuality, a man's responsibility, and a man's power of self control, not a mere chip upon a stream of tendency. Such a conviction of man as having a hand in his own destiny has marked all epochs of great achievement and is the measure of whatever hope we have here on earth. This faith also confers a dignity upon human nature, and there will be little dignity left to it when belief in the power of the will is gone.

If, possibly, too much of the Puritan's thought in regard to theology has been expressed, too little of his thought in regard to the community and the State ever found verbal expression. If he did not print his ideas about his obligations to society, he found another method of expression; we can read through the lines of his conduct and such of his writing as suggests ethics his convictions as a citizen. It is not difficult to discover that, in human relations as in his relation to God, duty was to him a word of deep import. As I read about the Puritan and listen to the traditions handed down in regard to him, I am aware that he shouldered a man's responsibility in regard to the family, and, through that, to the State. The typical Puritan had a larger family; he was apparently under the impression that in bringing his children into the world he had incurred certain lasting responsibilities. He felt a binding power in his human relationships, and was faithful to the immemorial sanctity of the hearth; "the philosophy of loyalty" was his. Taking him as a whole, he had the dignity of recognized obligations to others than self. A great dignity.

Among the outcries of rejoicing because we have advanced beyond Puritanism we find the following, which voices the sentiments of many of the so called Intelligentzia:

"Whitman's great work," affirms one of our more radical young writers, "is to be measured in terms, not of general human experience, but of a special situation; one has only to recall that, up to a generation ago, our entire race was conceived in the holy shame of a reluctant wedlock, to realize the extent of our national obligation to Whitman's robust animal humors."

One wonders what power of thinking resides in the mind of a youth who can write in this way, whether it has occurred to him to question what would be the consequences, civic and ethical, of the code he advocates. What would be, under the régime thus ushered in, the organization of society, of the family? Surely, if he has acquainted himself at all with the history of the human race, he must know that the home is the basis of whatever civilization has been achieved. Has no one told him that the guardianship of the young, of which he apparently takes no thought, is affirmed by nature and religion alike to be the deepest concern of those who have attained years fitting them for adult experiences? Or does all this seem, to the truly progressive, of small importance, compared with the pleasure to be derived from the immediate gratification of desire?

They who would frame a code of ethics for the days to come should be able to think; able to look before and after and bring the experience of the past to bear upon the future; they should know some of the springs of action which differentiate man from the beast, and of the principles which have guided men in the long slow growth from the animal state. Here certain of the convictions of the despised Puritan might well give the moderns pause for thought. At least he did not think that the aim of existence was momentary enjoyment. By the very sternness of his laws and inhibitions he showed that he had a sense of the sacredness of the function in whose keeping is life itself; he knew that the flame upon the altar should be guarded. He was aware also that a great desideratum, if communities, nations, are to live, is that there should be something consecutive, enduring, in thought and in action. The human being must have, to bind his days, a code, an idea of conduct, from which to work; to come back to after possible failure and dereliction; something steady in his life. If the Puritan achieved this in part through a longing for heaven

and a fear of hell, he at least worked toward the attainment of an ideal transcending the impulse of the moment. Any escape from the momentary, any grasp of the enduring, the eternal, is gain.

I confess that I do not want to see our nation liberated wholly from the Puritan tradition; I want to keep it, the finer part of it, for there is at its heart something precious, not to be foregone without immeasurable loss. The best that we have in our civilization is our heritage from the Puritan, the result of the ethical and spiritual aspiration predominant among the motives that drew our forefathers here. Ours is a unique history; this was not the only attempt to withdraw, to base an experiment in practical living on a religious ideal, but it stands alone as regards its far-reaching consequences. Unless we can keep that which was finest in Puritanism and impress it upon the descendants of those who followed the Puritan to these shores, the significant achievement of our forefathers will fail of its high early promise.

Something we have kept, from East to West, from North to South, in spite of our vast material development, and in spite of the jibes and taunts of those who have raised themselves, not always with full preparation for the office, to the high seat of the critic. A simplicity of outlook, directness of gaze, faith in the elemental rightness of family relationships and responsibilities, are ours. In defiance of those who would teach us better, we still keep, as a whole, our unsophisticated respect for the moral decencies of life.

Have the young men who want to batter down our spiritual defenses anything better to offer? Are the doctrines that they teach likely to strengthen the fibre of the race as did the Puritan's? Is the follow-your-immediate-impulse gospel more fitted to rouse the young to grasp opportunities for right development, to enable them to take their place as supporting factors in the social structure, than his? They who blush for our *naïveté* in regard to morality have no constructive thought to offer for the upbuilding of State and of nation, only a negative something, a plea for that type of freedom which is perfect slavery.

The Puritan was, to a certain degree, an ascetic; there is something fine, fastidious, in ascetic endeavor when not carried

to excess. I doubt if any great human achievement has come to pass without a measure of asceticism in those who have made it; I hope that the wings of Lindbergh will carry home to the imagination of the youth of America this evangel which we most need. The Puritan knew this truth; he knew that any life worth living is hard, and braced himself, with his magnificent physical strength and endurance, to live it among the difficult conditions in which he found himself. Superfluous physical activity found its right outcome in strenuous toil as he tamed the wilderness. Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith Smith is a great deal nearer the heroes of old time than are those capitulating contemporaries who have not hard work enough to do to keep body and soul in good condition, and who drift into a belief that there is no help for the supremacy of the physical instincts, and that therefore the pleasant urge may as well be followed.

I could wish for a renaissance of Puritanism to guard the nation against the dangers of unparalleled material prosperity, and to counteract this gospel of animalism in which unbridled surrender to physical instincts seems a desirable goal. Instead of congratulating ourselves on outgrowing Puritanism, we should make a great effort to keep the soul of it. Time has laid bare the essentials; eliminate the non-essentials. We can discard many of the Puritan's taboos, and some of his beliefs; we can recognize the fact that retribution for choosing the less instead of the greater comes here and now, in present degradation, instead of future flames of hell. We can find joy in many ways that the Puritan denied himself. But we need his resolution, his faith in the will, his belief in a Power higher than himself, God; his disdain of mere impulse or appetite as a guide of life, his endeavor to control the body in the service of the spirit, his sense of responsibility to a code of conduct that lifted him out of his weaker moods in persistent endeavor to match up with his greater. With all his limitations, he is the backbone of such civilization as we have, and history has amply demonstrated that civilizations need backbone.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

A Coolidge Doctrine

We must confess something more of regret than surprise at the general failure to remark upon the obvious and suggestive analogy between a passage in President Coolidge's Memorial Day address at Gettysburg and the most famous passage ever contained in a Presidential Message. Nearly a hundred and five years ago President Monroe declared that any oppressive intervention by European Powers in the affairs of any American Republics would have to be regarded as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward this country. Now President Coolidge declares that the occurrence of a war among any important Powers anywhere in the world would have to be regarded as conduct prejudicial to the interests of America. We have long recognized, and at least one of the greatest Old World Powers has also recognized, the immense value of the Monroe Doctrine as a bulwark of international peace. We could wish nothing better for the world than that this Coolidge Doctrine should obtain similar recognition and command similar respect.

Of course, if we were to undertake the enforcement of the Coolidge Doctrine by any such means as we have employed in the case of the Monroe Doctrine, we should have a lot of criticasters jumping up and down in high-daddy agitation over such monstrous "imperialism" or something of the sort, and they would be identical with those who have been anathematizing our "isolation" policy in not entering the League of Nations. They would deem it arrogant in us to interfere with the sacred right of other countries to raise the devil whenever they please; yet they deal damnation to us for not making of America an international bailiff at the beck of an alien Council. For us, we are inclined to apply the words of John Quincy Adams in 1823, and to say that "it would be more candid as well as more dignified to avow our

principles directly . . . than to come in as a cock-boat in the wake of the British man-of-war". That seems to be President Coolidge's feeling; substituting for "British man-of-war" the League of Nations.

America at Any Price

Less than ten years ago the burden of the demands of the League advocates—in this country—was that we should accept and adopt the Covenant without the crossing of a *t* or dotting of an *i*, not only because the instrument was so perfect as to be insusceptible of improvement but also because any change whatever, even the slightest, would infallibly be rejected by the other Powers. Today a long series of precisely contrary assurances has its culmination in the declaration of *The Spectator* of London, which it reminds us it has often made before, "that if the Constitution of the League requires any adaptation to make America a full coöperator without membership, or requires such adaptation as would ultimately bring America 'right in', that adaptation ought to be made. There would be no sacrifice. There would be nothing but gain."

It may be flattering to us, to have Europe eager to pay any price we might name to secure our adherence to the League, but we are not sure that it is the slightest inducement to us to grant it; particularly as we appear to be serving the cause of justice and peace among nations far better outside the League than we could within it.

Arma Silent

Strangely little attention has been given to what is perhaps the most significant feature of the present political campaign in this country, and indeed of most political campaigns in the great nations since the World War. That is, the absence of military candidates. Following five previous wars, seven men were elevated to the Presidency of the United States chiefly or largely because of their military prestige, and others were made prominent though unsuccessful candidates on the same ground. But neither in 1920, nor in 1924, nor yet in 1928, was there so much as the serious suggestion of such a candidacy, save in a single instance.

Similar conditions have prevailed elsewhere. Great Britain had no thought of making Earl Haig or any other military man Prime Minister, as she did Wellington; France did not choose Marshal Foch to be President, as she did MacMahon; and we cannot recall any movement in Italy to make General Diaz the head of the Government. Germany alone among the Great Powers chose her chief soldier to lead her civil life; and that exception serves to emphasize the otherwise general rule. The circumstances are unique. Never before was a great war so closely followed by resumption of the salutary rule, *Inter leges, arma silent.*

An Example in Rubber

Governmental interference in the technicalities of business seems to be again discredited by the net results of the "Stevenson Scheme" for stabilizing the British rubber market, the operation of which has recently ceased. British authorities declare that it did far more harm than good, in that it (1) transferred to non-British producers in the East, chiefly Dutch, a large trade which otherwise would have remained in British hands; (2) greatly stimulated the "reclaiming" industry in America and thus lessened the demand for fresh rubber; (3) alienated the United States—Britain's best customer—and drove it to seek supplies in its own southern territory and in South America, Africa, and elsewhere; and (4) failed to stabilize the price of rubber at an "economic figure". If such were indeed its results, a policy of *laissez-faire* would surely have been far better.

Germany "Playing Safe"

Germany is "playing safe". That is the obvious lesson of the late elections, the result of which in a measure resembled that of those in France. Dr. Streseman did not, it is true, win so remarkable a personal victory as did M. Poincaré; but his policies were no less triumphant than those of the French Premier. Those policies will, however, be carried on under a Socialist instead of a Nationalist domination in the Reichstag, the former party having made considerable gains and being now the largest of all, while the latter has suffered still greater losses. This result dismisses fear of any movement toward a Hohenzollern restoration. On the

other hand it gives no menace of extreme Radicalism. For while a coalition of the Socialists and Communists—who have also made surprising gains—might control the Chamber, such a thing may be regarded as quite impossible, at any rate so long as the Communists take their orders from Moscow. The Socialists are as much opposed as the Nationalists themselves to any such alien influence, and they have a bitter animosity against the Third Internationale. It is unfortunate that the Government will have to depend upon a coalition for support; as it always is, in the case of any Government. But a working alliance of the Socialists, Centrists, Democrats and People's Party should prove sufficiently stable to keep Dr. Streseman in office and to maintain his beneficent policies.

British American Problems

According to their own showing, the principal British States in America are facing some rather serious problems. Canada is threatened with a stationary if not an actually diminishing population, through a decreasing birth rate and an excess of emigration over immigration. The statistics of the latter process are really startling. In the three years 1912–13–14 the immigration was 1,140,000, and in 1925–26–27 only 350,000; and in the former three years there was an average migration to the United States of fewer than 72,000, while in the latter it was more than 90,000. In the years 1921–26 no fewer than 636,000 persons migrated from Canada to the United States, of whom 250,000 returned; leaving a net loss to the Dominion of 386,000. Presumably the causes of this state of affairs are economic. True, the average per capita wealth of the Dominion is $2,525, a goodly figure, and last year there was a favorable trade balance of $151,000,000. Yet it is authentically stated that in some of the most important occupations the average earnings are less than the cost of living.

In these circumstances the interesting suggestion is made that the British West Indies should be annexed to Canada, as members of that Dominion. It is pointed out that trade of those islands with Canada is growing more rapidly than that between them and either the United States or Great Britain, and is approximating the latter in value. The race problem in the islands

would probably be, from the Canadian point of view, an obstacle to the union. British sentiment on the subject is, however, now quite different from that expressed by Froude sixty years ago, when he wrote: "Let the United States take the British West Indies and welcome," and by *The London Times* as recently as 1911, to the effect that "There can be little doubt that the islands of the West Indies will, upon the completion of the Panama Canal, gravitate to amalgamation with the Great Republic of the North."

A Hero and Martyr of Humanity

The name of Hideyo Noguchi takes its place by the side of that of Jesse Lazear among "the few, the immortal names that were not born to die". He fell a victim to the pestilence which he was seeking to abate, but before he fell he secured the knowledge that will enable his successors to achieve the triumph at which he aimed. There is no nobler record to be made of a man, than that he gave his life for his fellow men.

Conservative Flappers

It may be that British "flappers" will prove to be as conservative in some respects as they are radical in others. When Parliament voted to extend the electoral franchise to them, many thoughtful and presumably informed Britishers predicted that such action would mean nothing but Socialist or at least Radical Governments for years to come. But a "straw vote" among the working girls of Liverpool has just resulted in a two to one victory for Conservatism over Labor, with Liberalism a poor third—of course, a large Conservative majority over the other two parties combined. It is observed that there is a distinction with a difference between bobbed hair and ballots.

Camps of Citizenship

There will probably be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among Pacifists at the announcement that some 221,000 young men will be enrolled at the military training camps of America this summer, and will there receive instruction and discipline from about 50,000 officers and men provided by the Army.

There will certainly, however, be much gratification and exultation among thoughtful and patriotic Americans, who will see in this achievement the raising of 221,000 young men directly—and through them probably millions indirectly—to a higher physical, mental and moral standard of manhood and of citizenship. For training in citizenship, through the development of health, intelligence, morality, discipline, obedience, self respect and respect for others, is the keynote of this patriotic service.

The Canny Ameer

Adam-zad was not able to fool the grandson of Abdur Rahman. When Amanulla Khan visited Moscow during his European tour, all the earmarks of Bolshevism were carefully concealed, and the Afghan sovereign was received and entertained with all the royal and imperial blandishments that a Czar himself could have provided. But through that camouflage of Sovietism his eyes unerringly penetrated, and when, as the crowning feature of his visit he was invited to witness an exhibition of a fleet of military airplanes on each of which was inscribed a sentiment hostile to Great Britain, he found it quite impossible to accept. So the Khyber Pass is no nearer to the Kremlin than it was before.

The Volstead Rake's Progress

Two recent incidents disclose in startling characters the ethical and juridical results of attempting to enforce a hypocritical and oppressive law. One is the report of the Prohibition Bureau itself, that its enforcement officers—who were justly described by a high and judicious authority as "a precious set of unmitigated scoundrels"—have killed no fewer than one hundred and twenty-eight persons since the enactment of the Volstead law, for which manslaughters and murders only fifty-four, or less than one-half, of the perpetrators have been called to account, and only five, or less than four per cent., have been punished. The other is the decision of a bare majority of the Supreme Court that wire-tapping, by means of which to eavesdrop upon private telephone conversations, is no offense—when it is done by one of the "unmitigated scoundrels" of the Enforcement Service. Apparently the

Decalogue and the Constitution of the United States are subject to exceptions in favor of the chartered libertines of Volsteadism. It will be interesting to see to what further extent the American nation will permit such establishment of a despotic and lawless *imperium super imperio.*

Peace, not Pacifism

We recently recalled from our pages of a century ago the trenchant remarks of John Adams in reply to an invitation to join the first American Peace Society. Were the sturdy old patriot living today, he might take a more favorable and even sympathetic view of that organization. For we note that in commemorating its one hundredth anniversary it has unequivocally placed itself upon record as approving the inherent right of nations to keep themselves armed for self-defense. Peace, not Pacifism, is its aim; an aim which all rational men must cordially approve.

Our Tourists and Our Debtors

With the season for American tourists in Europe now well opened, it is interesting and somewhat suggestive to observe that they take to Europe nearly four times as much money as Europe sends to America for debt payments. Last year they spent in foreign countries, chiefly European, about $770,000,000, while Europe sent hither only $200,000,000 in payments on its debts. In addition, immigrants in America sent more than $200,000,000 to relatives at their old homes, and Americans sent $43,000,000 abroad in charitable contributions and paid $32,000,000 abroad for freight charges. So we reckon that we are not, after all, draining the rest of the world of all its gold.

The "Discoverer" of Ibsen

It is a coincidence worthy of at least passing notice that the centenary of the birth of Henrik Ibsen has been marked with the death of the man who may be said to have "discovered" him for the English-speaking world. Doubtless the Norwegian dramatist would have become known to us without the good offices of Edmund Gosse; but doubtless, too, that consummation would have been much longer delayed, had it not been for the English

poet and critic's illuminating articles about him some fifty-six years ago. Beside that, Sir Edmund had other strong claims to high and lasting esteem, as by no means the least of the brilliant galaxy of intellectual lights that gave distinction to the Victorian Age.

"We" Duly Honored

Some consolation for the unseemly and unnecessary scandal—we can describe it with no milder term—over the proposed placing of the Wright airplane in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution has been afforded by the unchallenged enshrinement there of the *Spirit of St. Louis.* Happily, too, this was effected in precisely the way which Colonel Lindbergh must have desired; as quietly and unostentatiously as "We" set out on the most memorable air flight the world has ever seen. By happy coincidence this was promptly followed by the bestowal upon Colonel Lindbergh of the honorary degree of Master of Aeronautics, which had been specially devised and created for him by New York University.

Rivalry in Sugar

The proposal of Cuban sugar growers to curtail their production in order to increase prices seems strangely inopportune, in view of the movements now in progress in the United States and its insular possessions. We recently recorded the hopeful expectation of an immense increase in production in Louisiana, to which may now be added well organized plans for a similar expansion of the industry in Porto Rico and Hawaii. The purpose is to increase domestic production to a degree that will reduce imports to a negligible quantity, and then to abolish the present system of preferential duties. It is of course natural and not at all culpable for Cuban plantation owners to desire as high prices as they can get for their product. But a temporary rise in prices would be too dearly bought at the cost of the loss of a large if not the major part of the American market and the loss, too, of the twenty per cent. rebate on import duties which Cuban sugar now enjoys. It may be that artificial meddling with the sugar trade will prove as little profitable to Cuba as the "Stevenson scheme" in rubber appears to have proved to England.

Anglo-Americana

Memorial Day this year was invested with more than ordinary international interest. The placing of a wreath on the statue of Lincoln in front of Westminster Abbey was a graceful and appropriate act, not the least value of which was to acquaint or remind millions of Americans of the existence of such a memorial in that place, a fact which they had not known or had forgotten. At the same time a granite gateway was unveiled at Dartmoor "to the loving memory of American sailors and soldiers of the War of 1812" who died in the prison at that place; and there were impressive services at Plymouth, in Devonshire, in memory of American sailors killed in that same war. In view of these things, it must be regretted that there was objection to the display of British and other Allied flags in the Memorial Day procession in New York. Surely, flags which have been carried side by side in battles may well be borne side by side in the peaceful commemorations of those battles.

International Ignorance

Mr. J. B. Atkins, of *The Spectator* of London, has been saying many interesting things as the result of his observations of the United States "after thirty years", among which there is perhaps none more worthy of taking to heart—on both sides of the Atlantic—than this; that "I never felt so drearily what a gulf of ignorance about one another separates the two countries." His reference is, of course, to England and America. Frankly, we fear that he is right. But if so, what a monstrous reproach it is to two nations which claim and indeed possess the same language, the same literature, the same racial traditions, the same civic ideals, the same common law. Must members of a family be less acquainted with each other than with strangers?

Call Up Oxenstierna!

Sweden's great Chancellor bade his disciple "Go forth, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed!" Today he might add, "And with how much less wisdom it would be governed by reforming wiseacres!" The distinguished organization

known to contemporary fame as the People's Lobby has been asking Presidential candidates what they would think of a platform plank on International Relations to the effect that "When the safety of foreign nationals in any country in the Western Hemisphere is threatened, the matter should be adjusted by coöperative action of nations of the American continents." That is to say, if a mob or some revolutionists start a ruction in some Central or South American port, beyond the control of the local or governmental authorities, and start to massacre all American citizens within reach, we must in no wise land Marines for the protection of our people, but must wait until Honduras and Paraguay can hold an international conference and agree upon a course of action. By that time, of course, the Americans will all have been massacred and the subject matter of the case thus destroyed, when there will be nothing for the diplomats of Honduras and Paraguay to do but to go back home and thank God that everything is for the best in the best possible of worlds. We often wonder how this poor old earth of ours contrived to get along for so many thousand years before the advent of some of our contemporary sages.

The Return of Venizelos

One of the most dramatic of recent political incidents was the return of Eleutherios Venizelos to the public life of Greece. It seems almost a generation since that brilliant Candiot insurgent arose and in a brief career of almost indescribable romance saved Greece from ruin, revolutionized her Government, and for a time placed her in a grade only just below that of the Great Powers. After thus making a record for himself second to that of no other European statesman of the time, he passed into an obscurity as profound as his elevation had been lofty. Now he emerges again; and the world wonders whether he will achieve a sequel worthy of his first performance, or suffer a humiliating anti-climax.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"SORRY ye didn't come in time for supper," said the Deacon cordially, "but have a snack of pie."

"On the dot!" I assented. "What kind?"

"Open-face an' cross-bar," answered the Deacon; "we et up all the kiver-top."

"Cross-bar is cranberry," I grinned at him. "I'm sure of that. But open-face might be squash or pumpkin or custard. As for that cover-top, it must have been apple or mince or blueberry."

"Ye get most a hundred on that examination," said the Deacon, leading me into the comfortable kitchen. "Only you left out one or two common or kitchen varieties. Ma's got some lemon-custard an' a mite of cranberry settin' out for visitors."

The "mite" of cranberry was approximately half a pie, and the flaxen cross-bars of the upper crust seemed to melt in my mouth, so delicately crisp they were. "Cooking is an instinct with Mrs. Stebbins," I mumbled with my mouth half full.

The Deacon snorted. "Lots of folks make that fool remark," he said genially. "An *instinct* is stronger in a child than in a grown-up. If cooking was instinctive in a woman she'd cook as well when she was five as when she was seventy-five. I guess all Ma ever cooked when she was five was mud-pies an' half of 'em didn't turn out right. Now when she's seventy-five she's so eddicated she can't cook wrong. But it's the result of thorough eddication. It ain't instinct, not by a long sight."

"I can't wholly agree with you," I said; and for the life of me I could not keep a certain professorial primness out of my tone, though I was uncomfortably conscious of it. We sat down at the table with its top covered by the red cloth of a tidied kitchen, and the Deacon offered me his tobacco pouch. "Give some women a library of the best cook books in the world," I said, "and they'll make messes out of the simplest recipes; and give others a few ob-

scure recipes and they'll get good results. Every educator knows to his cost that he can't make silk purses out of sows' ears."

"My boy," said the Deacon solemnly, "you're one of these professors that knows too much that ain't so, an' I'm disappointed in ye. A woman that walks up to a strange cook book an' gets good food out of it is able to do so not because she's got the instinct but because she's got the eddication."

I looked as meek as I could. In the first place I was getting out of my depth; Home Economics was not my department. In the second place it was no use to pretend wisdom when the Deacon was riding his high horse.

The Deacon puffed complacently. "You ain't in a state of grace," he said severely, "but you can thank your Maker you're young enough to be saved; yer mind hasn't entirely jelled yet. There's an' almighty lot of teachers that think folks get an eddication by followin' recipes, instead of realizin' that folks can't use a recipe until they're eddicated. It's because of that foolish notion that there's such a lot of 'how-to-do-it' books bein' published nowadays."

I wasn't entirely following the Deacon's reasoning, so I kept silent, and borrowed some tobacco.

"I don't *dis*believe in instincts," he continued. "Ma might have had an instinct for theological disputations—though I misdoubt it," and he smiled at some unspoken thought; "or she might have had an instinct for makin' artistic tombstuns, an' the world lost a genius by reason of her not bein' born a stuncutter's daughter, or growin' up in a quarry. But it happens she grew up in a kitchen helpin' her mother, whether she had an instinct for cookin' or not. I dunno as she ever really loved cookin', but she always had a kind of instinct for doin' her duty. I s'pose she was burnin' biscuit by the time she was eight, an' stopped burnin' 'em when she was ten. Prob'ly when she put too much saleratus in 'em she had to eat a few. She had that kind of a ma. By the time she was fifteen right cookin' was second nature to her, an' she'd make good food out of a bad recipe. Some folks like to call that kind of second nature an *instinct*, but I call it the result of eddication. They like to say it's God-given instinct because that lets 'em out of the hard job of tryin' to acquire it."

"But some women like to cook, and some never learn to like it."

"Sure," agreed the Deacon, "an' I grant the ones that like it can catch up on the others without their mothers standin' over 'em in youth. They can school 'emselves. But the point I'm stickin' to is that all of 'em have got to approach a recipe with a mind trained for it; just blind instinct ain't enough."

I found myself swinging into the drift of the Deacon's argument. "You remind me," I said, "of a startling statement I heard the other day. A learned Biblical scholar told me that the old King James translation, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' is not an accurate translation of the original. And yet our whole system of schooling has been built upon it. The verse should read, 'Train up a child according to his bent and when he is old—'. I should say it means that you must determine what a child's instinct is, and then train him to follow it."

"You an' I don't hit head-on," remarked the Deacon, "'cause we ain't on the same track. I grant folks may have an instinct for things, though it's a loose way of talkin'. But an instinct ain't any good to a human bein' unless it's been trained. An' when I take pleasure in Ma's cookin', or in the quick way that boy Eb can mend a threshin' machine, I hate to have folks come along an' say he does it by *instinct*, jest as though there hadn't been a long, slow process of eddication behind it."

"I haven't any instinct for mending machinery," I said stubbornly. "I always have to take my car to a garage. I'd ruin your hay-rake if I tried to fix it."

"I s'pose you want me to believe," grunted the Deacon, "that some men know by instinct which way to screw a nut onto a bolt. That 'ud be the same as sayin' that Nature decreed the thread on a bolt should run a certain way. I s'pose a machinist who reversed the thread would be disobeyin' God, because he'd be cheatin' every human bein' who had an instinct fer turnin' a nut to the right. No, sirree! The feller that has what you call an instinct fer machinery may have been born with some natural likin's, but he's puttered around enough to learn which way most screws turn, before he really knew it, an' a left-handed screw'll fool him whether he's got an *instinct* fer machinery or not.

"The reason I get het up about this," said the Deacon apologetically, as he spat with astonishing skill through the gratings of the stove and then glanced nervously over his shoulder toward the sitting room, "is becuz I'm sick an' tired of these advertisements that promise our village boys that if they have a yearnin' to be a great salesman—an' yearnin' is a substitute word fer instinct—all they have to do is buy a book with twenty recipes fer salesmanship in it, an' the thing is done.

"It ain't jest the boys," he continued earnestly. "The girls fall fer it. Bill Tibbits's daughter is a nice little girl. She ain't what you'd call really all there, but nothin' actually wrong about her brains, jest sort of spindlin'. She was happy enough at home, an' singin' in the choir, an' all that. But she filled out some sort of a question list she found in a magazine advertisement an' sent it away. Back come an answer that told her she had the instincts of a great scenario-writer—an' from what I've seen of the movies they've got some God-awful instincts—an' she ought to take twenty lessons fer one hundred dollars an' learn how to write fer the movies. Poor thing! She can't even write fer a sample cake of soap, so's you'd understand her.

"I guess I'm workin' toward a sort of obvious statement," he continued, apologetically. "But I want to get it off my chest. The right sort of eddication is trainin' yer brain. It ain't trainin' yer hands or yer feet, it's trainin' *yer brain* to use yer hands an' feet. I was readin' somewhere that Admiral Sims said the Naval Academy trainin' was no good when it spent three years teachin' a boy to do somethin' that he could have learned in three weeks on a gun-turret, if his mind was in good shape."

"It looks to me as though you would do away with technical education," I commented.

"A lot of it," he answered cheerfully. "I wouldn't try to teach any young man a lot of this 'how-to-do-it' stuff till I'd given him a trained brain to do it with, an' it's surprisin' what an unexpected variety of things'll train a brain."

"Farmers aren't as a rule a liberally educated class," I suggested, "and yet they produce most of our wealth."

"Worst argument you could use," replied the Deacon. "A really good farmer used to be a broadly eddicated man. As a

youngster he had to do all kinds of things in his home an' in the barn. He had to observe an' think an' deduce. What's more, he read a few good books so's he knew 'em most by heart.

"But speakin' by an' large," he added earnestly, "an' though I do say it, farmers have been some of our foolest citizens. We had a big country an' a rich soil an' an easy market, an' the earth produced in spite of 'em, till they milked a lot of it dry. Then some feller with brains trained by some other sort of study come along an' told 'em how to rotate crops. There ain't any other group of citizens so easily misled by crooked politicians.

"I heard of a farmer in Dakota,"—the Deacon was warming up—"an' he struggled along fer thirty year, as poor at the end as at the start, though he had a hull New England county fer a farm. He kept raisin' grain, an' losin' it in droughts an' late blizzards, an' reggerler acts of God; an' all the time he kept jest one or two hogs around the place to eat the swill an' supply a little home-grown pork fer the family. An' after thirty year some feller came along with a brain an' suggested he might jest as well raise two hundred hogs as raise two, without any more trouble. The whole State was full of farmers like that, an' now they get more wealth out of hogs than grain. It was a simple idee, but they didn't think of it for thirty years or more.

"No, sir, it wouldn't hurt a farmer to have a little more brains nowadays, an' he might start in acquirin' 'em by studyin' history an' geography an' music an' French, or any old thing that helps brains to grow. An' I guess the same is true with engineers an' doctors an' scenario-writers. I wouldn't teach 'em how-to-do-it till I trained suthin' in their heads to do it with. Instinct an' a recipe never produced anything."

"How would you train a teacher?" I asked meekly.

"I'd begin by burnin' most of his text-books," answered the Deacon, promptly, "so's he'd have to use whatever brain he has."

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

DANIEL WEBSTER, *famed as a jurist as well as an orator, discussed the value of the Jury system in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818:*

There can be no legal reasoning, until a particular state of facts is considered as settled. But there are cases, in which some doubts would always remain as to the facts connected with them, if a certain and precise issue were not joined between the parties, and a verdict, "importing absolute verity," found upon this issue. In many instances, this is much better done in a jury room than on the bench; for this reason, among others, *that the finding of the jury is not accompanied with dissenting opinions.*

A strong impression against the use of juries in civil causes generally prevails in countries where the civil law is established. Yet, there are reasons, at least plausible, for supposing that something very analogous to English and American juries existed both in Athens and in Rome, in the better days of those Republics. "I have always been of opinion," says Sir William Jones, "with the learned antiquary, Dr. Pettingal, that they (the judges at Athens) might with propriety be called *jurymen;* and that the Athenian juries differed from ours in very few particulars." Dr. Pettingal's *Inquiry into the use and practice of juries among the Greeks and Romans* deserves to be more read and better known. It is a book of accurate and extensive erudition, although written with somewhat too much acrimony against the civil law, as it existed after the time of Augustus.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818, made observations upon child education quite pertinent to our own times:*

An over anxiety to make of babies, little matter-of-fact men, and unbreeched philosophers, will add but little to their sum of knowledge in after life, and nothing to that faculty which teaches them to consider and determine for themselves, and begets that independent wisdom, without which their heaped

up knowledge is but an incumbrance. A child, now, "learns by heart" how a shoe is made, from the flaying of the ox for the leather, to the punching the last hole; and can give the best of reasons for its being so made, when it had much better be chasing a rainbow. Such a system may make inquisitive, but not wide ranging minds. It kills the poetry of our character, without enlarging our philosophy; and will hardly make us worthier members of society, or give us the humble compensation of turning out better mechanics.

Modern developments in gas manufacture, combustion, etc., were forecast in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1818, by* JAMES FREEMAN DANA, *the distinguished chemist:*

The operation of the water-burner, then, appears to be simply this,—tar, minutely divided and intimately mixed with steam, is inflamed; the heat of the flame, aided by the affinity for oxygen of that portion of carbon, which would otherwise pass off in smoke, decomposes the water, and the carbon and oxygen unite; the hydrogen of the water, and probably of the tar, expand on all sides (and hence the flame is very large) to meet the atmospheric oxygen, water is recomposed, and passes off in steam; a degree of heat is produced, no doubt, greater than that which is produced by the combustion of the tar alone, and this heat is equal to that evolved by the combustion of a quantity of carbon, which would otherwise form smoke . . . With regard to the light emitted by this flame, we can only refer to the general fact, that when solid matter is evolved and ignited in a flame, the light is very intense, and on the contrary, where gaseous matter is the product of combustion, the light is feeble. Hydrogen, when inflamed, gives little light, carburetted hydrogen more, and bicarburetted hydrogen produces a flame of still greater brilliancy. The flame of a spirit of wine lamp gives light of low intensity, but when a coil of platina wire is held in it, the illuminating power is greatly augmented.

The reorganization of Europe after the Napoleonic Wars was discussed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818, by* NATHAN HALE, *nephew of the Revolutionary hero:*

All the Powers of the first order, except France, have increased in the extent of their dominions, population and resources; but on the other hand, the small States are not so closely allied, and so intimately dependent on particular large States, as they were before the French revolution. Several of the States have acquired more natural and convenient boundaries, and their territories are in a less degree intermixed. The States of the first order, with the exception of Russia, are more nearly equal in power and resources than formerly, and Russia, the only apparently dangerous Power, is remote from the small States

whom she would be most likely to bind to her yoke, and separated from the rest of Europe by the two States who have the strongest interest, and are the most able to keep a check upon her ambition. On the whole, there does not appear to be any thing in the present distribution of power, which ought to discourage the hope of a long period of security from the miseries of conquest and revolution. There is no one sovereign, who can, with any rational confidence, aspire to universal dominion, or even any material increase of his power. On the contrary, if the several States act from a principle of enlightened self interest, or even of prudent ambition, it is not in the power of any one of the number, to assume more than his part in the political system, or to disturb the general welfare.

The urgent need now felt for the preservation of the Rights of the States was forecast by WILLIAM JONES SPOONER *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1819:*

What has a government to fear, whilst it can enlist on its side the patriotism of the good, the ambition of the great, the interests of the selfish? There is nothing to place in opposition to all this, unless it be the force of local jealousies; but these, as we have before intimated, do not run parallel with our present State divisions; nor appear to have a necessary connexion, with the State authorities.—We do not mean to intimate by what has been said, that the Constitution, when fairly construed, has vested more power in the General Government than was necessary. But believing the safety of the Union not likely to be endangered by the portion of power left in the States, we have no wish to see that power diminished. To these governments was meant to be left the care of the morals, the improvement, and most of the individual rights and possessions of the citizens; for these purposes we are bound to preserve them; but to be preserved they must be respected.

The social habits and health of literary men were discussed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818, by* WALTER CHANNING, *eminent physician and brother of* WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING:

Besides, the scholar should be much in society for its excitement, for the diversion it gives to his thoughts. He should surrender himself sometimes to the influence of other minds. He must relax his strained powers, be gay and even vacant, if he would remove the feverishness, the depression and restlessness, which so often visit him after long and intense study. But it is also necessary that every class of men should have habits suited to their occupations,—habits of pleasure as well as of work; and besides the difficulty of establishing these, which arises from the variety and irregularity of their pur-

suits, our scholars are too few to form a separate class, with distinct manners and an appropriate mode of life, and therefore are apt to accommodate themselves in these respects, where imitation is more natural than in almost any other, to the mass among whom their lot is cast. And nothing can be more fatal to that composure of the faculties and tranquillity of the circulations, which are so essential to the health of a student, than the irregular hours, the innocent dissipation, the parties, dinners, and suppers to which he is continually exposed and solicited. Regularity is the first of his wants, and the habit of avoiding all strong excitement should be the first of his cautions; and if he fails in neither of these, health will almost surely follow. . . . It is not desirable, indeed, that our scholars should have all the influence in polished society which the philosophers of France enjoyed, who governed in the drawing-room as well as in the Academy. And yet, when we know that, for the last century, the average of the life of a man of letters in France has been stated at something over sixty years, and that the ages of twelve of her laborious philosophers, taken at random, amount to a thousand years, one cannot help ascribing this in part to their independent mode of life, and wishing that our own scholars would feel it a right and a duty to prescribe their indulgences as well as their labours.

WILLARD PHILLIPS, *the eminent jurist, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818, reviewed unfavorably the writings of* WILLIAM GODWIN:

Godwin is a writer of a severe and sombre cast, who seems to take a gloomy satisfaction in dwelling upon whatever is deplorable in the constitution of society, or execrable and loathsome in human nature. In many parts of each of his works, and more especially in *Caleb Williams* and *Political Justice*, he writes with the spirit of a conspirator against the moral government of the world; and seems to look upon all the order, and beauty, and harmony of the social system, as Satan contemplated the delights of Eden, when he first alighted on the Tree of Life,—as something to be blasted and spoiled. But he has nothing of malignity in this;—he everywhere speaks like one of benevolent dispositions; but his benevolence is ill directed; he does not, like Satan, regard mankind, as those "whom he could pity" for the evils his own labours are intended to bring upon them. He compassionates them for what constitutes the beauty, and dignity, and security of existence. Though he sometimes speaks in tones of condolence, he more frequently utters the language of indignation and reproach. "Of what use," says he, "are talents and sentiments in the corrupt wilderness of human society? It is a rank and rotten soil, from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows. All that, in a happier and purer air, would expand into virtue and germinate into usefulness, is thus converted into henbane and deadly nightshade."

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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SEPTEMBER

CANADA'S FIRST ENVOY
OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

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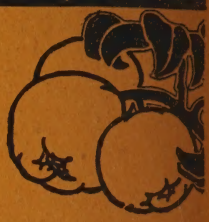

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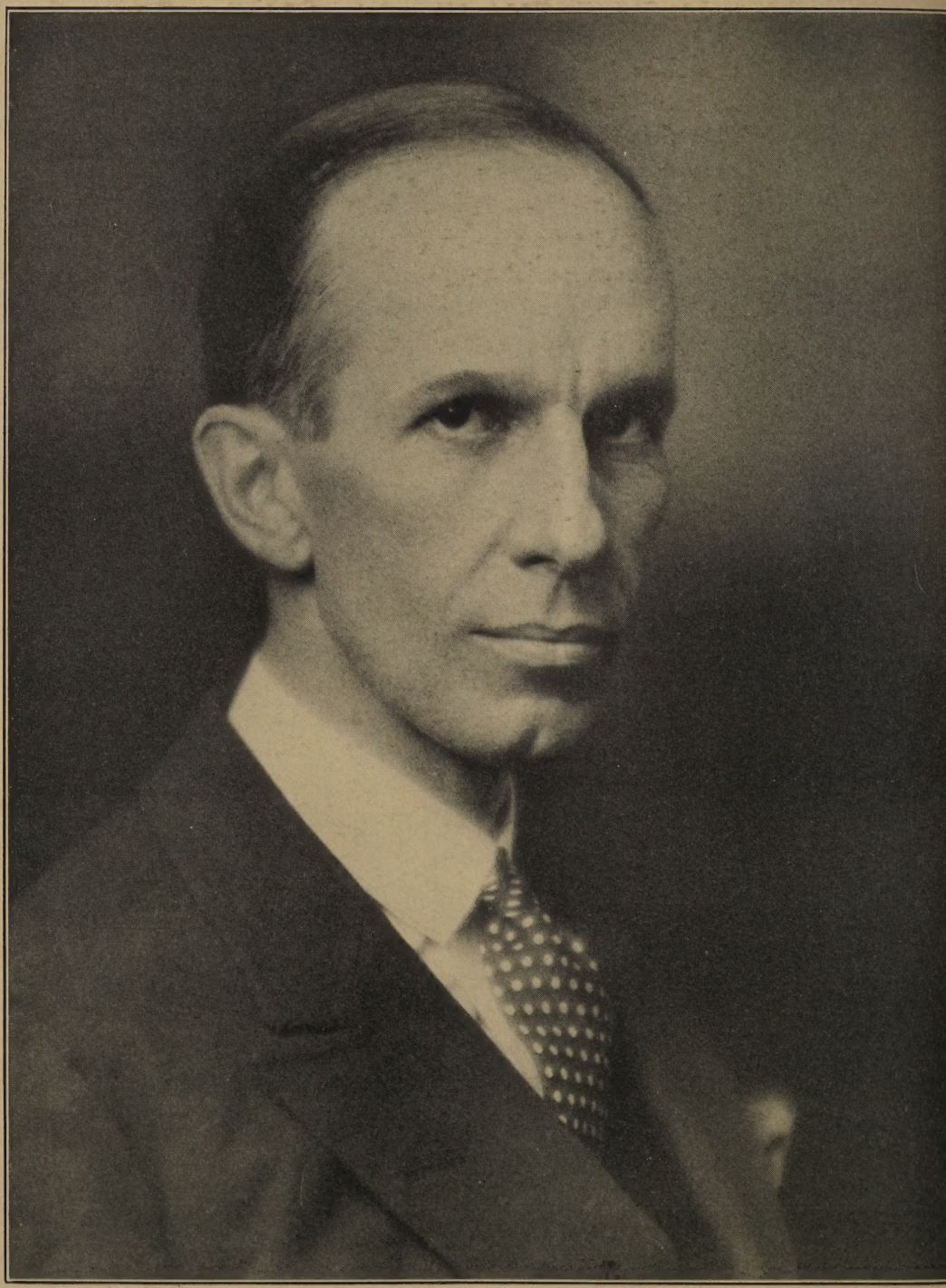

VINCENT MASSEY

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1928

CANADA'S FIRST ENVOY

BY OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

THE Hon. Vincent Massey, scholar, soldier, and statesman, has served his first year at Washington as Canada's first envoy to the United States. In the last twelve months he has displayed an unusual aptitude for the delicate task of interpreting one neighbor to another. Today Ottawa and Washington are in closer contact and have a better understanding of each other's purposes than was ever known in the past.

It is not the purpose of this article to forecast what Mr. Massey will accomplish during his residence at Washington; but some indication of the future may be found in the study of Mr. Massey himself—in the qualities of the man, in his antecedents, and in his achievements.

Most Canadians know him as the one-time head of the great farm implement firm of Massey-Harris—the largest in the British Empire—who recently forsook business for the political arena. Groups of Canadians in his native city of Toronto, and elsewhere, know him as the driving power behind many activities associated with art, letters, the humanities, or business. But the public on both sides of the boundary line is only beginning to know him. Most newspapermen will admit readily that they find him a "hard subject". The reason is that he talks little of himself, keeps strictly to the question under discussion, and refuses to

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indulge in those petty controversies which breed continuing enmities.

Mr. Vincent Massey is a rare type of rich man's son, for he has never sought either rest or butterfly pleasures. Years ago he came to the conclusion that material gifts of themselves yield little fruit, that the giver must give himself if he would find the highest happiness. As a youth he was wise beyond his years, and found constant joy and profit in studying the thoughts and actions of the past. First at Toronto, and later at Balliol College, Oxford, he gulped down history. On his return to Toronto, he taught history at Victoria, but the placid life of a University Don was not for him. Suddenly, the war drums sounded, and he answered the call. At Camp Borden, and later at Ottawa, his powers of organization called forth favorable comment.

Thrilled by the varied interests of a man of action, he broadened his activities, and so his responsibilities. He was called to the directorate of the great network of farm implement workshops on King Street West, Toronto, and it was not long before he was voted to the president's chair, the seat of his fathers. Progress did not break up his old ideals, and, with each step to greater service, we find him still a patron of the arts, a devotee of architecture and the drama, an intelligent philanthropist.

If one of the prime functions of Canada is to interpret Great Britain to the United States, the new Minister is well fitted by ancestry and education to play the rôle of interpreter. His mother, Anna Vincent Massey, was American born, the daughter of Bishop Vincent, a well known religious leader in the Eastern States, and the founder of the Chautauqua movement. His great-grandfather, Daniel Massey, one of the founders of the Massey-Harris Company, was born in Vermont, but left the United States soon after the American War of Independence, and settled in Newcastle, Ontario.

Canada's first accredited diplomat was born in Toronto in February, 1887, where he received his early education at the Provincial Model School, St. Andrew's College, and Toronto University. In 1910 he went to Oxford to take a post-graduate course in ancient and modern history, and, on his return in 1913, he became a lecturer in modern history at Toronto, and the Dean

of Residence in Victoria College. For years his home in Queen's Park has been a centre for distinguished visitors from Great Britain and the United States. His wife is the daughter of the late Sir George Parkin, a noted educationalist, for many years head of the Cecil Rhodes Foundation.

At the outbreak of war he became commanding officer of the School of Musketry at Camp Borden. His executive efficiency became known in the political world for the first time when he was appointed associate secretary of the War Committee of the Canadian Cabinet in 1918. The Government's war organization had become cumbersome, and Mr. Massey conceived the idea of bringing about a better correlation. After some thought and consultation, he prepared a chart outlining the whole machinery of wartime government at Ottawa, and the relations which each part had to the whole. His idea in doing this was to aid himself as a newcomer to the capital in visualizing the problem of government and the machinery available to cope with it. The chart was so helpful to himself and to others who saw it that numbers of copies were prepared for the use of several Cabinet members.

The thoroughness and directness of mind shown by this incident was characteristic of Mr. Massey, and, following the close of the war, the successful administrator became director of the Government Repatriation Committee. From this office he went directly into business, and, from 1921 to 1925, he was president of the $25,000,000 Massey-Harris Company. He resigned this office to enter the Cabinet of the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King in 1925, and, during the general election of that year, contested the constituency of Durham, a traditionally Conservative riding. He was defeated by 946 votes, after an historic campaign.

Mr. Massey has declared to friends that his hobby is architecture, and many of his ideas have taken shape at Toronto University in Hart House, Burwash Hall, and Simcoe Hall. In the construction of these, and the newer University buildings, such as the Forestry Building, he played an important part as chairman of the Property Committee of the Board of Governors. Hart House, considered the finest collegiate club on the continent, is the gift of his family, as well as himself. Hart House Theatre, in particular, was his idea. He has for years taken a

great interest in the drama, and has been an actor, as well as director, in the plays given at Hart House for the last seven years. Competent critics adjudge him to possess histrionic ability of no slight order, and this talent evidently runs in the family, for his younger brother, Raymond, is one of the best known actors and producers in London.

The secret of his success as an actor is the secret of his other attainments. Any rôle he took at Hart House Theatre was studied so carefully that his own personality was submerged in the character he was portraying: witness his interpretation of *Pantaloon*, Sir James Barrie's charming play, which was produced in 1922 under his personal direction.

The new Minister offers no apologies for his taste for the dramatic art. He sees no reason why a man should not be as interested in the stage as in golf or horses. He is convinced that the drama is a form of art of direct social utility, and that an interesting Canadian drama is practical Canadianism. Some months ago he wrote a paper on *The Prospects for a Canadian Drama* for the *Queen's University Quarterly*, and he is at present engaged in editing a series of Canadian plays. It may be expected that among the Canadian products he will introduce into the United States are those of Canadian playwrights.

Mr. Massey possesses exceptional powers of concentration, and can, for an emergency, insulate himself against any disturbance and "let the world go by". He has been known to work on a problem with deep intensity for days at a time, and, when he has found a solution, to be as pleased as a boy with a new mechanical toy. I remember hearing the late Sir James Lougheed, former Minister of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, say: "Massey is a remarkable young man. He not only has a trained mind, but he has tact and concentration to unite the efforts of those around him to an unusual degree. I believe he will go far."

Another factor in his success is his value of time. For years he has maintained a schedule which has been the envy of his business associates. He has a record for punctuality that would make an alarm clock ashamed of striking, and his promptness in acknowledging personal correspondence is far famed.

The young diplomat is not an aggressive controversialist; he is at all times a polite, considerate gentleman, devoid of offense, and often ends a committee gathering with the words: "Of course, gentlemen, that is only my offhand opinion on the matter, and I am quite willing to be corrected if I am in error." In keeping with that attitude is his keen desire to be fair to friend and foe, for he abhors a partisan dogfight as he abhors bad art.

By some he has been defined as "a distant man", as a lean Cassius who does not sleep well and who takes himself too seriously. He is a serious man, but the assertion that he takes himself seriously is another matter. He has never had a great deal of time in recent years for purely social affairs. Yet he is one of the most agreeable men one could possibly meet. He has a natural flair for fineness, which is a pre-requisite to culture. And, if a varied taste, a vital interest, and a complete independence imply true culture, he is one of the most cultured men of his years in Canada. In the days before his Washington appointment, the hall fireplace at No. 71 Queen's Park, Toronto, was a rendezvous for eager souls who came together and talked of stirring things. Those who met the young Dean of Victoria College under those conditions will not soon forget his kindly and helpful influence.

Leisure will, one imagines, be a rarer pleasure at Washington. For those who know the quick, understanding, Massey smile, and the curved, black bowled, friendly briar pipe, it is somewhat difficult to place him in the big Washington parade. Some newspapers have recorded the new Minister as having no recreations, that he does not indulge in sports, and is not an open air man. This is not in accordance with the facts, for Mr. Massey takes a keen zest in country life, and is at his happiest when enjoying a vacation at his country home, "Batterwood," in Durham County, Ontario. Here, with his two sons, he roams over the well kept farm, and feels at peace with the world and all mankind. His favorite exercise is to ride a saddle horse, and he is open hearted in his tribute to equine companionship. "Some people like dogs; others fancy cats, but I love a horse," he told me in a recent conversation.

Wherever Mr. Massey may happen to be, those present will know that he is proud of the land in which he was born. Shortly

after he returned to Toronto from Oxford a friend asked him if he took as much interest in Canada as before he had gone to England. "More," was the quick and rather emphatic reply. "I think any Canadian should find himself more Canadian by going to Oxford, because from there he can see his own country in better perspective. Why shouldn't the study of what is peculiarly English help a man to appreciate better what is intensely Canadian?" That this is the case with Toronto's young diplomat is shown by his keen appreciation of Canadian art. For years he has championed Canadian artists with a marked preference for the native qualities of the Group of Seven, of which Lawren Harris, a grandson of the other founder of the Massey-Harris Company, is one of the chief exponents. He also admires Tom Thomson, and several of this artist's canvases adorn Hart House, as well as his own home. The lonely pine and the wind-swept skies of these Canadian canvases bring to his home the breadth and vastness of the young Dominion and the dreams of its pioneers.

The new Minister can scarcely be called a politician, for, until the general elections of 1925 and 1926, he had taken no active interest in politics. His participation in these campaigns was the result of a genuine desire to serve his country, and a belief that the progress of the Dominion might be seriously impeded if its population were divided by appeals to sectional feeling and the dreams of the forefathers forgotten. It is not in his nature to be a keen partisan. Reading and associations have broadened his outlook and removed his prejudices until he has become a public servant who is anxious to serve, with malice towards none.

His faith in Canada is unshakable. In a happy address given before the Ottawa Canadian Club, two years ago, he expressed pride in the Dominion and friendship for its neighbor:—

> We live on the borders of a great, powerful, exuberant people, engaged in building up their own civilization, and its contribution to the world will be both noble and necessary. And we are bound to them, I am glad to think, by many ties, both personal and national, and externally we resemble them, and must resemble them, for we live under the same physical conditions.
>
> But I submit that, fundamentally, we are a different people, and, that, if there is any justification for the existence on the continent of two experi-

ments and the maintenance of one capital here and of another at Washington, we must remain different. I do not think that the line which separates us is imaginary. It is a real boundary betweeen two civilizations, quite different, that meet there and meet in amity.

The old animosity between Canada and the United States is dead, and it will never be revived. It seems a long time ago now since there was—what we find so often in our nineteenth century literature—a conscious hatred of the United States. We are now on the most friendly terms with the American nation, and it was very impressive to hear the late President of the United States say, with all the authority of his great office, on Canadian soil, that the political union of the two peoples had never been either expected or desired by the American people.

It is such utterances as these that reveal the vision and understanding of the new Minister. Public men have cause sometimes to regret the hastily spoken words of former years. And, generally, the reason for the regret is because the words were spoken without due consideration. The new Minister never speaks without some consideration of the subject he is asked to discuss.

"He has the singular ability to take one subject at a time and to refuse to dispose of it until he has made up his mind how it should be handled," says a colleague of his at the University of Toronto. "What I mean to say is that, whether the subject be one of major or minor importance, it is dealt with strictly on its merits, and in so dispassionate a manner that no one feels there is any animus or feeling to his findings. He thinks at times like a surgeon. He might have to do a certain amount of cutting to eradicate an evil, but he would do it with such a sense of clear-sighted duty that no one would question seriously the motive behind his executive decisions."

And so it will be with his new responsibilities at Washington. Duty will come first at all times. He will face more and varied problems than he has yet been called upon to settle. In fact, he has one of the hardest jobs which the Canadian Government could ask a man to take. Many Canadians have looked mistakenly on his appointment as a social or honorary position. They have forgotten that, for some time, there have been a number of very difficult problems piling up for settlement which have been the cause of considerable worry to the British Embassy.

One of the more important questions which has claimed his

attention during the last year is the dispute concerning the diversion of waters from the Great Lakes. Owing to the many legal and engineering features connected with the drainage diversion by the City of Chicago, the dispute may become a matter which may necessitate some sort of an arrangement between Canada and the United States.

Among other diplomatic issues to be tackled will be a revision of the Fisheries Agreement of 1885, a revision of the Four-Power Convention relating to fur seals in the Bering Sea, which Japan has asked to have changed, and the settlement of the Fraser River Salmon dispute between British Columbia and the State of Washington. Then there are a host of other issues, such as the erosion of Niagara, the water levels in Rainy River, the behavior of the army of immigration guards and prohibition inspectors along the long international boundary line, the export of pulp and paper, and details affecting extradition.

The new Minister is not blind to the fact that he has a position of tremendous possibilities for the future, good or ill, of his native land. He likes hard work, but, being human, he would prefer to have the general public understand that the job is not one in which the Canadian representative will at all times sit in the grandstand while the big parades go by.

"One can but do his best," he said to a friend not long ago. "Few people seem to have grasped the idea that there is an extraordinary amount of hard work to be done at Washington during the coming year, and for a number of years to come."

The United States will find in Vincent Massey a skilled executive who, by his wealth and wide education, has become a cosmopolite in the best sense of the word. Native ability, strengthened by a diligent search after truth, has given him wisdom, and an understanding and kindly nature has made him respected by his fellow citizens. He has gone to Washington to bring about a better understanding between Uncle Sam and Jack Canuck. It will not be his fault if the two neighbors do not become friendlier than they have been in the past.

THE RETURN OF THE MATRIARCH

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the effort at last to take a hand in our own evolution. Granting that history must repeat itself, we are beginning to feel that we have a right to select what passages of history will bear repetition. My own vote is for the return of that misty period known as the Matriarchal. A little observation confirms my view that I am by no means the only woman today having this predilection. A far more significant fact is that men, all unconsciously, are betraying the same hankering for the reappearance of the Matriarch; else why does the male historian paint in such idyllic colors that nebulous era of female supremacy? The real truth is that during the Matriarchate, man had the time of his life, for he had nothing whatever to do except to supply germ-plasm and go hunting. It was left to women to conserve the results of man's creative ability and to select from the fruits of his research those elements that might contribute to the nurture of the race. No woman wanted to be a Matriarch then, nor does she now, for clearly there is no fun for women themselves in running the affairs of the world. Both then and now, woman had to butt her way into business and government simply because these were being so riotously conducted by men. Throughout history woman has had one unvarying motive, the emancipation of man. Women's present unselfishness in relinquishing the perquisites of the parasite is curiously unappreciated.

For the sake of argument, I assume that I am addressing those women who are perfectly willing to be women and those men who are perfectly willing to let them be. For these, the elect of both sexes, it would appear axiomatic that so long as the shape and contents of a woman's body differ from a man's, just so long will her contributions to civilization differ from a man's. Because of their physical constitution men are

creative and combative; because of their physical constitution women are passive and preservative. But I am not arguing anything so obvious as the differences between the sexes; what I am trying to point out is a singular discrepancy in today's thinking, for precisely those men who most frankly accept the inferiority of women as the basis of all discussion, are the ones who most firmly resist the logical outcome of their own convictions. Since women are the inferior sex, why shouldn't they be set to do the inferior work of the world? Why do men insist on performing such menial tasks as the ordering of nations and the administering of business? Both are preëminently housewifely activities. Government exists merely to supply just as much of law and order as is needed to promote the full development of an infant humanity. Finance and commerce are only the means by which we conserve the fruits of the earth so that humankind may have enough to eat. Now men's general attitude toward these obviously feminine occupations of business and government is the same as that of the individual man who suddenly finds housekeeping thrust upon him. Either he takes housekeeping too seriously, or he doesn't take it seriously enough, and in either case he is wasteful. The returning wife either finds the dishes stacked to the ceiling, and crumbs all over the floor, or she finds the house punctiliously neat, but her man pale and emaciated. Just so the returning Matriarch will find men, in their administering of the world, either wasting its material resources, or wasting themselves. The chief trouble in keeping women out of their proper position in the humbler pursuits of the race, is that it keeps men out of their proper place in the sun. Both figuratively and literally, man's place is not in the kitchen.

The problems that the Matriarch upon arrival will find herself confronting may be briefly analyzed as three. They are psychological and they are male—man's innate unselfishness, his innate timidity, and the innate struggle between his creative and his combative instincts. Men's desire to do women's work for them is profoundly chivalrous, but of course the real trouble with all chivalry is that it denies women any opportunity to be chivalrous, so that it is to be hoped that the wise Matriarch may convince men of the advantage and the safety of a little self-

indulgence in their own proper pursuits. Man's present fear to go hunting dangerous new beasts in dangerous new jungles may by tactful emphasis on his masculine brawn and mentality be changed back to the prehistoric courage once practised by his sex. But I wonder what on earth the new Matriarch will do with the clashing of men's idealism against their pugnacity. How long will men continue to build cathedrals one day and bomb them the next? That is a form of self-wastage that Mrs. Matriarch will have to attend to.

In those simple, prehistoric days, the occupations of the Matriarch were physical and personal. The ancient dame was expected to leave her mate free to hunt and to keep him desirous of hunting, to raise the cubs, and to see that the family had enough to eat. In that era, woman's physical structure was held to fit her especially for these humble but indispensable duties. It would be hard to prove that woman's physical structure has radically altered in the intervening centuries, therefore why should her services to the race have radically altered? There are more of us than there were a few æons back, and we are more complicated, but nothing has happened to change the basic facts of male and female. One patient age after another has been repeating the same old story, that men are the creators, the originators, the daring seekers, the artists, poets, inventors of the species, and that it is woman's function to help them to be all of these things, to spur them on to hunting, while she keeps the home fires burning, brings up the children, and sees that the larder is neither overstocked nor empty. Those old times were not only more muscular, but more logical than ours. If there were giants in those days, it was because men did not stunt themselves trying to do women's work for them, to the neglect of their own. There is no fact more splendidly argued by men today than that woman's maternal structure modifies her mentality, and of necessity relegates her to those activities that are merely the complement of men's. It is a masculine thesis too hoary for mention that women are by physical equipment fitted to be the housekeepers and home makers of all time, but why does not the obviously superior male carry his argument to its obvious conclusion? If woman's maternal equipment has

endowed her with a capacity for smooth and economic administration of the private home and the private family, why should not the same executive ability be utilized for municipal and national housekeeping? It is puzzling to see why men cling so tenaciously to women's prerogatives when to entrust to women the reins of government and business would be merely to extend to society at large the advantages of the perfect marriage, as by all men always and everywhere conceived—that relation which leaves the man free for his high outdoor adventures, while the woman stays at home and runs the establishment.

Now women are not asking to be admitted to the kitchen from any desire for their own pleasure, since they know the drudgery far too well, nor from any lack of appreciation of men's chivalrous repugnance to letting women wash the world's dirty dishes or dirty linen. Women are begging to be allowed to do the world's housekeeping only because they see men doing it so wastefully and so wearily that we are sorry for them. When an individual husband, through some domestic exigency, has housekeeping shoved upon him, he usually rushes gaily at dish pan or washtub, thinking to toss off tasks so lightly and efficiently as to rebuke any burdened wife, but as the wife's vacation and the drudgery are prolonged, on and on, day by day, the male grows haggard, loses sleep from his nights and hair from his temples. There is no such relief known to the human imagination as that with which a man returns the kitchen to his wife after running it for a week.

Signs of an analogous haggardness are beginning to show among the potentates of business and of government. It may be that future history, looking back, will regard men's long and pathetic immersion in women's concerns as we today regard the untoward domestic emergency that pushes the man of the house temporarily into cooking and scrubbing. No man could deny that finance and statecraft, as now conducted by men, are being run so wastefully that masculine preoccupation with them is excusable solely on the ground that it is merely temporary. Such wild prodigality is only justifiable as an emergency measure of the harried male during woman's enforced absence from her proper economic position.

The present spectacle of Big Business standing knee deep in a pile of mass production is merely an enlarged picture of what happens when the private paterfamilias sets out to make a batch of cookies. When men are deflected from their proper pursuits to do women's tasks, they naturally tend to exalt those tasks to meet their own cheated dignity. Daddy gets so enthusiastic turning out cookies, all hot and crispy, cookies and cookies and cookies, that he altogether forgets where the flour is coming from, and where the cookies are going to. When the savory pile suddenly tumbles down on his own head, he wakes from his creative dreams, and looks around for someone to eat the cookies. He sees the children. The children are hungry to begin with, but at the fiftieth cooky, their stomachs begin to show symptoms of sales resistance. Now the kitchen fire is by this time going so hard that the man doesn't dare to stop baking, so he feverishly seeks inducements to make the infants stuff. They become hypnotised by pictures of beautiful cookies on every sign post and by voices that iterate "cooky, cooky, cooky" in their ears. They eat. The result is inevitable. The poor babes are sick all over the kitchen floor, and refuse ever again to come within smelling distance of a cooky. When, harassed and thin, Big Business shall at last relinquish her kitchen to the welcome Matriarch, it will leave on her hands a triple problem of cookies unconsumed, and cookies exgurgitated, and a houseful of sick children. Hadn't you better let the Matriarch come back before the children get any sicker? Because of their wastefulness it is written that men must one day leave the kitchens of the world, simply because this planet does not possess the resources to support the riotous glee with which men overstock the larder, nor yet the mad unconcern with which they have stuffed the kitchen stove with perilous fuel. The chief difference between the outgoing magnate and the incoming Matriarch will be that she will think the child more worth saving than the cooky.

Surely not even a male would deny that a man in a kitchen is as pathetic an object as a lion in a cage, so that it does not seem as if it were going to be insuperably hard for women presently to open the doors and send men and lions frisking back to the chase.

While I do not believe it is going to be impossible for us matriarchs to dissuade men from their present sacrificial absorption in doing women's work for them, nor yet to re-inoculate men with their pristine courage for hunting despite their long, long feminization, what I do see as a supreme difficulty is the age-old strife between man's creative and his combative tendencies. Nature made him that way. He is incessantly pulled into two parts, while nature so built us women that our whole being tends to a single end. It is much harder for men to be consistent than it is for women, and this should make us very patient with them. And we need all the patience we can muster when we perceive men's reluctance to let us exercise our feminine endowments in the preëminently feminine function of government. The maladjustment of the male to female occupations is nowhere so tragically manifest as in the management of nations. It is here that man's inborn love of fighting has completely blinded him to the real value of the activity. Government is only large scale housekeeping, and surely the sex best fitted by nature to do small scale housekeeping must be also the one best fitted to do it in the large. Man does not regard government as an institution which is merely an enlarged home. Nor does he regard himself as a householder. Government for him is not an institution but an arena, where rival office-seekers, rival parties, rival nations, shall fight to a finish. But a woman's outlook is not gladiatorial, but administrative. It is increasingly difficult for women to bring up the future human race with no more privacy and domesticity than would be afforded by living in a Roman amphitheatre.

Now just as women should be patient with men because, constituted as they are, they can't help being inconsistent, so men should be patient if we women are not sufficiently convinced by the messiness of the arena to rush to follow its two most cherished principles. Frankly, I do not know just how the Matriarch is going to get past the men back to her necessary position in practical affairs, so long as she rejects these two darling masculine convictions, the necessity of prestige and the necessity of politics. Neither in managing her own house nor the nations' will the Matriarch squander good time and energy on prestige and politics. Prestige is the paralyzing consciousness of what

the other fellow may be thinking about you, so nothing is more constraining to your own freedom of action. Prestige is an essential for the prizefighter, but an impossibility for the housekeeper. Prestige is a distinctly male prerogative, for a woman's most incapacitating inferiority to a man is her sense of humor. There is no real man who is not frank enough sometimes to strut; there is no real woman who is not too secretive ever to do so. In the present order of things you could not convince man or nation or rooster that their strutting does not somehow contribute to the welfare of the private henyard and to the dignity of nations, but when a hen shall at last rule the roost, she will not strut, believing it a waste of energy, and knowing also what all hens have always, in their hearts, thought about the strut.

Now politics is a curious conviction, possible only to the combative sex, that competition is somehow in itself constructive, that two helmsmen, one at each end of the boat, each striving in the opposite direction, are the best method of guiding the Ship of State on a straight course to port—a humorous figment of fancy inexorably disproved by the fact that as to principles and practices the two helmsmen are today seated so close together that no voter knows how to insert his piece of paper between them. A woman, innately frugal and housewifely, would prophesy from party government exactly the results she would prophesy from installing rival cooks in the same kitchen, arming each with a knife to protect her against attack from the other, and expecting the two under these conditions to provide for the children the most nourishing and economical meal obtainable. The conception that rival parties, jealously watching each other's actions, are the best means of conserving the public resources for the public use, is as ill advised as expecting the bellicose cooks not to employ the supplies in the pantry for the smashing of each others' heads, thus depriving the hungry nation of its proper amount of tinned soup and potted ham. The plodding, unimaginative Matriarch will regard politics as the fatal masculine tendency to become absorbed in the game to the neglect of the goal.

Because history is so sure to repeat itself, it does not need to hurry. Out of the far past ages, the Matriarch is steadily trekking her way back to us, simply because she has become an inex-

orable economic necessity. When she returns to her prehistoric eminence, there will be no great change except in the size of her tent. She will cry to the males bowed with the cooking and weaving for the nations, "Out you go! Rise to your ancient spears and arrows! Courage to conquer the new beasts that would destroy the soul, to win new wastes for human pioneering! Look at the splendid male brains of you! Go forth and create! Out to your hunting! But mind what you bring back to me, for as of old it shall be the woman's part to sort the offal from the meat of men's kill. Wastefully now, you track the secrets of science to their lair, and bring back for the children's breakfast only the teeth and the claws, the clinking trophies of cynicism and destruction. Comrade man, you know me built for one function, and therefore forever weaker than you in body and in brain. Yet it may be because of that same function that the race is to be safeguarded by my vision into the future, vision that may make me, of the two of us, always the better conservator of your own creations, your own achievements."

Q. E. D. The Matriarch is more to be desired than dreaded in the future as in the past. But right here I whisper my humble, Missourian doubt. The prehistoric provides a field quite as alluring to romance as to research. I have always wondered whether there really was such a person as the Matriarch. Anyway, male historians say there was. Is it possible that men's own longing for emancipation invented the Matriarch of the misty past? Is it possible that men's own longing for emancipation may welcome the Matriarch of the misty future?

THE COLOSSUS OF THE NORTH

BY GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, JR.

THERE is nothing more effective in dealing with an undeveloped mentality than a bugaboo. The fear of this imaginary monster and of his evil intentions may be relied upon to inspire in his supposedly prospective victim the most immediate and most violent reactions. A large bugaboo is particularly effective. We can all of us recall childish visions of ogres; and, whereas we were sometimes moved to emulate Jack-the-Giant-Killer and slay these enemies of our peace of mind, we were more often inclined to flee shamelessly from their threatened advent.

The Colossus of the North is the United States of America in bugaboo form. It is a Saxon-American ogre, conjured up by the political intellectual of Latin America to terrify his fellow citizens into following him and his counsel. Like Aladdin of the fairy tale, he rubs the lamp of desire, and in misty, intangible form, forth rises this monster genie to do his bidding. It capers about, making the most terrifying grimaces and extending its taloned hands hungrily in pursuit of prey. Like Saint George before the Dragon, the political intellectual of Latin America stands between his terrified people and the bugaboo, and brandishes in his good right hand his most trusted weapon, the *palabra*. It is difficult to translate in this sense the exact significance of the Spanish word, *palabra*. In substance, it means *the right to talk*.

In point of fact, the Colossus of the North has all the makings of an ideal bugaboo. In the first place, there, north of the Rio Grande, Saxon America has builded in record time one of the Great Powers of the world. Its mere size and success constitute an offense to the smaller and less successful. Secondly, in international affairs, the people of that Great Power are rather tolerant and easy-going. Having enormous resources of their own awaiting development, they have not felt the urge of the economic spur that has driven the hard pressed peoples of the other Great

Powers to pursue world empires. And, finally, this Great Power has pledged itself and has compelled others to respect the sovereignty of the less orderly younger nations in the New World.

In order to be able to understand the international psychology of the Latin American politician, we must take a glance at the history of the New World during the last century, and trace the development of a unique system of international philosophy. Something more than one hundred years ago, when the capitals of Continental Europe were discussing projects for reëstablishing Old World dominion over the would-be independent nations of Latin America, the man who at the moment chanced to be President of the United States made of public, official record the Doctrine that the Americas might no longer be encroached upon by non-American Powers. Because the President's name was James Monroe, the principle which he enunciated, and "in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved," came to be known throughout the world as the Monroe Doctrine.

The basic axiom underlying the Monroe Doctrine is the nation's fundamental, inalienable right of self defense. The President stated firmly that his Government could not view "in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States" an attempt by a European Power to control in any manner the destiny of the independent régimes of Latin America. This was a broad statement, covering almost every imaginable contingency which could involve an American and a non-American Government. There was, too, the inevitable implication of wide responsibilities. In international parlance, the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition provokes a retaliatory blow. In plain language, the United States announced itself prepared to fight any Old World Power which sought to interfere in the affairs of a New World Nation.

Because, for one reason or another, the nations of the Old World found it to their interest to heed this announcement as the decades passed, the nations of the New World worked out their national destinies in an international atmosphere unique in modern history. Immune to the operation of the everyday customs of world politics, the American Republics blazed a new trail in national self determination. They became the spoiled children

of the civilized world. Although of little international account, they spoke when not spoken to, and, when spoken to, their replies and their conduct were likely as not to be most impertinent toward their elders. They met such international obligations as suited their fanciful pleasure. Some of them developed persistent streaks of destructiveness, being given to gunfire and bloodshed and generally obstreperous behavior.

Elsewhere in the world, in Europe, in Africa, in Asia, backward peoples were taken in hand by the Great Powers and were required to toe the mark. Those which failed to heed repeated warnings found themselves partly or wholly deprived of their sovereignty and compelled to conduct themselves more nearly in accord with a developing code of international good manners. The civilized world was becoming too closely knit an enterprise, too interdependent in an economic sense, to tolerate the repeated failure of any people to behave properly. If the people on the ground seemed unwilling or unable to develop their resources in an orderly manner for the benefit of all, some other people were always more than ready to take the matter in hand. Complete self determination among nations was—and is—as absurd as complete self determination among individuals. International anarchy is just as impossible as individual anarchy.

But, while the backward peoples of other continents were receiving their schooling, even the most disorderly in the Americas were permitted to run wild. Whenever one of the Great Powers, irritated beyond endurance, would reach for the switch of international chastisement, the Government at Washington would interpose a protesting hand which warded off the blow; and the unrepentant little American nation gleefully thumbed its nose at its would-be tutor. Of course, this sort of thing could not continue indefinitely. Powerful and influential in world affairs as it undoubtedly is, the Government at Washington cannot be expected to defy the consolidated opinion of the great civilized peoples in a matter of ordinary, international commonsense. In the case of backward societies elsewhere in the world, the Great Powers had said:

"Here, if you cannot behave yourselves, we will take you in hand."

But, in the case of the disorderly peoples of the Americas, the Great Powers said to the Government at Washington:

"You decline to let us take these chaps in hand. Now, is it not up to you to do something about their misconduct?"

Such a question could hardly have been answered in the negative. In the academic application of the principle of national self determination, each of these backward peoples was entitled to "go the limit" within its own national boundaries; and those dissatisfied with its line of misconduct were at liberty to get out of the country. But, in the practical customs of the family of nations, no such academic right of self determination existed, nor does it exist today. In the modern world—call it the capitalistic world, if you will—each nation is expected to protect the lives and the properties of those within its boundaries. It is expected to contract no foreign obligations which it is unable to meet, and those foreign obligations which it does contract are to be paid in accordance with the terms of the agreement.

Quite naturally and inevitably, the duty devolved upon the United States of teaching the less orderly peoples of the Americas how to comport themselves as members of the family of nations. There was no shirking the responsibility. Either the Government at Washington would perform the thankless task, or, eventually, the other Great Powers would take charge of the undertaking. So, the United States acted, and, in accordance with its traditional policy, acted alone.

Then, the fun began. All the animosity that elsewhere in the world had been distributed among Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and Japan, was centered, so far as Latin America was concerned, upon the United States. Child nations, with a background of generations of wilfulness, rebelled against even the most gentle admonition; and the politicians of these nations, quick to sense the advantage to themselves of such a step, conjured up the bugaboo of the Colossus of the North to frighten their peoples.

The leaders in the Mexican Revolution discovered in the Colossus a particularly useful bugaboo. Whenever his programme clashed with the generally accepted principles of international law, and the Government at Washington inevitably took the lead

in arguing for those principles, the Mexican leader shouted the bugaboo into the international foreground and brandished his trusty *palabra* in the smoke of its fire-snorting nostrils. Or, as a relief picture, he would paint himself as the gallant Latin David, with the *palabra* as a rock in his neat little sling ready to annihilate the giant Saxon Goliath, panoplied in warships and United States Marines.

Then, quite naturally, the Mexican politician began to fancy the vision of himself as the champion of all the backward peoples of the Caribbean region against the threat of the Colossus. He had demonstrated his own ability to defy the Colossus. Why should he not extend his sphere of activity and organize a collective defiance? He saw himself marching to the Panama Canal with song and flowers—and a few guns beneath the blossoms, just to be on the safe side. He encouraged expert bugaboo-baiters to set up their headquarters in Mexico City, and he generously supplied stimulants to sympathetic mentalities in the United States and elsewhere, that those mentalities might rise up and proclaim the menace of the Colossus. It was well done.

This newest device for parading the Colossus in all its imperialistic panoply reached a small climax in a controversy over what some serious-minded persons insisted upon describing as the constitutionality of two rival régimes in Nicaragua. By the persistent exercise of well intentioned bad judgment, the State Department at Washington had brought to pass in Nicaragua a condition that threatened disaster there for the would-be friends of the United States and triumph for those who were not quite so friendly. Mexico was quick to appreciate the possibilities of the situation and, putting it mildly, to give substantial encouragement to the opponents of the professed friends of Washington. Thereupon, Washington, with undignified precipitancy, recognized as constitutional a régime hastily set up by its friends, and embarked upon an hysterically vigorous programme designed to undo the evil of months of mistaken good intention. Mexico quite promptly recognized as constitutional the opposing régime, and the issue was joined.

There is no need here to argue the merits of the rival régimes. Only a person utterly without a sense of humor can live in trop-

ical America for any length of time and retain the opinion that political constitutionality is a matter to be taken seriously. The point is that the United States with its warships and Marines, and Mexico with its *palabra*, appeared pitted against each other in the international arena. The outcome of the struggle was immaterial. In the eyes of the bugaboo-baiters throughout the Caribbean region, Mexico stood forth as their Jack-the-Giant-Killer. It remained for them to supply beanstalks that he might ascend periodically before the astonished eyes of the world and with his ever ready *palabra* smite the Colossus of the North.

Fortunately for the United States and its citizens, these tormentors of the good natured Colossus are, comparatively speaking, of little real account. Among politicians and so-called intellectuals, they raise an awful rumpus; but, throughout Latin America, the average business man—be he small shopkeeper or great industrialist—and the average worker—ditchdigger or clerk—pay little heed to the uproar. Patriotism is not a self-nourishing abstraction. Whatever its form, no Government that fails to protect the lives and the properties of its citizens and to promote their general welfare can command their real loyalty. The citizens of the less stable nations of tropical America are no exceptions to this rule.

Persons with political or financial axes to grind frequently pay visits to those countries wherein the Government at Washington has taken a hesitating hand in the interests of order and stability. There, they talk with others of their ilk, and then emit loud shrieks against imperialism and in behalf of outraged nationality and unlimited self determination. But no normal man can live for any time among the ordinary people of those countries—the people who, for decades, have been victimized and robbed by bandits in and out of office—without being impressed by their gratitude for the elimination of the old disorder and by their fervent hope that its return may be prevented.

Cuba is the outstanding example nearest the shores of the United States. Into Cuba's Constitution was written the so-called Platt Amendment, under the authority of which the Government at Washington may act in case Cuba gives evidence of an inability to govern itself in an orderly manner without recourse to

firearms and machetes. The Platt Amendment is the particular target of the wielders of the *palabra*. Certain persons in the United States delight in using the verb *Cubanize* as descriptive of something abhorrent in the relations between their own country and the Island Republic.

Most of them know nothing about Cuba, and have never even seen the famous Morro Castle, except on a picture postcard. If they would take the trouble to spend a little time in Cuba and to chat informally with persons outside a small group of political and intellectual agitators, they would learn that the Platt Amendment is not altogether evil. The losing side in a Cuban national election at one time determined to fight the issue out on the battlefield, the traditional high court of tropical American politics. The United States Army and Navy, under the ægis of the Platt Amendment, took the matter in hand; and, for a dreary period, the bellicose Cuban politician ceased to be a factor in the affairs of his country. The lesson was sufficient. Since that time, the settling of political differences on the battlefield has been unpopular among Cuban politicians. *Cubanized* as it is, the island lives under an orderly and stable régime, and the great mass of the Cuban people are so much the happier. And they are grateful for that happiness.

Another example—Haiti. What was Haiti before the United States sought to put it on its tottering black feet? It was chaos, utter, hopeless chaos. Vast stretches of some of the richest soil in the world lay a tropical wilderness, inhabited by half savage, desperate human animals made in the image of God. Bandits roamed the countryside, looting at will. There was no incentive to production, for what was produced belonged not to him who produced it, but to him who could take it. Filthy marketplaces in the centers of population were almost deserted. The country folk raised no surplus foodstuffs, first, because the produce probably would be stolen before it reached the market, and, second, because, in the absence of highways, transportation was most difficult. The land was a land of ignorance and despair.

Go to Haiti today after a decade of peace and development under the tutelage of the United States. Pass up the few noisy agitators, and talk to the ordinary citizen—the city worker and

the small farmer. Is he leading a happier, cleaner, better and more comfortable life than he was leading under the old anarchy? Of course, he is, and he is grateful, too.

Politicians and their retainers may rant against the Colossus of the North. They may clamor to the skies about the rights of a sovereign nation and the supposed menace of the Colossus to those rights. But the ordinary citizen, who with his fellows makes up the great mass of the people, has only a cursory interest, if any, in the disturbance. He wants order and stability, security of life and property for himself and his, conditions which will enable him to maintain a roof over their heads and to provide them with the necessaries and, if possible, a few of the luxuries of life. So far as he can see with his ordinary, everyday vision, the Colossus of the North offers no obstacles in the way of the realization of these desires.

NEW WAYS IN WORLD TRADE

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

In much the same way as the prudent individual business man is interested in the welfare of his customers, the American business world collectively is concerned over the economic health of its customers, some of whom are also competitors.

Individually, speaking in terms of countries, the United Kingdom now buys from us and sells to us just a little more than any other country. In terms of continents, Europe is our best client. She takes half of all the goods we sell and sends us a third of all we buy. Asia also sends us a third, but Europe is always first as a buyer of our products.

Old Europe had a terrible experience ten years ago, but she is recovering, getting back on her feet again very rapidly. In fact, her return to full economic health is one of the outstanding features of the business situation in the world today. She is not only our best customer, but increasingly our chief rival in the markets of the world.

Of course we are going to have to struggle to keep what we have. Nevertheless, we are beginning to see—rather dimly, as yet—the possibility that the day may come when the phrase, "international trade rivalries", may not convey all the truth of the situation. In other words, hereafter world trade will probably depend very largely on two comparatively new factors. These are the so-called "Americanization" of the older continents, and the common endeavor on the part of all the industrial nations to raise the standard of living in backward regions of the earth so that these regions may want and consume more goods.

This after-the-war world has resumed the development of its economically backward areas. As it proceeds to its task, two outstanding features of the resulting international trade competition are keenly interesting to Americans.

First, there is the above-mentioned "Americanization" of civ-

ilized nations; the adoption of American organization and mass production methods to meet the drive of our merchants for world trade. This process is known in Europe as Rationalization, of which more later. But the result is the same. Like the woman who said she was so tired of fighting a certain man that she married him to get rid of him, so Europe is adopting American methods in order to combat American trade. Some of the nations of the older continent are making more progress in this than others. The efforts are different and the success varied. They all realize that mass production must have a large market, preferably domestic. That is our advantage; one that Europe cannot copy. But they are trying. A German economist, Arthur Feiler, believes that Europe will be "Americanized," but cannot obtain the same results. "Europe," he contends, "can only expect half the reward at most."

The second fact is what may be called the emergence of better international manners. We are all struggling to bring about a higher standard of living. It used to be part of the creed of world traders that no nation could win new markets except by ousting some others. This economic philosophy has now been generally discarded. We all recognize that our gains are to be made primarily by helping to strengthen the buying power all over the world through various means, partly through investments abroad. Improved standards of living, more stable political conditions, and an intensive development of raw materials, will make better customers of the people who live in those lands, old historically, new economically.

Standards of living, the development of mass production, and our new financial supremacy on one side, are coming to be set over against Europe's advantages in her colonies, and some of the mandates, and her "identities of language" in those areas.

Then there is the establishment of particular agencies to aid Europe in her competition, including marketing boards, export credits, the extension of home machinery. The older continent, finally, is sending abroad commercial secretaries, commercial attachés and trade commissioners, as well as granting subsidies to transportation lines and enacting preferential tariffs. These developments are part of the world business situation in 1928.

Looking inwardly, Europe sees the stern necessity for increasing her exports. She is preparing, with new seriousness and energy, to win back the trade she lost to the United States during the war. This was to be expected as she recovered her business health. But the situation also includes the factor of expanding trade, so that she may meet her war time debts.

As a result of this slowly clarifying idea of her own common interests, Europe has already worked out a highly integrated system of consolidations, known variously as cartels or syndicates. She has also put into practice such devices as export rebates, reduced railway, canal and ocean freight rates, associations for joint export selling and propaganda, government participation in credit risks, and American loans for extending foreign banking, manufacturing and credit facilities. Finally, she is sending abroad an increasing number of trained governmental representatives to solicit business.

It would be impossible here to cite all, or even most, of the evidences of the rapidly maturing realization of the economic solidarity of Continental Europe. A few of them should be recalled. In 1926 the Pan-European Congress in Vienna was followed by the so-called Bankers' Manifesto. Then came the World Economic Conference at Geneva and the International Chamber of Commerce meeting at Stockholm in 1927. Meanwhile, certain very important and significant industrial combinations were being worked out, including the continental steel combine, the rail syndicate, and the closer knitting together of the German dyestuffs trust, while negotiations were proceeding for the formation of cartels for the control of aluminum, iron and nitrates. The chemical trade is already largely "trustified".

These are some of the things Europe sees at home. Looking outward across the Atlantic, the older continent views, in the United States, a vast portent for her future. Here, in the New World, Europe sees massed wealth and productive power greater than the world has ever known before, greater than can be assembled by all our united rivals. Europe sees this wealth, and the product of this industrial power sweeping along trade channels in the large and small countries alike. She sees the banners of our commerce carried forward by keen minded men who will

not—cannot—be stopped. She sees our Government officials and the representatives of business organizations combing the commercial fields of all the world. With an avalanche of printed material in all languages, our merchants are seen seeking the buyer in the remotest hamlet to tell him the story of American goods. Europe sees, in the United States, high wages and immense domestic purchasing power permitting of manufacturing methods and affording opportunity for inventive initiative not approached in any other country. Finally, she sees billions of American money going abroad to provide insurance for raw materials and to save Old World Governments from bankruptcy.

These are some of the portents seen in the sky of old Europe, reviving economically as she is. She understands these things more clearly than we ourselves as yet comprehend them. Europe, therefore, has a feeling of apprehension not entirely unjustified. She is casting around for more efficient methods of meeting our drive for world markets.

Partly as a result of the Geneva Conference, in May, 1927, Europe—not exactly in a spirit of antagonism, but even in a way at least in presumed coöperation—is endeavoring to "Americanize" herself by mass production and efficiency methods for the purpose of meeting us. No criticism nor animosity was shown and "no evidence of a line-up against the United States" at this Geneva Conference. It was generally agreed by the business statesmen there assembled, that the world today lacks sufficient purchasing power to absorb the goods it is capable of producing. Therefore, men are out of work. Others are partly employed and plants are partly or wholly idle. This is largely because the war destroyed so much capital. Europe has adopted her programme of Rationalization to take in the slack in industry.

To the older continent this term, Rationalization, means that organization of industry in a systematic way, under some kind of unified control, which we have in mind when we speak of the three factors in our new business programme, Standardization, Simplified Practice, and Elimination of Waste.

Rationalization has proceeded on the Continent, particularly in Germany. An impetus has been given it by the cartels in steel, chemicals and dyestuffs,—joint stock companies for the

production and sale, or both, of raw materials and finished goods, —and of lesser combinations, or pools, of producers and merchants eager to decrease manufacturing costs and improve methods of distribution.

The attempt to "Americanize" Great Britain has not proceeded very far as yet. It is true that recently Britain's position in world trade, long "buttressed by coal, investment, shipping and insurance services and the commercial genius of the individual trader," has been severely shaken. The British, however, have established their Empire Marketing Board, with a million pounds sterling annual subsidy from the Government for ten years and contributions from the Dominions, to promote the sale of Empire products through propaganda and advertising. At the same time, the Export Credits Guaranty Department of the London Government unconditionally assures merchants that bills of exchange representing the export of British-made goods will be paid at the due date. These are powerful stimulants to British overseas trade.

From France, on the other hand, our competition is of a different order. France is, after all, a country of farmers, artisans and bourgeois. Almost literally self sufficient and practically independent economically, the Frenchman is an individualist. He prefers working alone. He cannot entirely escape mass production, of course, but he will undoubtedly reserve the right to decide which of his industries should use mass production and which, in the words of a recent French writer, "should resist Fordization".

The Germans have accepted, almost without reserve, the American programme, and it is among them that Rationalization has recorded its greatest advance. The cartel itself is a typically German expedient. German delegations of business men—large ones—have been coming to this country frequently during the last two years to study our methods. Recently a keen American observer, returning from the older Continent, told some interesting stories of the "Americanization" of Germany during the years since the Armistice. According to this authority, "the German consumer, to an amazing extent, has become obsessed with the idea that everything is better in America.

He is willing to pay more for American goods, even when his own countrymen make equally good ones of the same sort. American advertising and sales methods have captured the German heart."

Space does not permit a detailed description of the methods used by Europe to compete with us. But it will be interesting to describe, briefly, the principal different types of competition which face American export trade.

Preferentials are a method originating within the British Empire. Dominions within the Empire accord favored preferential tariff treatment to one another, from which foreigners are excluded. Canada and the Mother Country have long had such an arrangement. Other European countries have entered into similar agreements with their colonies, among them, France, Belgium, and Portugal.

New customs tariffs for Protection, for the express purpose of fostering local industries, rather weak in the face of competition from abroad, may be well represented by the British Safeguarding of Industries Act, adopted in 1921.

New industries involve the custom of establishing and fostering certain industries not heretofore existing, with special concessions and privileges, sometimes even subsidies, for the purpose of lessening the importation of goods formerly bought abroad. It is not a very successful method and, at best, a slow working one.

The granting of Export Credits, with government guarantee, is a comparatively new expedient. It can be of great aid to shippers. British and German merchants have certain mutual arrangements of this kind.

In some European countries the legislation aimed at restricting imports and encouraging the demand for locally produced merchandise, requires the marking of imported goods with the name of the country of origin.

Soviet Russia furnishes the best example of State control or monopoly. The Russian Government takes by far the largest individual part in Russian industry and almost all such industry, including all foreign trade, is under Government control. There are several other examples of this, notably the Spanish Government's control of oil.

At the close of the world war a number of prohibitions or re-

strictions of imports went into effect. They were accompanied by a rather complicated and burdensome system of contingents or licenses. Some of these have not yet been abolished.

"Dumping" is no new custom—the selling of goods abroad at lower prices than in the home market. Special legislation has been enacted in many countries to protect local manufacturers against "dumping". The Union of South Africa has become worried over what its merchants call American "dumping".

Lower production costs have long been an advantage which the European exporter has had over his American competitor, chiefly in cheaper labor. The wages of the world's workers, on the other hand, are steadily, if slowly, increasing. While it does not seem likely that they will ever be as high as in the United States—certainly not in the near future—this factor of advantage held by European manufacturers in their production costs will tend to decrease as time goes on.

So much for special forms of competition. All are the outgrowth of differences in labor costs as applied to unequal natural resources.

It is really remarkable, how the "Americanization" of the world, as it is coming to be called, seems to fit in with the modern mood of higher living standards, the result of greater wealth and increasing desires. A shrewd observer recently remarked that a social consciousness seems to emerge only when backward regions begin to use American goods. Perhaps it is the other way. It may be that the belated areas of our globe yearn for Yankee products because they are "coming up" socially.

"Social consciousness", as a phrase, might be considered to be equivalent to what most of us mean when we use the word "civilized". But then, what, after all, is "civilization"? Is a man more highly civilized when he begins to use tooth-paste, simply because he has money sufficient to buy a tube, when formerly he had better teeth because he ate less rich food?

Then, of course, back of all such discussions is the consideration of differences—physical differences, at any rate. Does it necessarily follow that, because an American, living in the United States, finds canned goods, safety razors and steam heat useful and comforting, the Chinese peasant in the Yangtse

Valley, or the Tahitan under his banana tree, will find these things equally useful and desirable in their Oriental habitats? But, you say, neither the Chinese peasant nor the Tahitan brave will want to use these evidences of "civilized" life until he has made sufficient progress to be able to understand them. Perhaps. Be that as it may, it seems beyond denial that an increasing consciousness of fitness, awareness of the value of a proper and engaging appearance, comes with the greater use of the many material appliances, contrivances, devices and preparations which are so peculiarly characteristic of our modern America.

Coöperation, comity and understanding will work wonders in world trade, as well as in other things. Of course, we wish to have our fair share of world trade, and we are going to have it. But we do not wish a share that will deprive others of what they need and should have. Our trade flourishes as much by selling to countries which are our competitors as by selling to those which do not compete with us. The United Kingdom, for example, is our chief competitor and our largest overseas customer. What she does with these goods—whether she consumes them herself, or ships them elsewhere—need not concern us. She buys them. Britain and other Old World countries need foreign trade as much as we, and it is to our interest for them to have it. A monopoly of world trade for us would not be far from an unmixed disaster.

There will always be enough trade to go round. Higher wages and better standards of living will become the order, the normal course, for many backward countries. Increased demand will emerge in these places while many new markets will develop in other ways. The world now knows its economic ills and feels confident it can find out the remedies.

Perhaps the entire matter may be summed up in what the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, the British statesman, said as to the definite gain of the Geneva Conference:

> Those who are concerned to maintain business prosperity in all countries are convinced that a mutual understanding in international, economic and business problems is the surest guarantee for a growing volume of trade and for the maintenance of the higher standards of life and comfort, which are the legitimate aspirations of modern diplomacy.

THE CONGESTION PROBLEM

BY IRVING T. BUSH

I HAVE a great respect for engineers. Modern progress has been due to their genius. But when an amateur engineer reaches for a pencil, I put the checkbook into the safe. A new pencil, a clean sheet of paper, and an imaginative mind, which has not been taught by experience the restraint which practical considerations throw about any project, can make the war debt of Europe look like pocket money.

The "congestion problem" is suffering from too many cooks of this variety. "Ah," you say, "so here is another." I have worn the points from enough lead pencils, studying one phase of the New York congestion problem, to know at least that Mr. Mellon is not going to ship the gold reserve to me just because I have a pretty idea.

If we were building a new city, we would avoid many of our present difficulties. We would have more streets and wider streets, with adequate parking space for motor cars. We have not, however, a clean sheet of paper and we must adjust ourselves to conditions as they are. My experience in dealing with one phase of traffic congestion—that having to do with the movement of freight—has made me realize the importance of a well-defined plan. There may be some new cities where study has been given to create a well rounded scheme for a complete city. This has not been true in New York. It, like Topsy, "has just growed," and it is useless to bemoan that fact, for in the beginning no one could visualize the ultimate size of New York, and city planning as a science had not been thought of. Even yet, city planners give little thought to elements except those which touch the personal comfort of the people. They seem to forget that the fundament of all is an opportunity for the men and women who live in the city to make a living.

A few years ago, I was asked to attend a conference of men

creating a plan for the future of New York. I saw that park areas had been provided, residential sections set aside, and locations for wholesale and retail business thought of. I asked where the manufacturing of the city was to be located. The planners made a vague gesture towards the outskirts of the city, and said they had not given consideration to that phase of the matter, for it would be taken care of by the railroads. I pointed out that the success of any city depends upon its industry, and that its life blood is the little yellow pay envelope which circulates through all of its arteries, supporting the shops, theatres and trade of the city, and paying the salaries of those who work in the office buildings. Without this life blood, the heart of a city will cease to beat and it will die.

Cities compete with one another as do individuals, and ultimately business will go to the place where it can be conducted the most cheaply. A volume could be written upon this phase alone, but it is important only in considering the street congestion of American cities, because it teaches that a growth of expediency should not be permitted, but a plan should be adopted which will prevent congestion, instead of relying upon the little cures which usually only intensify the trouble. Surgery is not a pleasant treatment, but it is more effective than a poultice, when necessary.

One of the causes of freight congestion in modern cities is that effort for relief has been concentrated upon means which will make it possible to do more business in the same congested areas. No attempt has been made to look at the city as a whole. When, for instance, conditions have become almost intolerable on the West Side of Manhattan, someone has suggested building an elevated freight railroad, which would add to the expense of handling freight, and make conditions even more intolerable. The prevailing idea has always pointed toward centralization, when the cure for congestion is decentralization.

Within the Metropolitan District of New York—and the same is true of every other American city with which I am familiar—there is abundant room for industry and a population much greater than now exists. There is cheaper property which can be used, where less costly operating conditions can be created

for industry, and less expensive homes provided. This change can be brought about to the benefit of everyone, except those fortunate owners of the land in the congested areas, if intelligent consideration of all of the elements is given.

It is a well known fact that a much greater number of square feet of floor space than now exists could be provided on the Island of Manhattan, if a uniform height of six stories was created. It is also true that we could devote a part of Manhattan to gardening, if a height of fifty stories was established. Each of these limits may seem absurd, but somewhere between them there is an intelligent medium. I shall not attempt to suggest that medium. It must depend upon a consideration of many factors, including whether we prefer an irregular skyline, or one more uniform. The latter consideration depends upon the taste of our people. There are many who see greater beauty in a uniformity of skyline. There are others who are equally insistent that irregularity gives greater beauty. The point we must keep in mind is not what to do with existing conditions, but what is going to happen, if we double and treble the number of tall buildings within the congested area.

I read the other day an article written by one of our amateur engineers, which stated that the skyscraper has nothing to do with our street congestion. He argued that the congestion was due entirely to the number of motor cars. This is undoubtedly true, but why the motor cars? They are there because a great number of people using motor cars find it necessary to get into the same area at the same time. If we permit the erection of buildings which will house several times the number of people in offices and apartments, in the same area, there will certainly be several times the number of people struggling to get into that area. The solution offered by this writer is to create two- or three-story streets. This can be done. Aside from the obvious disadvantages of cutting off sunlight, it is merely a question of money, and paying the charges for interest and maintenance. In the meantime, a short distance away, there will be areas of low buildings which could readily be developed to a greater height, were efforts directed to decentralize, rather than to congest.

It is the old story of our experience in freight congestion over again. We are making our plans to increase congestion, rather than to decrease it, and are endeavoring to bridge each difficulty by some patchwork solution which will make confusion worse confounded. No one can visualize with equanimity Manhattan fifty years hence, if we continue our present course, unless the result should be that the cost of carrying on business becomes so great that the growth of the city stops, a future which no one in New York cares to contemplate. The sensible thing to do is to limit the floor area on each given plot. This can be done either by establishing a uniform maximum height of building, or by permitting an irregularity of height, but with the provision that a no greater number of square feet of floor space be permitted upon each lot.

Our experience in building Bush House in London may have some bearing. The street congestion in London is still much less intense than in Manhattan, but it has reached a point where finding parking space for the cars of tenants in business buildings has become difficult. We therefore created Bush House upon the outer portion of the property, leaving interior courts, which are utilized for the accommodation of tenants' cars. This has proved to be a convenience to tenants, and a relief to the street congestion in the immediate vicinity. It is a convenience so greatly appreciated by tenants that they will pay an added rent, which in some measure compensates us for the property devoted to parking purposes. It also increases the light and air, and thus adds an element of value to the offices which we have for rent.

Should we decide in favor of a limitation of floor area in Manhattan, but prefer an irregular skyline, the result would be somewhat as follows:

If we take a plot 100 feet square, upon which the owner under present conditions is permitted to erect a building covering 80 per cent. of its area, the building would cover 8,000 square feet. If it was decided that he could erect upon this plot a building having a total floor area of 80,000 square feet, he could choose, for example, between erecting a building twenty stories high upon 4,000 square feet of his plot, or a building ten stories high, covering 80 per cent. of his plot area.

Of course, there are many other variations, dependent upon the size and location of his plot, and the manner in which he may wish to develop it. The general principle remains the same.

Calculations of this kind are not necessary, if we decide in favor of a uniform skyline, or one as uniform as can be created with existing buildings. It is my belief, however, that sentiment will demand an opportunity to build high buildings. If this is so, we must face overwhelming expense for new streets in the air, or elsewhere, or prevent more congestion by limiting floor area per plot.

No matter what we may do in the way of providing for the future, there still remains the serious problem of present congestion. This can be relieved in several ways:

First, we must recognize that streets are passageways created for public convenience, and are not parking spaces for idle automobiles.

Second, we may increase the usefulness of some streets by putting the elevated roads and certain surface lines underground.

Third, by providing underground crosstown moving platforms, we will lessen the proportion of people who use motor cars for local transportation.

Fourth, we may open new streets, where it is possible to do so.

Putting underground existing transit lines, and providing new ones, is a matter of cost and of deciding how operating expenses and interest charges will be paid. The latter must be paid either by the people who use them, or through public taxation which is assessed back against those who use the property. If we choose to pay these expenses through taxation, we can do so. The result, however, will be:

First, that those who live in the city will provide transit facilities for those who live in surrounding communities, and come to the city to transact business.

Second, it will so increase the taxes upon industry that it will inevitably be driven out of the city, and thus the industrial foundation upon which the city is built will be undermined. The latter effect may not be seen at once, but it is certain in the long run, and is already apparent to those familiar with the trend of industry in New York within recent years.

It always seems a happy idea to have someone else pay the cost of an operation, and there are still a large number who appear to believe that they do not pay their share of money raised by taxation. They live in a fool's paradise for a time, but wake up in the end, when added rent and other expense descends upon them with a sickening thud. The thing to do is to recognize frankly that conditions have changed since the establishment of a five cent fare, and to permit a fare which will support a transit system the operating expenses of which will be paid for by those who use it. Once this is done, the large unproductive investment of city money in present transit will be released for other needed improvements, and new transit lines can be built to serve the public without indecent crowding.

Imagination has been so hypnotized by the slogan of a five cent fare, that it seems blind to economic considerations. In the end, economic forces will control. The longer the delay, the more unfortunate the result.

To summarize: A few of the things to be included in a plan for the future are:

First, decentralize manufacturing industry, by creating terminal centres away from the Island of Manhattan, where business can be carried on more cheaply. This must include the area in northern New Jersey, which is a part of the Metropolitan District, and the proper development of which is of importance to the City of New York. Nearly every industry in northern New Jersey maintains its executive headquarters in Manhattan, and pays tribute to New York City and its harbor.

Second, recognize that Manhattan Island should be devoted to wholesale, retail, amusement and financial business, with necessary hotels and apartments, and accommodation for freight traffic for that Island. Freight destined for other parts of the city should be routed around Manhattan Island, and not through its streets.

Third, limit the number of square feet of floor space which may be built upon any given plot in Manhattan, to prevent the increase in street congestion which must result from a continuation of our present policy.

Fourth, permit a rate of fare for transit which will make pos-

sible the building of new underground lines to outlying parts of the Metropolitan District, and the putting underground of elevated and some surface transit lines.

Fifth, when an adequate fare has been permitted, encourage the building of a series of underground, crosstown moving platforms which will connect existing transit lines, and thus facilitate travel to the congested areas, without motor cars.

Sixth, study the possibility of opening and widening streets in the congested area.

There are many other elements to be dealt with, such as the building of new bridges, and underground vehicular tunnels, but it is impossible within the limits of a magazine article to deal with them. The important thing is to deal with fundamentals, and to head for a definite destination, and not drift. It may be advantageous to a few fortunate owners of property in the congested area to continue our present policy, but, from the standpoint of property owners as a whole, and of the city and its citizens, the adoption of a plan based upon the development of the entire city, to the end that each part will be used for its proper purpose, is essential. Such a plan is based upon simple fundamentals, and can be successful, if made to conform to economic laws.

CONSERVATION'S DEBT TO SPORTSMEN

BY JOHN B. BURNHAM

It was the hunters and fishermen who first learned to love the charm of God's unspoiled handicraft and who, reveling in the poignancy of wild beauty, taught others the same joy. More than a hundred years before the discovery of America that good sportsman Count Gaston de Foix wrote to prove that "the life of no man that useth gentle game and disport is less displeasable unto God than the life of a perfect and skilful hunter, or from which more good cometh". He shows how the hunter is saved from the seven deadly sins, and he paints this lovely word picture of dawn to prove that "hunters live in this world more joyfully than other men". "For," says he, "when the hunter riseth in the morning and he sees a sweet and fair morn and clear weather and bright, and he heareth the song of the small birds, which sing so sweetly with great melody and full of love, each in its own language in the best wise that it can according that it learneth of its own kind. And when the sun is arisen, he shall see fresh dew upon the small twigs and grasses, and the sun by his virtue shall make them shine. And that is great joy and liking to the hunter's heart."

Read similar passages from Izaak Walton, and then pause and think of the debt we owe these men and others like them. Half the joy of life would be missing if it were not for the appreciation of nature first taught by sportsmen. Have you ever stopped to think that this love of nature is a comparatively new thing in the world, and that its conservation arrived only yesterday? The writings of the ancients show that mankind feared or hated what we now love; hunting was battle, mountains and forests were terrifying, the sea hostile, nature an enemy. Pleasure was found only in what man had wrested from nature, houses and streets and cultivated fields. The antithesis of the sportsman is typified by Browning's Italian person of quality who complains

of the whine of the bees in the resinous firs on the hill, but grows enthusiastic over the city:

> Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum; tootle-te-tootle, the fife;
> Oh, a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!

The change in man's attitude toward nature is one of the greatest of all spiritual advances, and compares with the change from Paganism to Christianity. It provides the antidote to our complex civilization, the means of preserving our mental and bodily health.

No doubt hunters learned to love the mountains and forests and seas and deserts through the chase, and conversely they learned to love the wild animals and birds and fish through their association with nature. The history of events shows that the sportsmen not only took the initiative in conservation but have developed and carried it on. I am writing to disabuse the minds of those who still hold the colonial New England view, that a sportsman is a man too lazy to work and not smart enough to steal; also that other set of good people who have the mid-Victorian idea of old Webster's dictionaries, that sportsmen are jockey or gamester types skilled in field sports; also those of a later day who class them as bloodthirsty assassins of wild life. None of these classifications will fit George Bird Grinnell, William Dutcher, George Shiras, Theodore Roosevelt, men who have worked to save wild life and wild nature in this country. While others have scoffed, sportsmen have made their designation a title of honor through unselfish devotion. Good people are confused because the term is too loosely applied. As regards the chase, no one can today be called a sportsman who has not cultivated the ethical side of the thing and developed *noblesse oblige*.

I love hunting; but I do not love it so much for the game in the game pocket as for the game in the fields and forests. I am ready always to give up shooting when the interest of wild life demands it. In this I think I represent the attitude of all true sportsmen. Without legal prohibition, the sportsmen of Massachusetts voluntarily stopped shooting grouse when the supply was threatened. The intelligent application of closed seasons

has always been through sportsman initiative. It was so in Minnesota last year.

In unintelligent contrast, consider the taking of a game species from the game list in Ohio. Quail were made "song birds" there by legislative enactment, successfully promoted by a man entirely out of sympathy with the wonderful conservation movement of today. This man employed an accomplished cartoonist to work upon the feelings of the public with harrowing pictures of wild life persecution such as only he could draw, and he calculatingly fanned into flame the smoldering resentment of farmers against wanton trespassers on their lands. His success was achieved by arousing antagonism against sportsmen, and for what end? The sportsmen suffered and nothing gained, not even the quail, as is shown by their abundance in the neighboring State of Indiana where shooting is permitted. Only pot hunters and vermin profited.

This apostle for classifying quail improperly was the man who fifteen years ago tried to remove the protection designed to be given game birds by the original Federal migratory bird legislation. He argued that the bill was too heavily loaded, and that it could not be passed to protect both game and non-game birds, and that the game birds should be sacrificed. The crying conservation need in this instance was protection for the game birds and not the others. Thanks to the Audubon Association, the safety of others had already been assured. But the migratory game birds were on the verge of extinction. Many persons in 1912 believed they were doomed.

The great wintering State of Texas had no closed season, and many of the other States along the more important migration routes permitted ducks to be killed at all times when they were present. Market shooting was in full swing without bag limit restrictions. The sportsmen had lovingly included all other birds in their programme, but this man was willing on a mere question of mistaken policy to sacrifice the valuable game species to the ogre of commercialism, the Moloch which has swallowed up so much of the world's wild life! Fortunately for the birds his plan did not succeed.

There is still a conflict of opinion between those who stand for

the prohibitive system of saving game by constantly cutting bag limits and shortening shooting seasons to the vanishing point, and those who go about conserving and building up the supply by constructive methods; but the conflict has largely narrowed down to a matter of scolding on the part of the former. The critics assert that we have wasted our heritage to such an extent that to save the remnants we must pile the prohibitions of Pelion on Ossa.

The *verboten* system has been with us since the first settlers set foot on our shores. Colonial game laws naturally were patterned after those of the Old World, and particularly after the England of hereditary privilege, the England which taught the ordinary folk to say, "God bless the squire and his relations, and make us know our proper stations," and which hanged the man found hunting on land which did not belong to him. The game saviors of that day framed these laws with considerable severity. They were determined to save the game willy-nilly, by restrictions. It was under this type of law that practically all of our game disappeared. Something was wrong with the system, but for nearly two hundred years nobody could find out why with perfectly constructed statutes the game continued passing over the brink. An uninspired Jeremiah in Philadelphia a hundred years ago sounded the warning to save the remnants. In a way strangely reminiscent of a more modern school, he demanded additional prohibitions, and he lambasted Tom, Dick and Harry for not observing their proper stations.

Thirty years later another equally hopeless prophet arose, but this man had sufficient vision to see part way into the fog. He realized what others had not grasped, that the union of monarchial laws with an anti-monarchial sentiment made an impossible marriage, and that in America drastic prohibitions never could be as effective as in England. The American says, "To hell with the squire and his relations!" The thing that Frank Forester failed to envision was the possibility of a new system adapted to a country of equality. And so from a fullness of experience never excelled, he predicted the complete extermination of American game in from ten to forty years, depending upon the variety.

Another twenty years passed before, something more than fifty years ago, we began the foundations of our present system. The development came without fanfare of trumpets, and the men who brought it about had no genius for self advertisement. Instead of fulminating, they went to the root of the matter and set about Americanizing the misfit plan. In England the incentive for conservation came from the value of game to the land owner as personal property, and the land owner naturally saw to it that the laws made for his benefit were enforced. Here there was no corresponding incentive. But clear headed sportsmen showed that with game as the common property of all the people, it was the individual's obligation to preserve the asset. It was upon this basis of personal obligation that the problem was solved. Otherwise the predictions of game extermination would long ago have been realized.

The first and for a time the only game protective association in America was the New York Association for the Protection of Game. This organization had on its roll the most intelligent of the New York gunners, including some very able lawyers. Its name is written large in the history of conservation, because the little group which directed its energies combined action with vision. They originated much of our basic game laws and secured fundamental decisions of the higher courts establishing the laws. But first they set in motion a campaign for law enforcement through an educational barrage to show their fellow sportsmen that it was their job and no one's else to save the game. They showed that sport was committing suicide, that when a man shot out of season he was taking another's share of the game owned in common. They insisted that the hunter must first observe the law himself, and then see to it that others followed suit.

The doctrine was rudimentary but new. No one had before felt personal responsibility to save game. The idea spread like wildfire. In 1874 there was only one game protective association. By the end of the next year there were one hundred, including ten or twelve State organizations. A way had been found. Optimism took the place of pessimism, and the doom of the game was averted.

For a time these sportsmen's organizations contented themselves with law enforcement. They carried on campaigns of education, and employed game wardens at their own expense, for no public funds were then available. There were no heroics in the movement, but it was practical, and it produced results. Essentially it was democratic. The big thing which only a few realized was that the fiery enthusiasm aroused for game law enforcement was bound to bear fruit in other directions. One product was something entirely new in the world's history; though not then having a name, that which is now known as Conservation was born. The New York Association evolved as its motto, "*Non nobis solum*", which to them meant that wild life was to be protected not only for the benefit of men of present and future generations, but for its own sake as well. It was the first expression of an obligation of guardianship of the wild creatures by man. It has become a principle recognized by all sportsmen.

Conservation was not only born of sportsmen but owes to them much of its subsequent development. They stopped the commercialism of game, and enforced moderation through bag limits. They shackled themselves and their fellows for the benefit of the wild life. They started the game commissions of the various States. They deprived themselves of shooting grounds to establish sanctuaries. They gave their best energies that there might be national parks. It was one of their number who brought conservation in its fullest development to the conscience of all mankind, Theodore Roosevelt.

We are now in the constructive era. We have learned the fundamentals of game administration, and we know how to put our experience to practical use. As a result in some of the older States there is more game than when our fathers hunted. Under prohibitions the deer of Vermont were annihilated shortly after the Civil War. Constructive administration brought that State back as one of our greatest deer areas. In Pennsylvania, shot out under the prohibitive system, a constructive policy has restored game until its estimated commercial value on the hoof, large and small, exceeds the total of all their domestic live stock, cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and poultry. While in-

dividual bags are much smaller, there are more game animals and birds in the territory which Frank Forester hunted eighty years ago than when he passed away. No American game species has disappeared since his time, and none will now become extinct. Where we have failed, aside from destruction of habitat, the fault can be found in disregard of well known conservation principles.

I have been quoted as saying that wild game is more plentiful in the United States today than ever before. I never made the statement, and it is of course untrue. The best of the game land has been taken for farming and industrial uses, and the game has been driven to areas which are incapable of producing the maximum of food, and therefore we can never again have the primitive abundance. But just as Vermont and Pennsylvania have increased their supplies over those of fifty years ago, it is evident that with the same intelligent effort other States can build up their stocks. It is a much more serious problem to secure the land on which to hunt, and it will constantly be more difficult for the average man to get away from trespass signs. But the science of game preservation is so thoroughly founded that from the standpoint of shooting it is merely a question of how much we want and, sad to say, what we are willing to pay for it by hunters' license fees or otherwise. In this country of more than one hundred millions of population we can no longer rely for our game solely upon the bounty of nature. The *verboten* system is a sucked orange. All its good has been extracted. It is now realized that game protection is a "do", not a "don't".

SLEEPY PRINCES

BY CLIFFORD BAX

EVERYBODY has felt, at one time or another, that there are too many people in the world, and it is probable, therefore, that each of us has been counted among the superfluous by somebody; but a little reflection upon the advantages of sharing a planet ought not only to make us regard each other with more tolerance but also to inspire us with a pride in our ancestry that should far surpass the proverbial pride of the Vere de Veres. Moreover, to consider our dependence upon other men, the dead not less than the living, is to humble our complacent egotism. "We are all born princes," said Emerson; and in order that we may realize the luckiness of our birth let us follow the course of an ordinary day in the life of a leisured man.

Each morning, when he gets out of bed, he ought first to salute the memory of all those generations of which he is, no doubt, the fine flower. Instead of doing so, his fingers fly to his chin and he prepares, with resignation, to shave himself. Now, once in New Guinea I watched an islander shaving a fellow-islander with a piece of a broken bottle. Our hero, not breaking a bottle of Chambertin or Apollinaris (according to his geographical station), proceeds with dull soul to manipulate a knife of consummate sharpness. But what a history his razor must have! Who was the valiant first man to scrape his own face with a tool so alarming? Or was it some enterprising tyrant, in the Early Bronze Age, who made the hazardous experiment upon a foreign captive or a condemned malefactor? And if so, ought we not to honor those unrecorded martyrs of the razor?

Next, being duly perfect about the chin, how indifferently our exemplar steps into the bath, his mind encrusted by the disappointments of yesterday and the anxieties of to-day! He is like the Poor Little Rich Girl, in a sentimental play, who has had so many gifts that nothing can any longer delight her: for he ought

to be realizing that a modern bath (with h. and c., as they say) is an astonishing product. What centuries of mathematical and engineering toil have enabled him thus, at any moment, to evoke, as if by enchantment, an artificial pool near the top of a high building and in the midst of a city that stands, maybe, at no short distance from the nearest river or waterfall! Clearly, he is an ingrate; clearly, he should rejoice that he may cleanse himself without either trudging several miles or wallowing, like a sparrow, in the puddles of the next shower. And after his bath? The sour fellow walks downstairs and, if he is lucky, finds his breakfast laid out on a table. Does he pause before it, reverently? Does he regard that boiled egg as the coping-stone of immense endeavor, as a triumphant flourish of civilization? Who domesticated the common or garden fowl? Not he, but some of his remotest ancestors. Who reared the hen that laid this particular egg; and did not her owner build a coop for her and feed her daily with yellow grain? And somebody else, too,—possibly many miles away,—tended the earth that grew the grain that nourished the hen that laid the egg upon which the born prince is about to breakfast. Or tell me, does he stay for even an instant, as he tips a few particles of salt upon the discrowned egg, to think that if he stood unassisted in this world he might be hard-pressed to lay hand upon any salt at all? And when he lifts the spoon, does he wonder what sort of inelegant object he would be fingering were it not that he is one among a multitude of similar creatures? He approaches and eats that breakfast with no recognition of the fact that he is handling priceless heirlooms, and he turns to his newspaper as though he had some divine right to a ready-made world.

His newspaper, indeed! How casually he reads it, how wantonly he doubles the page in order that it shall not dip into the marmalade or the coffee! Should he not marvel that carriers, engine-drivers, editors, telegraphists, reporters, printers, paper-manufacturers and pulp-collectors have all collaborated to start his day by telling him a number of exciting stories? More,—should he not exult in his ability to read those stories: remembering that only a few generations ago the man who could read was looked upon as first cousin to the magician? He has clean for-

gotten that in the Egypt of Akhenaton an ability to read was as rare as the power of flying is in the United States today.

Observe our unworthy princeling an hour or two later. There —in a room which he quaintly calls a "study"—he sits in an armchair that is so cunningly made out of wood, wire, padding and leather that in five years, or even fifty, he could not have achieved it. His debt for comfort stretches back to the pioneer carpenters of earliest Egypt. And if he is an American he accepts, too, with no question of his worthiness, the benefit of that central heating which extends to him the pampered existence of a conservatory flower. If he is an Englishman—no better! He gives to the gay fire before him a mere perfunctory and unintelligent glance, partly because he is one of those who, as Shelley observed, "scarcely know how wonderful fire is," and partly because his torpid imagination does not instantly throng with pictures of the forests from which the firewood came, of the mines from which the coal was hacked, or of those days in the history of his race when a tame and domesticated fire was the most precious of goods, being indeed not merely a nine-days' wonder, as wireless was, but a wonder that lasted for long ages. Ignoring the convenience of visiting a world after countless generations of experiment, he takes up pencil and notebook, and proceeds to scribble the prices at which his investments stand. But this procedure would have caused the Neanderthal Man to "stare and gasp". The notebook may have cost no more than twenty-five cents, but if an Assyrian high-priest had seen it he would have marvelled at its delicacy and compactness. And that fine rod of lead, protected and held fast by its painted wooden sheath—why, certainly a pencil would have stirred even Plato or Cicero to admiration and envy.

Again, after luncheon,—a meal not made from raw gobbets of a mammoth and to which he sits down unexhausted by any arduous chase,—how gratified should this dreary fellow be that he may walk into a park instead of a trackless jungle! There, among nursemaids, perambulators and cheerful dogs, how crassly he lets his mind turn in little circles of calculation when, were it not for the labor of his ancestors, he would perforce be listening for lions and peering about for serpents. Or dare you defend his

loutishness, dare you maintain that he is worthy to be alive, when, having crossed the park and having entered a picture-gallery, he is not merely bored but half proud of being bored? Particles of mineral and vegetable substances have been placed together upon sheets of canvas or slices of wood for the purpose of pleasing him; and if the gallery is a good one, he is looking upon certain lovely arrangements of these materials which only one man, of all who have ever lived, could devise. The fellow's a boor. Nothing less than the destruction of the world could crack the tough nutshell of his egotism.

Assuredly, nothing less: for how would he fare, were it not for other men, when he goes up to dress for dinner? Does he seriously suppose that, left to himself, he would ever have learned to make portable lightning? Left to himself, he would still be a Caliban, and would probably have no choice but to go to bed at sundown: nor will he ever relish the finest flavor of living until, whenever he defies the sun by pressing a switch, he reviews the long history of the sudden and obedient light that surrounds him; seeing, in his mind's eye, the gas-jets of the Victorian epoch, the oil-lamps which illuminate ten thousand years of our past, and the firelight by which men muttered in prehistoric ages.

And being dressed, how like a senseless automaton he takes a seat in a taxicab! Custom has so caked him that he spares not a wondering thought for the fact that the box in which he is now stowed, like a parcel, moves forward by itself; and yet who is he that he should take for granted a means of motion that would have astounded George Washington? At least he might be thankful for the decency with which the inventors of motor transport concealed from him the ignominious truth that he is being projected from one place to another by a series of explosions, for all the world as though he and the taxicab combined to make an ingenious and comical firework. We may confidently assume, too, that he omits to reflect that it was the Pilgrim Fathers, or maybe the ancient Romans, who took the trouble of making the road upon which he travels, and who bequeathed it to him. Nor does he observe with the slightest tremor of awe those remarkable objects to the left and the right. Show him a honeycomb and he may, for a moment, respect the industry and

precision of the bee; but only the comments of a bee could break up the apathy with which he looks at the intricate hives of brick and steel which his own race has erected.

To observe him further could but increase our disgust. Think of him at the restaurant, gulping nectar and gobbling ambrosia, like a hog let loose at a banquet upon Olympus. Think of him at the play, staring and listening with atrophied eyes and ears as those complex patterns of form and sound proceed; not thinking backward along the ages until he should remember those humble progenitors who, in order to save their lives, mysteriously managed to project the first eyes and the first ears, of which his own are remote descendants. How could we stomach our contempt for the creature as at midnight he hoists himself into bed? What right has he to a bed, to that sturdy framework, to the mattress, to the smooth-wrought linen, to the blankets that once contentedly nibbled grass? Here indeed is a target for the Communist; here indeed is unearned increment. His egotism has kept him so stupid that he might just as well never have visited this world. Will he some day acknowledge that every minute of his complicated life is a climax of all human history?

And yet as we close or slam the door upon him, we shall perhaps admit that we also live half-awake and no better. A man who had been in the thick of the Great War described to me once the rapture which he sometimes felt, at that time, when he put his finger upon a stone or a piece of wood. That man was brimmingly alive. By comparison with the frenzied antics of a broker in Wall Street, he might have seemed to be doing nothing; but he was a thousand times the more living man. The continual likelihood of an abrupt death shocked him into realizing the mystery of being alive. Most of us quite forget it, and never wake up to the oddness of seeing light, breathing an atmosphere, and being present at a few scenes of the earth's history. Because we are all, in some measure, somnambulists, we see many things out of focus and the residue not at all. What a sensation would follow the announcement, were it possible, that somebody had discovered a gramophone record of Shakespeare's voice! But every day, if we wish, we may discover something which is much more intimately Shakespearean. The plays and poems are his

voice talking to us from the age of Elizabeth and James. Print and wax are alternative methods of recording the voice of a man: and excellence in writing is largely a matter of making "a good record". We have lost some great experiences by becoming, like a middle-aged person, unsurprisable, and by so quickly growing used to everything. Our benighted ancestors lived their whole lives, it seems, without growing used to the sun above them. That blazing disc in the upper air surprised them so much that they actually celebrated the experience with hymns and dances. If it does not surprise us, the cause may not be that we are in all ways less benighted than they but that, as spiritual beings, we are very nearly asleep.

I rejoice in stretching my imagination, and as an aid to the exercise I like to read books on astronomy. At first, when I read about the moon, I feel that I am making an immense journey. When the author invites me to consider the planets, I begin to feel that the moon, after all, is only a stone's-throw away: but when he has made me attempt to think of the inconceivable distances and incalculable antiquity of the stars, I recognize that the planets are simply my next-door neighbors. And how admirably a nodding acquaintance with astronomy shortens the prospect of human history! Read about a sun whose rays do not reach us for a thousand years, and you will feel that Dr. Johnson has only just gone from the room and that you have missed meeting Julius Cæsar by no more than a hairbreadth of time. And when at length you lay down your book, the newspaper in the chair beside you no longer looks familiar. The swindles, murders and international bickerings of which it prattles do not now seem perfectly natural. They seem, on the contrary, most queer. In fancy you have, for a little while, impersonated the earth as it moves, beautifully suspended, among the august company that lights up the blackness of space, and you cannot perceive without astonishment the blindness with which our own little company accepts the surrounding world. No matter how thoroughly we waste it, how dully we glance at its contrivances, it will be a marvellous world to leave: and perhaps to remember.

THE SOUTHERN TRADITION

BY BENJAMIN BRAWLEY

THE little triangle on the map known as South Carolina represents a portion of our country whose influence has been incalculable. If one will draw a line from Augusta, Ga., through Columbia, to Cheraw, near the North Carolina boundary, he will find that this very nearly divides the State in two. Below this line are Charleston and Beaufort—the Old South; above it are Spartanburg and Greenville, representative of the New. For the moment the Old South is the more important.

In Charleston even today one spends half the time in a dream. He strolls along the Battery on a summer night. Majestic residences, with wide verandas at the side, stand silent in the darkness, and the scent of jessamine is in the air. Beyond the seawall the waves ripple with an Old World meaning, and the stars beat passionately. This is a city the like of which never was before, nor can it ever be again. With disdain it views all boasted progress. For five hundred and eighty-six days, in the War between the States, it bore shot and shell, and still endured. Storm and cyclone have beaten upon it; earthquake has shaken it; and still St. Michael's spire points heavenward. An old woman with silken hair, in lavender and old lace, opening a book at a pressed rose—that is Charleston.

Such a city in the elder day was well fitted to be the spiritual capital of the Commonwealth. From the very first South Carolina was resolved upon one thing, and that was to have her way in the affairs of the nation. Until she was satisfied, there could be no Constitution; and if a compromise was to be made, she must have the best of the bargain. For a generation she deferred to her sister Virginia; but there could be no question about her leadership after cotton became king. When fears of slave uprisings became rife, she ordered that free Negroes who came to her harbors be put in jail, and she kept them there, the

Government of England and the United States of America to the contrary notwithstanding. If a tariff law displeased her, she would nullify it. Others might talk about Secession, but she would secede. Calhoun and Hayne became spokesmen, not only for their own State but for the South.

Of these two men, Calhoun was the older, the more logical, and, all things considered, the more able. At the same time Hayne possessed a brilliancy and a magnetism such as Calhoun never commanded. His wider fame was largely due to an accident. In 1822 the West Indian Negro, Denmark Vesey, planned an insurrection that contemplated nothing less than the annihilation of the white population of Charleston. By his vigorous prosecution of all who were concerned in the plot, Hayne won popular favor, and the next year passed on to the United States Senate. Together he and Calhoun defended the aristocratic social system which cotton had at last forced upon the South. Slavery became a peculiar heritage; it was a divinely ordained institution; and the South was justified by the Constitution of the United States. To this position every politician, every educator, and even every minister of the gospel, was forced to subscribe. Dew, President of William and Mary, asserted that in general slavery had made for the civilization of the world; Richard Furman, President of the Baptist Convention of South Carolina, held that the holding of slaves was "justifiable by the doctrine and example contained in Holy Writ, and consistent with Christian uprightness both in sentiment and conduct;" while Benjamin M. Palmer, of New Orleans, most eloquent of Presbyterian divines, maintained that the South in guarding slavery was not only the conserver of the world's industry, but also the defender of the cause of religion.

How one who thought otherwise fared was shown by the career of Moncure D. Conway. This man, a scion of two of the most prominent families of Virginia, in the early years of his manhood found himself at variance with his section on two great issues; he could not assent to the bigotry that passed for religion, and he could not accept slavery. When he was not more than eighteen years of age he was actively interested in the cause of free schools in his State, and later he agreed with Horace Greeley that Vir-

ginia's white children would never be properly schooled until her black children ceased to be sold. Studying at Harvard and becoming acquainted with Emerson, he became a Unitarian; and he spent several years as a minister in London. Not satisfied simply to oppose slavery, he helped to emancipate the slaves in his own family and to get them settled in new homes in Ohio. A truly enlightened spirit, he numbered among his friends Whittier and Phillips, Newman and Mill, Mazzini and Gladstone, Carlyle and Browning; but it is significant that he could not work at home in the South.

Such a man was of course the exception; but even in South Carolina there were those who longed for more touch with the real trend of the century. Before Hayne passed off the scene he planned a railroad to extend from Charleston to Cincinnati. Unfortunately he intended to rear machinery and skilled labor upon the foundation of human bondage. Even he could not discern that forces so opposed could not exist together. White men of limited means, finding it impossible to make headway in the existing system, moved away by hundreds to the West. In 1860 fully forty per cent. of those who had been born in South Carolina were living in other States. Hardly any other Commonwealth in the country can equal the record of this one as a feeder of other States—or, we might say, in its lack of ability to hold its men; and what was true before the Civil War of the poor white man has in more recent years been true of the Negro of energy and ambition.

But while South Carolina might lose her men, she spread abroad her ideas; and even some of those who were forced to leave the great mother were not convinced that her theory was wrong. In the decades just before the war there arose a group of "fire-eaters" passionately devoted to all that the South held dear. Temporarily eclipsed by the Compromise of 1850, these men returned to prominence with a tremendous rebound when war became inevitable. Erratic and frequently reckless, Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was nevertheless the master of a turgid eloquence that sometimes swept all before it. Robert B. Rhett, one of the oldest apostles of secession, edited in Charleston *The Mercury*. The ablest of the group, however, was William L.

Yancey, of Alabama, who by a powerful speech at the Democratic convention in Charleston in 1860 drove in the wedge that was to do naught less than split the Union.

The Confederacy that resulted was doomed from its birth. It was founded on a fallacy, and denied the fundamental principle that made its own life possible. A central government either had authority to enforce its decrees or it had not. If it had authority, then the North was right in its position. If it had not authority, such a government was useless. It developed that the Confederacy had not the necessary authority. Criticism that otherwise might have been directed against Washington now turned against Richmond. Before the war was over there was personal or official resistance in South Carolina and Georgia; Congress voted that physicians might grant furloughs to those who felt that camp life did not agree with them; a draft law was annulled in North Carolina and Georgia; and North Carolina even objected to a railroad for the forty miles between Greensboro and Danville. Mountaineers in Virginia and Tennessee who did not join the Union army were frequently defiant; corps commanders very often did as they pleased; and, to cap the climax, the Vice-President led a movement to impeach the President.

In all of this the theory of the Old South was manifest. The Southern tradition cultivated honor, but it did not cultivate discipline, without which there could be no coöperation on a large scale. But, whatever might be its mistakes in economics, and whatever might be the inadequacy of the support of the central government, there was one point on which the South was clear, and that was its determination to maintain its social system. As this was based on slavery, slavery became the cornerstone of the Confederacy. One might have supposed accordingly that slaveowners would get out and fight. From the very first, however, it was provided that planters who owned as many as twenty slaves should be exempted, and not only themselves but their overseers as well. The most hearty support of the war came from the small slaveholders, men who were just rising in the world and who had most to gain; much of the burden was thrown on the poor white man, who was to benefit hardly less than the Negro by the overthrow of slavery; and, strange as it

may seem, before the conflict was over, both Davis and Lee recommended the enlistment and training of black men under the Stars and Bars.

When all was over, Robert E. Lee—leader in peace as in war—retired to Lexington, and in education pointed the way out of the darkness. His magnanimity inspired everybody, and about his unselfishness there could be no question; but in all larger thought that bore upon the concrete problem in hand, he was at least a generation ahead of his section. Passion and violence were yet to have their day.

No voice really new arose in the South until in 1886 a young journalist addressed the New England Club in New York. The speech which Henry W. Grady delivered on this occasion was one of the most powerful of modern times. He asked his hearers to bring their full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what he had to say; he looked to the future, and he spoke with consideration of the Negro. Said he, finally: "To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the Negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those with whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence." This skillful statement of the Southern position was readily accepted by the North, even though lynching and peonage abounded. Grady himself would certainly not have sanctioned injustice for any human being; but his speech was interpreted by the South as not at all inconsistent with the radical programme that was about to be put into effect.

Just what that programme was became evident in 1890, when Benjamin R. Tillman led the popular forces to victory in South Carolina, defeating the Conservative Democrats. In this year also Mississippi so amended her constitution as to make for the practical disfranchisement of the Negro. Within the next twenty years prejudice and passion were capitalized as never before, and one politician after another rode into power on the wings of racial hatred.

Already, however, there was the dawn of a tomorrow. Daniel A. Tompkins at Charlotte gave a new vision of industrial power;

J. L. M. Curry worked in philanthropy and education; and the missionary colleges founded by Northern agencies justified themselves by the spirit of their graduates. Meanwhile Booker T. Washington gave to his people a new conception of thrift, business, and practical education. In Montgomery in 1900 there was a conference in which Southern men as never before undertook to study their problems. William A. McCorkle, recently Governor of West Virginia, asserted that the right of franchise was the vital and underlying principle of the life of the people of the United States, and that the remedy for conditions was "an honest and inflexible educational and property basis, administered fairly for black and white." Within recent years this has in an increasing measure become the point of view of forward-looking men in the South. More and more there is a conviction that, after all, disfranchisement was but a temporary expedient, and that the highest welfare of the South and of the country as a whole depends upon the training of *all* men in a conception of the duties of citizenship. It has been shown again and again that the disqualification of Negro men results indirectly in the failure of tens of thousands of white men to exercise the right of franchise; also that the vote of one man in South Carolina is under present conditions as potent as the vote of eight or ten men in Kansas and New York; and true patriots are realizing that such a situation hurts not only the Negro but the country at large. Meanwhile the great crime of lynching has shown notable decrease, from 255 known cases in 1892 to 16 in 1924.

In recent years there has not been a sphere of life or activity that has not felt the quickening impulse. In public affairs there has been in North Carolina the enlightened statesmanship of Governors Aycock, Bickett, and McLean, while in Georgia there has been Hugh M. Dorsey. In education we have had the vision of J. H. Dillard; and the Rosenwald schools, planned to cultivate self help on the part of rural Negroes, have already passed the 4,000 mark. In literature Thomas Nelson Page and Thomas Dixon have been superseded by Paul Green and DuBose Heyward; and the press of the University of North Carolina has issued a notable series of publications bearing on racial problems. Nor can the effort of Southern women for social betterment pass

unremarked. Elizabeth McCracken tells the story of one who had lost both her home and her husband in the Civil War, and who years afterward was inquiring about facilities for Negroes in public libraries in the North in order to see what was best for her own community. "But do the Negroes want books?" she was asked. "No," she said frankly, "they don't; but they *ought* to want them. The only thing to do is to educate them to want them. The only thing to do with the Negroes, anyway, is to educate them. It's their only chance, and it's our only hope."

Within very recent years also there has been developing, on the part of young white men in the South, a scientific approach to social problems that is not less than amazing. Because of Phelps Stokes fellowships, courses in Sociology and Education, and Y. M. C. A. or Mission Study classes, scores of men have come forth from Southern colleges with a new conception of the Negro and his needs. It is to them that the challenge comes. It is they who must now answer the question, Just what is justice for the Negro? For decades the politician dominated Southern life, and thirty years ago this man was frequently a demagogue. After all, however, the politician depends upon the popular will, and he says what will be pleasing to his constituency. The ultimate burden is upon those leaders who go in and out among the people—the teachers, the ministers, the lawyers, the doctors, and the business men. The work to be done has only begun; but, with the enlightened spirit that is now abroad, there is reason to hope that the South will be increasingly democratic, spurred onward by the highest ideals of patriotism and good citizenship.

THE INVADING GOTH OF LITERATURE

BY WILLIAM NORWOOD BRIGANCE

SOONER or later it was inevitable.

We have efficiency experts in industry; we have them in government. We have them in the trades; we have them in the professions. We have them in our schools; we have them in our churches. It was inevitable, sooner or later, that they should invade the fields of literature. It was equally inevitable that, arriving there, they should, as Goths in the Imperial City of Rome, find small merit in the tapestries of art which for centuries have been treasures of the literary world.

Verily, as the invading Goth of Literature comes the Efficiency Expert in Language. Raucously he laughs at those finer textures in the fabric of literature which have been variously called weave and warmth, color and beauty, shading and subtlety. He is scornful, even, of those coarser textures of language, pedagogically known as clearness, force and ease. Brevity is his shibboleth. Brevity. Brevity only. "These old writing fellows," he exclaims, "were ridiculous word wasters! But wasted words mean wasted time! And Time is Money!" And money, it seems, is everything.

It is no mere ordinary boiling down that the Efficiency Expert demands. It is a super-boiling, to use an adjective in high favor with his clan. Nor does he stop at the uttermost limits of grammatical condensation. What cares the E. E. for grammar? It is to laugh. Key words alone are needed. All others are unnecessary. As with the scripturally offending right eye, they are to be plucked out and cast from us. To illustrate, no longer would the Efficiency Expert in Language have us open a conversation with that convenient and classic bromide:

"This is nice weather we are having, is it not?"

Too many words, he growls, and our friendly inquiry is cut to:

"Weather nice, eh?"

Seven words are saved, or seventy per cent. of the total. And words, remember, mean time, and time means money. Again, the word squanderer of the past might have written:

It was evening. The tropical moon filtered through the green verdage, casting speckled shadows upon the jungle floor. It was a perfect camouflage for the spotted cat crouched in the shadows, awaiting the approach of the unsuspecting prey.

But the Efficiency Expert in Language lets out a roar of disgust. Twenty-six wasted words! He slashes the copy and we have this:

Evening. Tropics. Moon shines through leaves. Speckled shadows hide tiger awaiting prey.

Thus is made a word saving of eighty-three and eight-ninths per cent.

Ah well! We who loved the old weave and warmth, color and beauty, shading and subtlety of language as it once came from the touch of a Master, may sigh that it was in our generation when the Goths broke over the Alps and invaded the literary plains of Italy—but we bow to the yoke. Some of us, with a tortured smile, may even manage to join the Gothic ranks, since by so doing we might make the yoke easier for our weaker brethren and our children. We turn to rewriting a few of our beloved Old Masters, that they may not be wholly lost in the Literary Dark Ages which are to follow. We naturally start with Shakespeare and modestly offer herewith the revised version from the court room scene in *The Merchant of Venice:*

Portia (to *Shylock*):— Tarry. Bond gives no blood. Pound flesh only. Cut pound. But if shed one drop blood, Venetian law confiscates lands-goods.
Shylock:— So?
Portia:— See act. Thou urgest justice. Thou gettest justice.
Shylock:— Christian keep flesh. Take ducats.
Bassanio:— Ducats here.
Portia:— Hold. Jew gets flesh only. But dies if sheds blood or cuts pound not exact.

After reading this, even the worst enemy of the Efficiency Expert in Language relents. He pardons something to Brevity. Such a *Merchant of Venice* could be run off in twenty minutes!

Longfellow by this standard, of course, was insufferably verbose. But since it would be unfair to deprive our children, through no fault of theirs, of such otherwise delightful reading, the words of this children's poet offer a magnificent opportunity to some enterprising Efficiency Expert in Language, working, let us say, for his doctorate in Efficient English. Here is a sample of how the trick can be done:

Shot arrow in air,
Fell, knew not where;
Faster than sight
Followed in flight.

It will be readily seen that, when all of Longfellow's works are so compressed, every child can read two poems where only one was read before.

Rudyard Kipling offers a problem apart, for I am told upon high authority that he sells his poetry by the word and that the price of every word comes high. Quite reasonably Mr. Kipling will resent the attempt of Efficiency Experts in Language to throw away any of his high priced words. But perhaps he can insist upon being paid for the verbose version. Anyhow that is Mr. Kipling's problem. Here we cannot officially recognize it. The reader will recognize below the fourth stanza of the *Recessional* from which seventeen words, or 40.5 per cent., have been saved:

If drunken power makes loose
Wild tongues without Godly awe—
Boasts like Gentiles use,
Or others outside Law—
Stay God yet,
Lest we forget.

Of course this still has a few surplus words slopping over, left there to preserve the rhyme. But if, in this new age, blank verse should wholly supplant this uselessly verbose poetry of rhyme, another six words might easily be cut from this stanza, or even more.

But this great principle of Efficiency in Language has much closer, and more practical, applications. Indeed it may prove in two directions a new era in social progress, a veritable boon to mankind. I refer to the relief that will be afforded from the

verbose, leather lunged political orator and to the profound advantages opened to users of the long distance telephone. Verily when the Efficiency Expert in Language comes to his own, never again must a bored audience suffer, as in the past, over a peroration of this species:

A-a-a-h-h, my fellow countrymen, ours is a glorious land, abounding in opportunity and flowing in milk and honey. The American eagle is the symbol of our high achievement. The gr-e-a-t dome of our national capitol is reared upon the altar of a democratic government. The Statue of Liberty is the *Magna Charta* of a f-r-e-e people. The wind-tossed S-t-a-r-s and Stripes are the color bearers of our spotless character—the red for bravery, the blue for sincerity, and the white for purity. May we, by supporting this, our glorious party, give these insignia of our fathers into the hands of our children as unsullied as they were given into ours.

Blessed relief would be afforded by a curtailment to something after this fashion:

Countrymen, ours glorious land—opportunity, milk, honey, American eagle, symbol of achievement. Capitol dome, altar of democracy. Statue of Liberty, *Magna Charta* of freedom. Flag, color bearer of character. Keep unsullied. Support party.

Already we have been saved from seventy and three-elevenths per cent. of the words. More cannot be asked, even by the Efficiency Expert in Language, from any leather lunged political aspirant. But the reporting newspaper can easily shrink it another twenty-seven per cent. flat, and, after announcing that the Honorable Candidate Leather Lunger addressed the citizens of the city, report the speech as follows:

Content, political hokum.

Thus is the speech cut to two and eight-elevenths per cent. and readers of the morning paper are allowed to dispose of coffee and toast still warm! But only with the long distance telephone will the potentialities of this new era be attained. Business conversations of this new era we shall quickly pass over, since the efficient age in business is already upon us. The machine gun staccato of the business man's written language is so well known that it requires no imaginative stretch whatever to hear a high voltage conversation of this amplitude flashed across the wires:

Bennett speaking—Bennett-Bennett Wholesale. Regarding order tenth instant change to twelve gross cans high grade peas, eight ounce.

And back snaps the answer:

Change noted.

The receivers click. A hundred words are saved.

But it is another class of persons to be most benefitted. I once knew a near-penniless but ardent young suitor who spent $16.35 of borrowed money to listen for a few minutes by telephone to the voice of the one girl in all the world, separated from him by half a continent. To this tribe will the Efficiency Expert in Language become the patron saint of courtship. Telephone companies will doubtless offer half-minute express service at proportionately reduced rates. Then, in this new age, when any young suitor feels that anguished urge to hear the voice of the one girl in all the world, to whisper the eternal question which is to make his future either a dismal abyss or a glorious light "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," at such a time he need neither trust his emotions to the cold and lifeless written page nor yet squander his borrowed substance in a prolonged, old-fashioned telephone call. The half-minute express service and the Efficiency Method in Language are at his service. Trained to skip that useless preliminary known as small talk, he can jump at once to the heart-burning issue. Over the telephone wires will go a message after this fashion:

Mary, love you forever. Marry me—conquer world. Refuse—die broken heart. Answer quick.

And back will come this soft spoken, and we doubt not, blushing answer:

S-S-Sudden, but love you too. Go conquer world.

Thus not only are two lives made happy, but the case for the Efficiency Expert in Language is given irrefutable proof. Waste of words is waste of time. And Time is Money. A $16.75 telephone bill is cut to $2.15!

LIGHT FROM THE WEST

BY DR. ALBERT MORAWSKI-NAWENCH

I

THE revolutionary propaganda conducted among American labor organizations by means of funds coming from Europe, a propaganda of which we now possess ample proofs, presents a problem reaching far beyond the boundaries of organized labor, and involving principles of national importance.

The ills of humanity have been treated for centuries by the prescription of a panacea which may be summed up in the words *ex Oriente lux*, and which is composed chiefly of mystic and sentimental ingredients. As far as may be judged by the present condition of the world, the cure has proved a failure. It seems therefore advisable to look for remedies in another direction. For the treatment applied heretofore a natural one should be substituted, one which we may call "light from the Occident." It is a bold prescription, but it fits well the people who have introduced it into their own social therapeutics: the Americans.

Yet it appears to me that in defining the basic differences between American and European social and political evolutions, we do not always perceive with enough clarity, or, at least, lay enough stress upon, what constitutes that difference. European evolution runs in the direction of class differentiation. American evolution tends toward the abolishing of class differences, toward the raising of the lower social strata to a higher, common level—if I may be permitted to coin a word—toward the "bourgeoisizing" of the workingman.

Both are the results of natural, historical policies hardly needing any explanation. To recapitulate the phases of Europe's evolution through feudalism, capitalism and the era of nationalism, and to dwell upon our own national and social development upon our background of individual efforts, of equal chances for

all, of the strenuous life of the great pioneers—would be repeating truisms.

At the bottom of those two evolutions lie two diverging conceptions of national life, which, in turn, are the products of historic events and geographic conditions.

While the nations of Europe strive to maintain or aggrandize themselves, America has eliminated both those endeavors. There is with us no thought of aggrandizement, and the maintenance of the nation does not come into consideration for the very reason that it is not questioned from within or jeopardized from without. Hence two diverging conceptions of progress.

The Old World's idea of progress is not uniform. Each nation, each class of each nation, possesses its own views on that subject. There is national progress depending upon the development of political, military and economic power. There is class progress understood as the acquiring by one class of political influences and special privileges to the detriment of other classes. There is the individual idea of progress, a very sophisticated one, based upon intellectual or artistic education and refinement.

America's conception of progress is a standard conception: the steady rising of the ethical and cultural level as well as of the material prosperity of all classes of the nation as a whole. Displeased as we may be with the criticism of our standardizing proclivities on the part of the European *intelligentzia*, this standard conception of ours is one of which we can justly be proud. Its value is based not only upon social honesty but also upon a lofty idea of democracy and far-reaching vision. It is further enhanced by the fact that it does not imply either self complacency or stagnation. American Democracy is not perfect, and we know it. But it is safe, thanks to the common sense of the American people who quickly grasped the wisdom of De Tocqueville's maxim: "For all the ills of democracy there is but one remedy: still more democracy."

Europe lacked that common sense and our stubborn persistence. Disappointed with the working of her political systems, she looked for a remedy in an entirely different direction. She deviated to the path of class differentiation. (As a matter of

fact, Europe sees in the lack of class spirit in America a proof of our primitiveness.) Now class differentiation, whatever be its scientific explanation, is the product of sentimentality and of passions. Its more immediate causes may be of European origin. Its inspiration is Oriental, the Light from the Orient.

The history of European Socialism supplies us with eloquent illustrations corroborating this statement.

In France and Germany, under the moderating influence of Western ideas, Socialism remained relatively reasonable. But behold the climax of its evolution under Russian skies where the last vestige of Occidentalism was lost, and where, finally, it found the opportunity to be sincere and outspoken, to become itself, to appear in perfect, original nudity. What did Socialism produce in Russia outside of cruel and fantastic if not childish experiments? (The question whether the Bolshevist reformers were sincere idealists or dishonest, self seeking adventurers, may be disregarded. They were true to their doctrine. Either admission does not change the general aspect of the problem. No Socialist party in the world has ever questioned the good faith of the Soviets. The only adverse criticism on the part of foreign Socialism rested upon the inadequacy of Bolshevist methods and upon the futility of the results obtained. The objection that Bolshevism is not Socialism, is playing with words. Bolshevism is untrammeled Socialism. Socialism is cryptic and crippled Bolshevism.)

The coming to power of the Soviets was the first real chance Socialism had ever secured to show its hand: its first perfect opportunity to take a practical examination. It availed itself of that opportunity to the limit. And it is most characteristic of Socialism that, having attained its millennium, it did not work for absolute, horizontal social equalization, but, on the contrary, established the principle of class rule, of minority rule. Thus Socialistic protests against constitutional government in countries where the Socialist party was limited to noisy opposition, proved a fake. There they had represented themselves as the leaders of the masses, of an oppressed majority. As soon, however, as they seized the reins of government, they proclaimed a rule of one class only, a government for and by a minority.

If we take into consideration two theories: one of government by the people, *i. e.*, by the majority of citizens, and another of rule by a few, and then accept the last named as the just principle, no Western mind would ever doubt that the ruling few should be the best citizens of the nation; *i. e.*, the most enlightened. The Soviets however substituted for the best the worst elements, *i. e.*, the least enlightened. They did so because, in opposition to Western psychology influenced by motives of reason and by ethical principles, they deny ethical principles, and, as true Orientals, they are ruled by motives of passion.

One cannot lay enough stress upon these two basic differences between the Western and the Oriental conceptions of life, between the motives of reason and those of passion which represent their respective inspirations.

II

The contribution of America to the after-war healing process of the world must be primarily a moral one. The economic devastation of Europe, distressing as it was, was by no means as fearful as her moral decay. The chaos of ideas was to her far more dangerous than the chaotic state of her currencies. The sudden growth of Radical ideas was but accelerated by the war. It was bound to come sooner or later as the direct consequence of an all too sudden transformation of social conditions, from a feudal to an industrial Europe—as the direct result of an all too intense intellectual and educational evolution. To appreciate fully these facts one must realize the terrific speed of social evolution in the last one hundred and fifty years, a speed caused indirectly by the advancement of science at a pace unknown before in the history of mankind.

Here was a question of social metabolism producing disturbances by the inability of some organs of the body social to keep pace with the suddenly and abnormally developed functions of others. America avoided those disturbances, among other causes, principally because her national evolution began when that social and intellectual evolutionary process was already in full swing. Her national stomach was not confronted therefore with

the problem of digesting the mutually antagonistic substances of mediæval and modern conditions and ideas.

If one admits the existence of a duty on the part of the United States to come to the rescue of sick Europe, one cannot ask an honest physician to proceed with the treatment of a secondary indisposition while disregarding ominous symptoms of a dangerous chronic malady. The economic ills of Europe might be more grave than such a secondary indisposition, yet her moral, her social ills are far more serious, and no good can come to her from any American palliatives in the shape of loans or investments, so long as the physician does not attempt to cure her main disease.

Europe may not be over anxious to ask, nay, to accept our advice. She has, indeed, already shown some impatience with the didactic tone of past Washington utterances. She might show more impatience today than she did during the war and in the period immediately following it. In those days America's authority could not be questioned. Grumbling there was, but, willy-nilly, America's advice had at least to be listened to with respect.

The economic ills of Europe will sooner or later come to an end. Difficulties and disagreements will be adjusted by inexorable laws of economic necessity. Not so with moral ills. The laws which govern the processes of self healing do not apply in this case, for these are symptoms lying beyond the domain of international symbiosis.

The occupation of the Ruhr Basin and the Reparation Question have appeared to us as the dominant problems of the day on account of the fact that we lack the necessary perspective. The real, all overshadowing problem however is: Shall Germany, shall the various countries of Europe, have a Capitalist, a Monarchist, a Bolshevist or a Democratic form of government?

This is what America must understand, if she is to fulfil her mission. It is not the American dollar that will save Europe, but the American idea. Those who try to persuade us to join the League of Nations, or the Hague Court, or to recognize the Soviets, are perhaps sincere men, but none the less lacking in American firmness of conviction and of purpose. Progressive or Radical

as they might be called according to an uncritical political nomenclature, they stick to *a priori* conceptions which, much to their disgust, deserve but the name of reaction.

The League of Nations is a European political institution *par excellence*, a subsidiary organization to preserve the prestige and defend the interests of the British Empire in particular. The maintenance of the *status quo* goes with the League before any other consideration. Its adherents may well object to such a statement by quoting as an argument the League's action in behalf of national minorities. The objection however is a contradiction in terms. The protection and sustenance of national minorities is but a pledge for the sustenance of a nationalistic *status quo*.

Would any of our American League of Nation enthusiasts ever tolerate minority protection in these United States? Most assuredly not. Yet they demand it in foreign countries and argue that, under conditions prevailing in them, it is a step forward. As a matter of fact, it is a step backward, a step toward reinforcing an abnormal, an antiquated state of things. The protection of minorities is not a protection of civic rights, but a protection of separatist aspirations, and constitutes a grave danger to any sovereign democracy.

The protection of minorities is but one instance taken at random from among those numerous half measures of pseudo salvation, of which the League of Nations is a synthetic product. The example was selected because, more than any other, it has the false appearance of a democratic reform. President Wilson's League might have been a bold American stroke. The present League is thoroughly European, entirely lacking democratic inspiration. To believe that by her mere accession America would succeed, like a *deus ex machina*, in transforming the spirit permeating that institution, is utter fallacy. On the contrary, her voice would be lost in the European pandemonium. It will be heard only from beyond the ocean—amplified in distinction and dignity by three thousand miles of majestic silence and isolation. The degree of authority which our voice may obtain, depends upon our more or less complete parting with Radical theories and our embracing principles of progress.

III

We must do away with the false notion that present day Radicalism means progress. Radicalism means the carrying out of extreme principles, not of progressive principles. It is based upon class distinction and upon passions, in opposition to Progressivism, which stands on the ground of the interests of the commonwealth and of motives of reason. Progress is antagonistic to Radicalism in the same degree as it antagonizes reactionary Conservatism. Radicalism is adventurous experimenting with illusions; Progress is advancing on the path of successful experience.

The danger of the above-mentioned misunderstanding may be realized when one recalls that once upon a time we were afraid of the supposedly Radical programme of the greatest Progressive of our era, Theodore Roosevelt.

Another illustration—more modest, though not less characteristic—is further afforded by our calling Radicals the less conservative wings of both great parties in Congress.

The source of that misconception lies in the fact that many of us do not realize that the evolution of the great nations of the world, of America, France, England, Germany and Italy, has passed from the political stage into a social stage. In consequence we use obsolete terms, nay, we stubbornly stick to obsolete notions. In fact, we still nourish obsolete fears. While some of our citizens, of the species less attached to logic, and attracted by novelty, preach Radicalism as the only remedy against reaction, others are entirely blind to the truth that progress is the only remedy against reaction as well as against Radicalism. And while Republicans and Democrats are engaging in futile party disputes which arrest progress, an insidious propaganda which aims at the awakening of class consciousness is steadily going on in the country. Agitators of foreign origin or natives obtaining their inspiration and funds from foreign sources, are slowly but surely working ahead, gnawing at the roots of that which constitutes the real value and the real greatness of American Democracy.

That kind of propaganda cannot be checked by special laws,

the enactment of which would be contrary to democratic freedom, as long as the agitators refrain from the open preaching of violence and treason. It can however be efficiently counteracted if not eradicated by a concerted action aimed at the awakening of the masses, especially the masses of naturalized citizens, to the consciousness of civic rights and duties, to the meaning of democracy and progress, to the comprehension of the dignity of American citizenship.

As valuable as the coöperation of high spirited civic organizations might be in that line, their action cannot be more than partially effective. To awaken the country as a whole to the realization of the imminent danger, a nation wide action must be undertaken by a body possessing a full and natural authority, *i. e.*, by Congress.

Unfortunately, there is the rub. Congress, though possessed of constitutional power, does not enjoy the confidence of the masses. Its legal authority is unquestionable, but its moral authority more than doubtful. The masses of public spirited citizens of the Union look upon Congress as upon a body of narrow-minded machine politicians, interested primarily in the preservation of their own personal popularity, in regional politics and factional strife. The average Representatives and Senators of today are men of yesterday. Party solidarity is to them a sacred slogan, a flag under the folds of which they hide their lack of learning and of vision. They live in the Past, feeding their souls with outlived formulas, a national abnormality.

Can one under such conditions expect the average Member of Congress to be aware of the great change which the world has undergone in the last generation, of the necessity of adjusting his ideas and his methods to modern conditions, of understanding that the nation has outgrown a political Congress and wants a social Congress, and that, finally, the great American tradition can be saved only by enforcing the immanent principle of our Constitution, by Progress?

The raising of the moral and cultural level of the masses will remain a dead letter so long as it is not accompanied by a parallel raising of their material prosperity.

The more conscious a man becomes, the more material satis-

faction he demands. The relative prosperity of the workingman in America is the main reason for the poor showing of Socialism in this country. The argument is, however, of but passing value, being of comparative nature only.

Furthermore, one is not allowed to lose sight of the national ethics lying at the bottom of the cultural and material postulates of Progress. The duty of raising the intellectual and economic levels of the masses does not spring from solicitude for the security of the more enlightened and the well-to-do, but from motives of democratic justice. It is from this point of view that the problem consists on one hand of insuring the development of the worker's civic consciousness in opposition to class consciousness, and on the other, of doing away with causes producing the most unjust and dishonest social antinomy of our time: the growth of proletarianism.

It is a grave delusion to believe that the spirit of our Constitution and of our national institutions alone prevents the spread of Radical ideas regardless of the economic conditions of the workingman. Human nature is the same all over the earth, endowed with the same passions and the same hunger for happiness. The weak development of Radicalism in America is due to the fact that the spirit of our institutions by stimulating individual effort secured the relative wellbeing of the lower social strata. Economic ills which appeared with the lapse of time, are but a demonstration of our all-human weakness, of our inability to conform ourselves to the requirements of that spirit of progress, to keep pace with it.

We rightly understood that democracy warrants equality before the law and equality of opportunities, but does not include equality of results individually achieved. This conception enabled on one hand the strongest men of all races to build up on our Continent their own fortunes as well as that of the Commonwealth; and on the other, success blinded the successful ones to the realization that their achievements were but one part of their duties according to the progressive demands of America's *Esprit des Lois*. Had they always had before their eyes the Declaration of Independence, they would have been struck by the awe-inspiring synthesis of national philosophy embodied in the

phrase, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people. . . ." A prophetic, nay, a dogmatic conception of political and social ethics: the shaping of necessities and consequently of laws and duties by events of the Past and Present for the Future: Ten Commandments in one—of Progress!

New events produce new needs and new methods of meeting them. These new methods are the recurring problems of the passing days. Today they may require the closing of our frontiers to immigration or placing that immigration on a selective basis. They may demand the introduction on a large if not compulsory scale of a system of coöperatives and workers' profit sharing—or the doing away with legislation having if only the appearance of class legislation, as Prohibition—or a bold declaration in form of an amendment to the Constitution, that all action aiming at class differentiation is criminal. Today and tomorrow they are problems of Progress, demanding the "bourgeoisizing" of the worker, something which morally and materially means much more than the raising of his standard of living.

We admire the Declaration of Independence on account of its wisdom and loftiness. We should admire it not less for its boldness, which has become synonymous with Americanism. Bold were those principles, enunciated at the threshold of a new age and yet not revolutionary, but a synthetic expression of wisdoms, conclusions drawn from mature experience and of a characteristically evolutionary nature. What if a similar wisdom would dictate today a limitation of big, disproportionate incomes of individuals or the introduction of the principle that the size of those incomes should be made dependent upon public merit, upon the value of service rendered to the country by the individual?

Would there be any exaggeration in comparing the injustice of the exactions of the British Crown towards its American Colonies before 1776, with the absurd anomaly of moving picture actors and manufacturers earning ten or twenty times as much as the President of the United States?

Human passions cannot be admitted as an element of author-

ity and sanction in shaping legislation. Such an admission means Revolution. Evolution, however, admitting their existence, allays them by removing the causes of injustice which have made them flare up. We have called the great events of 1775–1783 the American Revolution for lack of another nomenclature satisfying our need of the heroic. As a matter of fact, to call those events "the Great American Evolution" would mean no less homage to their grandeur.

The return to progressive American tradition is the problem of our day. A great movement in that direction was halted by the war on one hand, and by the disappearance of a great leader on the other. An illusory prosperity and great international events diverted our minds from it. Self satisfaction and an over-tolerance of foreign ideas have blunted our critical faculties.

Yet the issue cannot be avoided. The World expects a message from America. That message must be clear and outspoken. It cannot be the expression of a theory only, but must be backed by arguments of experience. It must be a message of Democracy, a message of evolutionary, practical Progress. Its wording requires a great deal of self-denial, but its broadcasting cannot be avoided if America is to remain herself, if she is to maintain her reputation for courage and integrity.

Sooner or later, and regardless of the ostrich policies and the stubborn refusal of our Conservatives to see the writing on the wall, events will compel us to solve the problem of nationalizing public utilities, of limiting excessive incomes, of introducing old age pensions for wage earners, of extending the Civil Service system upon all public servants.

It requires Americanism, it requires boldness, to do it.

Yet, if beside duties to ourselves we have duties towards mankind too, we must realize that the outside world, tired and exhausted of vain efforts to break the walls of the vicious circle of class prejudice and nationalistic sophistication, will heed America's message only if that message is dictated by courage, by experience, if it is a reflection of true American tradition based upon the principles of Evolution and Progress.

This is the Light from the Occident that cannot fail.

WITH THE BIG WINDJAMMERS

BY TOM WHITE

In spite of the heartless competition offered by steamers and Diesel-propelled craft, there still remains a substantial number of fine old ships, barks and schooners flying the American flag; but from the deck of a transatlantic mailboat they are looked upon largely as objects of curiosity. Along the more remote trade routes, as well, their numbers have thinned out, although not to such an appreciable extent.

In many respects, the Pacific Ocean has been kind to the windjammer. Largely by reason of its comparatively calm weather and fairly regular winds, it has furnished employment for hundreds of sailing craft, the majority of which were built on the Atlantic seaboard. It is not surprising, therefore, that the West Coast should claim the largest body of square-riggers in the world, remaining in active service. Known as the Alaska Packers' fleet, this group of vessels constitutes a notable exception in the matter of sailing ship operation; the fine, big, upstanding ships and barks including in their number some of the oldest and largest in service today, and representing the three stages in the development of their kind, wood, iron and steel.

During the winter months the members of this fleet are tied up in the Oakland estuary, across the bay from San Francisco, while necessary alterations and repairs are looked after. In the early spring, rigging is thoroughly overhauled, sails sent aloft, and the ships towed to various drydocks and marine railways about the bay to have their hulls scraped and painted. When they leave the yards resplendent in glistening black, with a waterline of bright red, and masts, spars and deck-houses painted a smart buff color, they are towed to their loading docks to receive cargoes of box-shooks and tinplate used at the canneries of the Far North for putting up the salmon pack.

Tied up at various points along the waterfront, with their tall

masts "raking the blue" and towering high above funnels and masts of mammoth mailboats, the lofty ships of the Packers' fleet lend a distinct note of color to bay shipping, and one which vaguely calls to mind the early days of American commerce.

Shortly before sailing, their crews come aboard. These men are unique in that their calling demands of them a good, working knowledge of sailoring, beside requiring them to be first-rate fishermen. Generally by the middle of April the last of this picturesque old fleet has cleared for Bering Sea, along the shores of which are scattered the canneries and salting stations of the Association. When the ships reach the North, their crews turn fishermen, and when the catch is put up they again climb aboard to assume the rôle of sailors. On the ships' articles their names appear as seamen-fishermen. Their pay as fishermen is rated according to their total catch, and as sailors they are paid a certain flat sum, known as "run money".

Actual fishing is carried on from small boats, the big sailing ships remaining tied up or at anchor, all hands having "jumped ship" except the captain and the cook. From two to three months are required, depending entirely on the catch, before the pack is finished, the cannery wheels slow down and the last slingful of cases comes over the side and is lowered away into the hold. Material which came into the North as tinplate and box-shooks has been shaped into cans and cases containing choice Alaska salmon; and the men who until recently have been fishermen again join their ships and renew acquaintance with sheets, tacks and halyards.

All is ready for the run into the South. Gaskets are flung off, buntlines and clewlines let go, yards hoisted, tops'ls and to'gallants'ls sheeted home, and the big square-riggers heel to the fair wind, and are off and gone on the world's most picturesque deep sea classic. As in the days when the famed tea clippers crammed on every stitch "and the skipper's cap" to be first to reach port with their precious cargoes; as the *Westward Ho* raced the *Great Republic* down the East Coast, around the Horn and up the Pacific, so it is today. The proud old windjammers of the Packers' fleet, some of them record holders for crack passages in the old days, go romping down the West Coast with "a bone in

their teeth," every stitch set, their ensign and number whipping straight out in the breeze, and everyone aboard, from the very humblest cannery hand right up to the skipper, with a song in their hearts—the same old song that was sung from time out of mind by sailormen the world over, the song of the homeward bound!

As in the spring, when the ships were outward bound, so it is in the early fall: a spirit of eagerness pervades the decks, an eagerness undiminished by any passing squall, an ardor dampened only by the impotence of the idly flapping canvas in a flat calm. From the turbulent, often uncertain waters of Bering Sea, the majestic square riggers with decks aslant under their towering, high piled masses of canvas, come bowling down the blue Pacific. The merry tinkle of the ship's bell as it tells off the half hours, the hiss of the crisp, white foam slipping by to leeward, the scudding clouds overhead and the easy roll of the deck under foot—all this means as much to the sailor of today as it did to those who manned the early whalers and tea clippers.

The run into the South usually requires from four to six weeks. Famed in the annals of the fleet, however, stands the name of the old ship *Sterling*, record-holder of the fastest passage from Bering Sea to San Francisco, which was made in twenty-one days. This splendid record was achieved in 1900. As if performed in the light of a farewell gesture, her glory was short lived, for this was her last voyage. The following year the good ship piled up on the rocks off Bristol Bay and was a total loss.

On a bright morning early in October a doughty seagoing towboat will slip through The Heads and go wallowing out far off the Golden Gate to pick up the first of the returning windjammers—the winner of the world's last blue water sailing classic. Far off to windward she is first sighted, "hull-down" over the horizon, but plainly visible as the sun's first rays glance brightly from her vivid white canvas, piled up like a vagrant, low lying cloud bank. Nearer and nearer she comes, romping "down the wind, with everything set", rolling up under her sharp forefoot a mass of tumbling, hissing foam; and while still two or three miles to windward she begins shortening sail before being picked up by the towboat. Her royals come in first, then her upper to'gal-

lants'ls, and with the lowering of the yards the sails puff and belly as buntlines and clewlines take hold. Topmast staysails and outer jib come down with a run; and by the time the tug has lumbered up under her lee she is stripped of all canvas except barely enough to give her steerage way.

Among waterfront circles, this body of ships is known as the Star Fleet, each ship having been rechristened with the name of some political division preceded by the word "Star." A partial roll-call includes the *Star of England, Star of Alaska, Star of Iceland, Star of Falkland, Star of Shetland* and *Star of Lapland.* The last named is said to be the largest American sailing ship in active service. Indeed, it would require a very nice nautical discrimination to distinguish between the *Lapland* and the *Shetland* at any great distance, both being rigged as four-masted barks, with practically identical tonnage and dimension figures.

The *Star of Lapland* is the pride of the fleet. Built in Sewall's yards at Bath, Maine, the birthplace of so many of her noble forerunners, she was launched in 1902, and saw overseas service for the Standard Oil Company until 1910, when she was purchased by the Alaska Packers' Association and brought around to the West Coast. Under the Standard's house flag she was known as the *Atlas,* but when her new burgee was hoisted she was rechristened with the name she now carries. With a gross tonnage of 3,381, and measuring 332 feet from stem to stern, the *Star of Lapland* is a splendid example of the type of steel sailing vessels turned out at American yards at a time when the winged carriers had reached their highest development. No matter from which angle she is regarded, this ship—like all other true daughters of Neptune,—is a thing of sheer beauty.

Looking at her from "dead on," in nautical language, one is impressed with the delicately moulded lines of extreme flare and long, overhanging bows, through the "eyes" of which ponderous, stud linked chains reach upward to starboard and port to the massive anchors securely "catted" but always ready to be let go in any kind of an emergency. Regarding her from "right aft," there is apparent the same delicate grace to the shallow, overhanging counter that is found in her finely chiseled bows. From abeam, however, her hull proportions are most strikingly dis-

played in the saucy rake of her masts and the slightly sheered fore-and-aft line. Her tall sticks reaching heavenward for two hundred feet, her slim, tapering yards carefully trimmed, and the fine spun tracery of backstays, braces, lifts, halyards and clew-lines hauled snug and taut overhead, the lofty four masted bark makes a picture designed to delight the soul of a Conrad. In common with her sisters of the fleet, the *Star of Lapland* is equipped with radio, steam windlasses for heaving up the anchor, steam winches for loading and discharging cargo, and hand-operated brace winches for swinging and trimming the big yards.

While these mechanical improvements make for quicker, safer passages, and speed up the work of handling cargo, they make no direct contribution to the happiness or well-being of the man "before the mast." His peace of mind, however, is pretty well assured through large, airy forecastles, vividly contrasted to the dark, foul-smelling "cockroach heavens" of bygone days. Extra large tanks insure plenty of fresh water, instead of a beggarly half-gallon ration. The food is vastly better, too, than it was in times past, which is chiefly due to the comparatively short passages made by these vessels, enabling them to carry more fresh meats and vegetables.

The quarters of the captain and his officers, while not in any sense comparable to the princely suites found aboard passenger liners, are nevertheless arranged conveniently and furnished with tasteful simplicity. The companionway from the poop deck leads into a passage a few steps from the main cabin, on one side of which are ranged the officers' staterooms, comfortably equipped with abundant locker space and roomy berths; on the other side are the captain's quarters, often consisting of two rooms. Above his bed—or berth, if she is a particularly old ship—is the tell-tale compass with its inverted bowl which gives the direction of the ship's head. Secured to the near-by bulkhead is a "sailor's bible," or barometer, and close at hand is a sturdy ship's clock.

A note of subdued comfort predominates in the main cabin, with its panelling of mahogany and maple, and warm plush cushions in the chairs surrounding the mess table. Photographs, paintings, often models of famous sailing ships, adorn the walls, and at the forward end of the cabin is frequently found a real,

built-in fireplace. The familiar old kerosene lamps with their nickel-plated reflectors have long since given way to electricity.

These picturesque old daughters of the deep, while true in every other respect to all the splendid traditions of their kind, are nevertheless capricious in the matter of names; indeed, *Lloyd's Register of Shipping* has had a busy time keeping track of some of these vessels. Take for example the bark *Star of Falkland.* When launched in Scotland in 1892 she was christened *Durbridge.* Under the German flag she was known as the *Steinbek,* and was later listed as *Northern Light,* then *Arapahoe.* In a career of thirty-six years she bore four names and carried the flags of three nations; before she met her fate on a jagged rock in Unimak Pass, this present season, and was abandoned, a total loss. The *Star of England* has also carried different names. Built at Dumbarton, Scotland, in 1893, she slid down the ways as the *Blairmore;* later she was rechristened the *Abby Palmer.*

"In the Spring of '96," so the story goes, "the *England* was anchored off the San Francisco waterfront. She had just returned from a long voyage, her cargo had been discharged and she was riding light—even her forefoot was partly out of water. As she swung with the tide her cable fouled under her bows and she listed heavily to port. Just at that moment a combination of wind and tide finished the job, and over she went! It seems she had been on such a long voyage that the old ship was completely tired out, and the only way for her to get a good rest was to lie down on the bottom of San Francisco Bay." Covered with rust and mud, they brought her to the surface three months later; and to bear out the story they point to the time hardened barnacles still adhering to the under side of the cabin table.

These old square riggers, every one of which is still sound and tight in every oaken plank and iron plate, have wonderful records to their credit—records of crack passages and grim battles with tropical hurricanes and China Sea typhoons. They commonly weathered the fierce rage of the elements without a scar, but there have been times when their hoary heads have emerged in a mass of tangled rigging and shattered spars as they limped into the nearest port under "jury rig."

Perhaps the most picturesque of the careers of these old veteran windjammers is that of the *Star of India*. When launched sixty-five years ago as the *Euterpe*, there were yards on all three masts, but she was later rerigged as a bark. Among her earliest voyages she carried passengers from England to Australia. In those days sailors spoke of her as a "flash ship," her racy lines closely resembling those of the far-famed clippers. The entire 'tween-deck space was given over to passenger accommodations, one evidence of which may be seen even today in the row of portholes, long since covered by iron discs firmly bolted down. With a full list and every bunk occupied, it is said she could take care of one hundred passengers. Following a long and faithful career in various trades, during which she called at every world-port of any consequence, the *Star of India* was taken over by the Alaska Packers in 1908, when her rig was changed to that of a bark. Old West Coast sailing ship men agree that she was a "beautiful ship to handle," and when old sailors will finally come to an agreement on the merits of any one ship, no question can possibly be raised!

The ranks of the fleet are thinning out, however, due to the gradual encroachment of steam. In fact, during the last year a number of these noble craft have been released for other service, mostly of a humble character. The *Star of Peru*, whose keel was laid down in Sunderland, England, in 1863, is to suffer the disgrace of ending her days as a coal hulk in the harbor of Noumea, New Caledonia, (after first being rechristened *Bougainville*). The *Star of Chile*, built at Dundee, Scotland, in 1868, is even now suffering a similar fate in San Francisco harbor; and the *Santa Clara*—a wooden ship and one of the smartest that ever flew the house-flag of the Alaska Packers— built at Bath, Maine, in 1876, is doing duty as a fishing hulk off the coast of southern California. Moving picture producers have also claimed their share of the orphans of the Star Fleet. But wherever they go, however humble may be the work expected of them, and no matter how completely they may be shorn of their crowning glory of yards, masts and even jibbooms, there still clings to these old ships an aura of romance which brings to mind with startling vividness all the dash and adventure of "the glorious days of sail."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

ENTHUSIASM for the study of Greek in modern days varies, as a Yale professor remarked recently, not in regular upward or downward progression, but in waves, like Wall Street prices. Just now there is, so to speak, a chop sea: a rather sharp contention as to the practical value of classic erudition, and especially of the knowledge of Greek. On the one hand the exponents of modern ideals and methods of education are contending, perhaps more vigorously than ever before, that the study of "dead" languages is supererogatory, is merely a hindrance to that attention which should be given to what they deem the essentials of preparation for life's duties; at best, a post-mortem examination, interesting, it is true, but on the whole a waste of time, and so, inimical to that watchword of the present era, "Progress".

On the other hand the defenders of the Classics are standing boldly to their guns, asserting that knowledge of Greek and Latin is not only an elegant accomplishment—"*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*"—but a vitally important element of a young man's (shall we add, a young woman's?) equipment for active and useful life. Magazines lend their columns to learned essays on this or that aspect of the question at issue; the iconoclast and the idealist, conservative and radical in educational matters, vocalize their respective theories from the platform; and many a gathering of brilliantly intellectual leaders is animated by the discussion.

It is a noticeable and significant fact that the parties to this controversy are not distinguished from each other in point of culture or, indeed, of high reputation in classic studies. Each force numbers on its side many noted scholars. It is a sort of civil war, in both senses of the term, a case of Greek meeting Greek; and hence the inevitable "tug".

Whatever may be the basic truth in the premises,—probably lying somewhere between the two extremes so strenuously urged

by the opposing forces,—it is unquestionable that much of the strong feeling against Greek has arisen from faulty methods of teaching. Stigmatizing the language as a dead one has prejudged the whole matter; by dealing out dry bones or mummied tissues to his class for mere analysis and classification the instructor has implanted in the student's mind a prejudice which it is almost impossible to eradicate. That the average schoolboy "hates Greek" no one can deny. What is to be the remedy—if one is desired?

There is much to be said, of course, in favor of the old-fashioned methods of teaching. They certainly did lay a firm foundation for a good, working knowledge of the classics. Even as late as the Seventies of the last century Greek was taught in our preparatory schools with a painstaking thoroughness, and by systematic methods, that would now excite a smile. The writer's old *Sophocles' Greek Grammar* is marked throughout, thus indicating paradigms, grammatical rules and long lists of words to be learned by heart; while the merit system of the class room (in the Boston Latin School, which sends more students to Harvard than any other institution in the United States) was so strict that the slightest slip, from the omission of an accent to the dual form of an irregular verb, in recitation, was recorded on the teacher's books, and affected the pupil's rank. This was in the days of Dr. Francis Gardner, the last of those picturesque figures, the head-masters of olden times. Who of his pupils does not remember that tall, gaunt figure, the high-crowned hat, and the "surtout" reaching almost to his feet, in the days when "ulsters" were unknown? I can hardly yet refrain from trembling as I visualize the arraignment of a culprit; the great forelock overhanging the stern eyes of the Doctor, the upraised forefingers as he bade the guilty delinquent choose between the "horns of the dilemma", thundering out, "Which excuse will you take, sir? Which horn? Stupidity, or wilful disobedience of orders?" At one time a boy—later a well-known business man in this city—was kept after school to learn a slighted lesson in Latin or Greek. Dr. Gardner, doubtless impatient, on his own part, for his dinner, paced up and down the long "hall" at the top of the old Bedford Street schoolhouse. The boy could not memorize the lesson, try as he would. Again and again he essayed to

recite the tantalizing rules. At last (he has told me) the Doctor seized the grammar, laid it upon the boy's curly locks, and with a ferocity that was only half assumed, gave it a thump with his fist. "There," he exclaimed. "I'll see if I can't *drive* it into your head!" Strange to say, the treatment was immediately successful. The boy found himself repeating the elusive paragraphs, and presently was bounding down those long, winding flights of shaky stairs to freedom, thankful to escape from the ever-detestable sound of Greek vowels and diphthongs.

There is the trouble. We boys had to learn our paradigms, to be sure; but at the same time we learned with even more thoroughness to "hate Greek"; while, day by day,—

> —— Xenophon's mighty *Anabasis* came
> To cloud our young lives, till we hated his name;
> The characters playing strange pranks on the pages,
> As still we droned on: "He advanced fifteen stages."
> Would that the Ten Thousand had all broken loose
> Before they began on their endless *stathmous!*
> We preferred that they shouldn't get on quite so fast;
> And wished that their leader had not *anabas*-ed,

To sum the matter up, the study which might be, which I venture to say—thus betraying my own sympathies in the dispute —should be, the most attractive in the whole school course, was made the most distasteful. Dr. Palmer, orally translating the *Odyssey* night after night to crowded and delighted audiences at Cambridge, Mass., a few years ago, showed most conclusively the possibility of presenting the great works of the past in a form to interest, to enthrall students and thoughtful hearers. Why should not a similar course be pursued in the preparatory schools, private as well as public?

As to more mature folk, those engaged in the dusty business of life, and rather weary with its stern demands, its unceasing toil, its ever-varied and perplexing problems, I question not that the revival of one's own knowledge of the classics, especially Greek, holds out a rich means of mental refreshment and true recreation known only to those who have yielded themselves to its charm.

In George MacDonald's *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, Alec and the dissipated but noble-hearted librarian, Cupples, have made a

mutual vow to reform. They sit together in the latter's small attic, trying to forget in a friendly game the craving for drink. At last the librarian throws aside the cards and breaks out, "It winna do, bantam. What say ye to a chorus o' Æschylus?" Down comes one of the priceless, crimson-bound volumes from the cupboard where these treasures are hoarded, and the two men are soon deep in the sonorous periods of the *Prometheus*, or *The Seven Against Thebes*. It is a scene worth remembering.

Now and then a chance word shows us for the first time that a friend has hitherto unsuspected tastes in literature akin to our own. Not long ago I wrote to a prominent clergyman, asking his opinion as to the meaning of a certain puzzling passage in the Gospels. I remember especially one sentence in his courteous reply: "Your letter reveals the fact that there are a few of us left who care for Greek; would that their number were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal!"

Looking back upon my own studies in the preparatory school, I am amazed that my instructors took so little pains to interest me in the adventures, the stirring events, the splendid characters, the mere narrative, of the *Iliad*. Take, for instance, the scene of the reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon. Here is something to thrill the red blood of a Boy Scout, as well as of his elders, even in this extremely practical, material, "progressive" world of ours today. As in the tales of Scott and of the Western plains the heroes have their nicknames. Diccon Bend-the-Bow and Chief Rain-in-the-Face are replaced by Hector of-the-Gleaming-Helmet, Achilles Fleet-foot, and Ulysses the Crafty. This passage, it may be remarked in passing, is also noteworthy as containing two curious parallelisms; one with the Scriptures, the other with Shakespeare. In his announcement to the gods, Jupiter exclaims (Book 19, lines 103–4): "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder" (Isaiah IX, 6). More remarkable still are the words in line 90, the exact, literal translation of which is, "There's a divinity which shapes our ends." Is it barely possible that in his smattering of a university education Shakespeare came upon this phrase, or heard it quoted, and that it stuck in his mind when he wrote *Hamlet*?

The narrative in the Nineteenth Book of the *Iliad* opens, it will be remembered, with the interview of Achilles and Thetis beside the body of Patroclus. The embittered chieftain, roused at last from his long lethargy of sullen wrath, is newly armed and inspired by the goddess; and, throwing aside all thought of his own wrongs, leaves his tent, to summon his countrymen to council and battle:[1]

Striding along the shore of the sea came godlike Achilles,
Fiercely shouting, and stirring the hearts of the host of Achæans.
Then from the ships came even the men who had no part in fighting,
Steersmen who stood at the tiller, and stewards in charge of provisions:
All to the gathering hastened—Achilles was once more before them,
He who so long had remained aloof from the fury of battle!
Came the two comrades of war, Diomedes, mighty in conflict,
Godlike Ulysses beside him, with slow and faltering footsteps,
Leaning upon their spears, for both were greviously wounded.
Thus they advanced, and in front of the crowded assembly were seated.
Lingering e'en to the last came the ruler of men, Agamemnon;
Still unhealed was his wound, where Koön, the son of Antenor,
Once had thrust with his spear in the heat of the battle, and pierced him.

What a picture is this, to hold a boy's attention! The seashore, with the waves of the Ægean beating upon it; the fierce chieftain, "shouting terribly", and the throng flocking to the council place, from ship and outpost and tent, at the sound of that lionlike roar, so long silent. The men have gathered, with rank beyond rank of tossing plumes, shining helmets and glittering spear-points; while duller patches of color mark the jostling, unarmed masses of sailors, sutlers and camp-followers.

Now when all the Achæans in council thus were assembled
Straightway rose swift-footed Achilles, and spoke as he stood there:
"Might not this have been better for you and for me, son of Atreus,
When we contended in heart-rending strife for the sake of a maiden?"

Achilles's peroration is that of a blunt, frank soldier, speaking with no attempt at art or oratorical flourish. Passionate and

[1] I shall make no apologies for offering a new translation of the passage under consideration, nor for my choice of the metre which, in common with several far more learned and skilful predecessors, I believe best suited to a rendering of the *Iliad* in English. I will only add that I have tried to reproduce, as simply and directly as is consistent with a poetical version, the *feeling* as well as the exact words of the original. I have retained, as have Bryant and most other translators, the Latin forms of the names of Greek deities, on the ground that they are far more familiar to most readers than are the Greek names, to which they are nearly enough equivalent.

vengeful, fresh from a protracted and almost childish period of sullen withdrawal, he breaks out in eager offer of reconciliation. No address to the waiting host around him—he forgets them entirely, until he comes to the war cry which springs spontaneously to his lips at the close of his brief, terse, unstudied words. No regret even for the maid who had innocently been the cause of all the trouble. He has forgotten, too, his headstrong passion for her!

"Would that the girl had fallen before the shafts of Diana,
Fallen that day when I seized her, my prize at the sack of Lyrnaeus!
Then so many Achæans, cut down in the fury of battle,
Never, alas! would have suffered, and bitten the dust, while in anger
I withdrew from the fray—a boon to the Trojans and Hector,
But the Achæans, I think, will long remember our quarrel!

"Come, let bygones be bygones! What though old injuries rankle?
Here must the rage in our hearts be subdued. My wrath—I renounce it!
Nor will I stubbornly brood over wrongs of the past. Now, to battle!
Rouse we at once the long-haired Greeks for the struggle before us!
Fain would I test these Trojans, and learn for myself whether once more
They are so anxious to bivouac here, alongside our vessels!
Nay, methinks more than one will gladly escape from the conflict,
Fleeing and cowering low as he shrinks from my spear!"
Acclamations
Burst from the joyous ranks of the armored Greeks as they heard him,
Heard their hero, Achilles, announce surcease of his anger.

Now comes the dramatic reply of Agamemnon who—though the wound received from Koön, previously referred to, was only in the arm, "below the elbow" (Iliad XI, 252)—speaks from his place on the outskirts of the assembly. It is evident that he makes the most of his wounded condition, remaining seated, contrary to the custom of speakers, and drawing attention to the fact in a rambling exordium.

Then from his seat in the midst of the clamorous throng, Agamemnon,
Ruler of men, not rising, lifted his voice and addressed them:
"Heroes of Greece, my friends and faithful comrades in warfare,
It were but fair to listen to one who should stand to address you,
Nor were it fitting to drown his words in a tumult of voices—
Hard enough is it for him, in sooth, be he ever so skilful!
How can any one hear or speak in a noisy assembly?
Surely he would be silenced, however impassioned a speaker.

Therefore listen, I pray, while I to Achilles make answer;
Thus will each of you clearly hear all my words. O Achilles,
Many a time in the past have the Greeks repeated your charges,
Oft upbraided me to my face—but this was injustice."

Having no really valid excuse for his arbitrary conduct, Agamemnon, instead of following the example of Achilles, frankly admitting his own part in the quarrel, and meeting his rival's manly offer of reconciliation half way, now casts the responsibility for his seizure of Briseis upon the gods!

"Not on my head be the blame! It was Jove and Fate who beguiled me—
They and Erinnys, who walketh in darkness. In the assembly
Over my spirit they cast a spell, a passionate frenzy,
On that day when, myself, I wrested his prize from Achilles.
What could I do? There's a power divine that controls us in all things,
Ate, the eldest daughter of Jove, accursed and baleful;
Far too dainty her feet to tread on the earth; but she crushes
All mankind as she tramples upon them, ruthless, beguiling.
One, at least, of us twain she must have ensnared in her meshes!"

Having by this time gained the attention of his audience, and thrown a little dust in their eyes, Agamemnon, evidently well versed in all the wiles of a political speaker, proceeds to tell them a story. We can imagine how the stern faces of his hearers relax, as they listen, like children, to the tale of the trick played upon Jupiter by Juno, acting under the influence of Ate. Can we not almost hear the ripple of laughter at the absurd discomfiture of the mighty Thunderer, and the clashing of spears at the conclusion of the story; or see the account as it would appear in a modern newspaper report, the following morning, with (*laughter*) and (*applause*) duly bracketed?

All preparations, according to Agamemnon's little mirth-provoking narrative, had, "once upon a time", been made for the birth of Hercules, who had divine blood in his veins. Jupiter could not forbear boasting to his intimate Olympian circle that a child to be born that day, of his own lineage, should rule the Argives. Juno, catching him up in a right wifely style (inspired, it is assumed, by Ate, who hovered maliciously in the background), intimated that she could not believe his words unless he should confirm them by a solemn oath; which, in his infatuation,

he proceeded to do. Juno thereupon betook herself swiftly to earth, delayed the appearance of baby Hercules, and forwarded the untimely birth of Eurystheus—also of divine descent—thus securing for the latter the fulfilment of the rash oath of her deluded spouse. Jove, too late, understood the trick. There was no way of punishing Juno, but, in his anger,—

"Turned he at once to Ate and, grasping her glistening tresses,
Swore, with burning wrath in his heart, that the treacherous goddess,
Ate, the bane of creation, should now be banished forever,
Never again to return to the sacred heights of Olympus.
Whirling her round with his powerful hand as he said it, he cast her
Down from the starry heavens, to seek her abode among mortals.
Ever thenceforth he groaned at the thought of the wrong she had done him;
Sorrowing as he beheld his beloved son at his labors,
Toiling at tasks unworthy, imposed by Eurystheus, the ruler."

By this time the audience, having been skilfully led away from the main issue, are, it may be assumed, in thoroughly good humor. The buzz of merriment and applause dies away, as Agamemnon continues, turning again to Achilles:

"So, when the Trojan chief, great Hector in glittering helmet,
Slaughtered the struggling Greeks at the very prows of their vessels,
I, too, bitterly thought upon Ate, and how she had wronged me.
But, since I was beguiled, and Jove bewildered my senses,
Here do I make amends, and offer you gifts in abundance.
Gird you now for the fray, and rouse all the people to battle.
I, meanwhile, will freely give whatever was promised
Yesternight at your tent, for me, by the noble Ulysses.
Nay, if you will, restrain for a while your zest for the onset;
My retainers shall fetch you now the gifts from my vessel,—
Thus you shall see for yourself that my expiation is ample."

Achilles, we can fancy, has been chafing impatiently at this long harangue. As his rival concludes, he springs to his feet:

"Noble offspring of Atreus, ruler of men, Agamemnon,
What you may choose to give, or I to receive, in atonement,
Matters little, in sooth, to me. But now for the conflict!
Why should we waste the time in idle parley? Before us,
While we talk, is a great work still to be done! When Achilles
Once again shall be seen, as of old, in the forefront of battle,

Wielding his brazen spear and dealing death to the Trojans,
Every man of you then, remembering who is your leader,
Close with your foeman—and fight!"

This extract I have given simply to recall to school-boys of former years—for the passage is a familiar one—the intensely human interest that pervades the work of the ancient poet; the vividness of description, the fine, sharp delineation of character, the fire and splendor of narrative, that make the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* immortal. In these days, moreover, how easy and inviting has the study of these glorious masterpieces been made by our typographers! I take down my old copy of Homer, published in Paris seventy years ago, and the eye wearies with deciphering the dizzying light-faced type of that period. If this volume was the best that the famous Firman Didot Frères could produce, what of the ordinary school-books of that time, and those of earlier date?

The great epics were first recited and sung for the delectation of a race yet in its childhood. They appeal to the ever-young in the heart of every human being. Insistent, recurrent, murmurous as the waves of the wine-dark sea upon the shores of Ithaca, the flowing hexameters soothe the ear that is tired of the noise, the hurly-burly of the city street, the din of traffic, the familiar scenes of strife and sorrow that cannot be appeased; the daily dramas of the manufactory, the court room, the hospital, the stock exchange. Needful and wholesome in the stern discipline of life all these may be; but when the winter twilight falls and, wearied and careworn, we turn homeward to rest by our own firesides; then, for a while at least, let us forget the stress and strain of business, and the corroding anxieties, cares, problems that have thronged the day: let us, so far as we may, leave all this outside, as we gather once more with the well-greaved Achæans beside the sea, and listen to the words of the Argive and Trojan heroes, or the gossip, no less childlike and ingenuous, of the rulers of high Olympus. Drawing near to Calypso's abode in the fair, wooded isle of dreams, and catching the fragrant scent of her cedar-wood fire, let us abandon ourselves anew to the charm of the old, old fairy tale of the far-wandering, much-tried Ulysses and his many struggles until he reached home and Penelope, and "lived happy forever after."

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

When Andrew Carnegie found himself in the possession of a rapidly growing sum of surplus wealth, his first thought was to use it for the public good, and he naturally chose Pittsburgh as the firmament of a new creation. He began with the construction of a Library Building, and on the night of its dedication, November 5, 1895, finding that there were two large wings in the edifice not needed at that time for books, he announced an additional gift of $1,000,000 for founding a Department of Fine Arts and a Museum of Science and Natural History. Watching the growth of this new institution with the affection which a father would give to a child, Mr. Carnegie enlarged his gifts so bountifully that it was soon necessary to have additional housing space, and when Mr. Frew and I visited him at his residence in New York and exhibited a tentative plan of a new building, he studied it carefully for half an hour, and then dictated a letter to his financial secretary instructing him to honor the drafts of the Pittsburgh trustees for $5,000,000.

The handsome building which grew out of this conference is now the Carnegie Institute. It is three stories in height, and is built of light gray sandstone. It covers nearly six acres, measuring 400 by 600 feet. The walls are surmounted by a bronze cornice, below which, carved in the stone of the frieze, are the names of men renowned in the fields of literature, music, art, science, and education.

The foyer forming the entrance into the Music Hall is one of the most magnificent creations in the world. Departing from the restraint that characterizes the rest of the building, it shows sixteen massive columns of green Tinos marble, a balcony with projecting loges lavish with gold incrustations, and a many-colored floor inlaid with French, Irish, and Italian marbles. The Music Hall is a semi-circular auditorium, in white and gold and

soft dull red. Built into the stage in such a way as to form a decorative background is the organ, one of the largest and finest of such instruments.

The Hall of Sculpture is built in the measurements of the Parthenon. The white columns standing out against light green walls are of marble brought from Mount Pentelicus, near Athens, the same kind of marble of which the Parthenon is built and which Phidias used for his immortal works. The Hall of Architecture is large enough to include full size casts of many notable objects, illustrating the development of the art from the most ancient times almost to our own day. Next come the rooms in which are displayed the big game trophies gathered by Childs Frick in his hunting expeditions in South Africa, the Heinz ivories, the DuPuy miniatures, the minerals, birds, beasts, fishes, the giant dinosaurs nearly one hundred feet in length, Indian relics, and many other things which illustrate the earth and the life that has grown upon it, covering the entire reach of a modern museum.

The Department of Fine Arts has attracted the attention of the world by its annual International Exhibition of Paintings, which represents the best art available virtually in all countries for each year, and if there may have been any variation in the standard of merit from year to year, that is inevitably due, not to the Institute's system of collecting the pictures, but to the artists who paint them. If the painters cling to conservative or academic models, or if they choose to employ new methods or new ideas, the Institute shows these examples upon its walls, basing its authority for so doing upon the reputation of the artists. Its mission is not to produce art, but to exploit the works of the recognized masters. In addition the Department shows many other collections from time to time, ranging from paintings to photographs.

In its purchase of paintings the Institute has been guided by Mr. Carnegie's injunction not to spend its resources for Old Masters, which would exhaust the largest income, but rather to purchase the best modern pictures which would in the future become Old Masters. And this policy has led to the assembling of a permanent collection in which nearly every painter who has won recognition during the last fifty years is here represented by a worthy and interesting canvas.

In the Music Hall noted artists and lecturers are heard, and Charles Heinroth, a master of organ music, gives two recitals each week free to the people. The annual Founder's Day celebrations also occur in the Music Hall, where five Presidents of the United States—McKinley, Cleveland, Wilson, Taft, and Coolidge—have been among the distinguished speakers who have made this platform occasion renowned.

The Library now possesses 629,044 volumes, with an annual circulation of 4,264,421 through the Main Library and its 132 branches and distributing stations, and a school for training librarians has been in operation almost from the inauguration of the Library.

When Mr. Carnegie saw that his work was good and that it was having an educational and cultural influence upon a great community, he resolved to create a school which at the start was intended to provide instruction in all the trades and handicrafts which enable men and women to earn their livelihood. As time went on this school, stimulated by his open purse, extended its work into an ever-widening field of instruction until it has become finally the Carnegie Institute of Technology and stands in the front rank with the greatest similar schools in the world.

The Pittsburgh enterprise was the first offspring of Mr. Carnegie's philanthropy, and it was always uppermost in his thoughts and plans. On one occasion he wrote to ask whether we could use $2,000,000 wisely. That word "wisely" was ever at the base of all his projects. The board was called together and his letter carefully considered, but his munificence had at that moment so far outrun our development that, for the first time in the history of the human race, a board said, No, they had no need for $2,000,000 at this time. He was always assiduous in encouraging the growth of the enterprise and he took a real delight in providing the means for its development. Once, at Skibo, putting his hand on my shoulder in his demonstrative and affectionate way, he said: "If you can tell me how I can use a million dollars—two million dollars—wisely—you will make me the happiest of men." Then we would talk it all over, but if there was no way open to employ his funds wisely the subject would go over. Once he wrote me this letter:

My Dear Friend—

If you had $10,000,000 that you did not need, what would you do with it?

A. C.

Well, we have all said in childhood what we would do with a million dollars if we had it, but here was $10,000,000 on my doorstep, and I had not the slightest idea in the world what use could be made of it "wisely" and with the coördinating of all things taken into consideration. But I called a conference of wise men—Judge James H. Reed, Andrew W. Mellon, Judge Josiah Cohen, and some others. They were in the same boat with me. But we did ultimately give him our counsel.

All these benefactions, including the School of Technology, are under the administration of one Board of Trustees. Their total cost, including the settlements to be made from Mr. Carnegie's funds in 1946, approximate $50,000,000. The Carnegie Institute in its very structure is more versatile than any other institution on the earth. There are, of course, larger units in other places, but nowhere in the world is there one foundation containing in such elaborate proportions an art museum, a natural history museum, a music hall with its free recitals, a library and library school, and an institute of technology, all under one compact administration. It has thus naturally become the rallying ground of culture for the people of Pittsburgh, and it is also a torch of light whose rays extend far beyond the confines of the city in which it rests.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, THE IRISHMAN

BY THOMAS WALSH

"More Irish than the Irish themselves," the Goldsmiths of "the settlements" had been domiciled for several generations in the O'Farrell Country of County Longford, on the great central plain of Ireland, the scene of much of the ancient splendor of the Red Branch, as well as the theater of the most tragic squalor of the Famine Years. Unlike the hostile settlements of the North, these scattered Protestant communities lived a life little different, or apart, from the masses of O's and Mac's, over whom they were preferred by the State and its Church, but with whom, in the dire abandonment and dissolution that broke upon Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, they shared an almost equal fate.

Therefore when the Reverend Charles Goldsmith, curate in charge of Pallas in the Parish of Forgney, on the river flats of the Inny, "Passing rich with forty pounds a year," took to wife the daughter of the Reverend Oliver Jones of the Diocesan School at Elphin, he displayed no more than the usual native improvidence in establishing her in one of the most dilapidated parsonages in all Ireland, and in proceeding to bring into the world four children, to the youngest of whom, in honor of his grandfather Jones, he gave—the equivalent to an execration in the Gaelic heart—the name of Oliver.

After twelve years the household reached the comparative affluence of the parsonage at Lissoy, only a few miles from Pallas, but offering some betterment of surroundings which finds reflection in the flattering-mirror of the poet's "loveliest village of the plain." It was certainly Lissoy, now courageously on the map as Auburn, that gave Goldsmith the feeling, if not the precise details, of *The Deserted Village;* it was the only rural home he was to know for long, and his mind recurred to its charms mellowed by distance, when he was composing the greatest pastoral in our tongue. Lissoy and its region had not known as yet all the

heart-break and desolation of exile; boy and girl marriages were the rule with large families living in the greatest virtue, and in an improvidence that consoled itself with mutual affections and spiritual elation. "The priests celebrated Mass by open stealth, so to speak, and looked after the morals of their flocks, living on excellent terms with the Protestant parsons, and giving offence to none. These priests," continues F. Frankfort Moore, "being withheld from education on an island whose towns were named from the colleges around which they were built, and where in early days the very peasants, men and women, could converse in Latin, went to qualify for their office at some of the foreign seminaries. It was from one of them that Oliver Goldsmith became a linguist. He spoke French fluently and, perhaps, Italian."

There was also Thomas Byrne, the retired quartermaster from Marlborough's campaigns, the schoolmaster of Lissoy who "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won", and incidentally, according to the later complaints of the Goldsmith family, inspired Oliver with the vagrant tendencies that played so disastrous a part in his personal fortunes, and so immortal a part in his services to poetry. Nevertheless the poet was hardly more than six years of age when he passed from under these dangers to the school of the Reverend Mr. Griffin, at Elphin, and later to the Reverend Mr. Campbell at Athlone, and again to the Reverend Mr. Hughes of Edgeworthstown, who is on record as the most sympathetic of all his masters. At the age of sixteen he entered the University of Dublin, but owing to his father's improvidence and poverty he was able to pay only the fees of a sizar, a grade that made him hardly more than the body servant of the other students, and shut him off from the social life of most of his fellows. In Dublin he seems to have learned, even in the midst of the dregs of Town and Gown, that prejudice against a condition involving labor which brought the brilliant, heartless Irish gentry to a destruction as rapid and complete as that of Poland.

Following his graduation as Bachelor of Arts, on February 7, 1749, he left Trinity College, to the regret only of the beggars and dependants on the meagre returns of the street ballads which he seems to have turned out with some industry. He thereupon returned to Longford, where for three years he visited from house

to house among his relatives and friends, where he had "the run of the kitchen", and was "the life of the party" for the sons of the well-to-do who were soon to forget him and to leave his most pitiful and eloquent appeals for help and sympathy unanswered. Shores and hills of the Shannon, Lissoy, Ballymahon and Athlone reëchoed with their midnight song and laughter, and in the lines of *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* we catch some of the charm and the regrets of these golden days, although we must make every allowance for the lack of realism in the picture of Auburn, and remember that there are no nightingales in the groves of Longford.

Two years in Edinburgh and another in Leyden, whither he went under the guise of student to "the great Albinus" in the Medical Faculty of the University, are periods whose details are still in the cloudy realms of conjecture; stories of dissipation pursue him from the Scottish capital, and gambling debts seem to have hurried his departure from Leyden on the road to vagabondia which proved to be the itinerary of *The Traveller*. A ready wit and tongue, the ever-famous flute in his pocket, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," he trudged through France, Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. How he managed to defray even the most meagre charges of his travel, remains something of a mystery; on the road he might consort with the laborer and share his crust and hayloft; but we know that Goldsmith saw not a little of the art and social life of certain towns and cities, so it seems more than probable that his good Uncle Contarine had never failed in his remittances.

The vagrant was back in England during February, 1756, in direst poverty, from which he emerged as an assistant to an apothecary on Fish Street Hill; then in rapid succession he registered complete failures as a practitioner at Southwark and assistant master at the Peckham Academy where, as he makes one of the characters say in his books, he "was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys"—a rather cruel picture, and an erroneous one, if it be applied as a fact to his amiable relations with the Milners and their pupils. At this period began his active career in letters. He had board and lodgings with a Mr. Griffiths, printer and proprietor of *The*

Monthly Review, a free hand in criticism, and a salary into the bargain. Shortly after, he published *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* and passed from *The Monthly* to *The Critical Review*.

Goldsmith almost immediately took his due rank among the writers of London; he was little different from the others in his bitter struggles to make his bread, and procure the fantastic elegance which he is said to have worn so carelessly. Accepted by Johnson and his circle, he had the run of all their clubs and gatherings, and if we can only keep on guard against the malicious insinuations of Boswell, we shall see in him a brilliant, irresponsible Irishman who was not infrequently mocking with the dry fantasy and irony peculiar to the Hibernian the solemn audience that thought him stupid. He seems to have had the friendship of the most worthy personages of his day; he might squabble with Garrick and complain of Colman's intrigues against the success of *She Stoops to Conquer:* but its instant success and the triumphant acclaim of *The Deserted Village* show that there was no organized opposition to their author. Some of the most refined people in the world of fashion, notably the family of his "Jessamy Bride", entertained him and travelled with him on the Continent; but when it came to business matters and the decorum, if not the propriety, of his later years there seems to have been serious cause for complaint. He procured large advances upon his uncompleted manuscripts and plunged carelessly deeper and deeper into debt until at his death, in spite of large earnings and advances, he was in arrears for over two thousand pounds, a great sum in those days, particularly for an author.

When the end came, it found him among the poor hangers-on and dependants who had figured so largely in the troubles of every period of his life; he had, no doubt, in spite of all his charm, proved a trying problem to his greater and more conservative friends, who, however, gathered at the news of his decease and procured for him the highest honors England can show to her men of genius.

PET VIRTUES

BY ELMER EDGAR STOLL

L'inconvénient du règne de l'opinion, qui d'ailleurs procure la liberté, c'est qu'elle se mêle de ce dont elle n'a que faire; par exemple: la vie privée. De là la tristesse de l'Amérique et de l'Angleterre.—STENDHAL (1830).

THE word morals or ethics, in the various languages, means, of course, manners; and the origin of moral judgments lies mainly in what is social and religious, at a time when the two were almost one and the same. It lies in the taboo, which regarded both men and the god who dwelt with them. Not to do this, that, or the other pleased the god—that is, his worshippers; and the notion since then has only been deepened and idealized.

I

Nature, however, cannot be suppressed. Every society has its pet virtues but also—though it does not call them that—its pet sins. What the community seek and approve of, to be sure, is not sin but virtue; but if they be forbidden one thing they must have another. The Mohammedans, like the ancient Hebrews, went in for plural marriages, and they were forbidden wine. The Mormons of late went in for plural marriages, and they were forbidden not only wine but (what in Utah touched them more nearly) hot drinks and tobacco. Life must not be all pleasure, and for all, life must be alike. To make amends periodical fastings, mournings, and mortifications of the flesh have been required of (and by) almost every people under the sun. And so license is granted to make the other amends. In those countries of Europe today where divorce is difficult, irregular connections, particularly on the part of the males, are condoned or winked at; where divorce is easy they are condemned. In the Middle Ages, when marriages were wholly "arranged," adultery was recognized as almost the only relation of true love; and since on the Continent this is still the case with marriage, it is still more or

less the case with love. And where divorce is difficult for the lower classes, as in England, conjugal quarreling—wife-beating or husband-baiting—seems amongst those classes to excite less comment or disapproval. In France or America why quarrel? It were a superfluity of naughtiness.

Often the penalty to be paid by the community is paid vicariously. The women must be chaste that the men may be sensual; or the priests and holy women must be chaste that the people may be sensual as a whole. In the Dark Ages celibacy was demanded of the clergy, historians tell us, by the people themselves. There were riots until the communal conscience was thus appeased.

II

No people, perhaps, is more moral than another; all have their ways, manners, or unwritten code. But some peoples more than others repress their natural instincts; and that is what we do. Our pet virtue, in minor matters, is abstinence, and there being no deputies or proxies—nuns, vestals, or Nazarites—it is abstinence for all. That we are still a people of Puritans there can be no doubt. Other peoples have mingled with ours but gradually, and as they have learned the language they have taken up the *mores*—learned our ways. Why all this to-do about Americanization? The assimilating—centripetal—instinct in our people is irresistible, unresisted. All the new-comers immediately forget they are new, and they or their children—Swedes, Germans, Slavs, or Jews—change their names for the names of Puritans. We are birds of a feather, or soon become such. In a French railway compartment I once met a Russian, newly returned from America, who referred to "our common Anglo-Saxon race". And in Boston and thereabouts the Irish politician, addressing on Evacuation Day his Irish or Italian Catholic constituents, eulogizes "our Pilgrim forefathers"—English though they were and deadly enemies of the Pope.

But in a sense he is right. The shadow or fiery cloud of Puritanism hangs over the land. All through the West, where foreign elements are still more predominant, there are Puritan ways and sentiments, foreign to the blood. What but Puritan (or

German pietist, which is the equivalent) are communities and settlements like those at Oneida, Zoar, or Zion City, or the summer resorts where no man can abide who drinks, chews, smokes, bets, dances, breaks the Sabbath, or plays cards? Whole States and many individual towns in the Middle West forbid the sale or use of tobacco. Travellers have to be apprised of this by the porter, when alighting from the train to stretch their legs. For smoking in a hotel lobby at Salt Lake City two men were taken into custody. There, if our comic papers were not so timorous, was the opportunity of a lifetime—the picture of the two caught redhanded, in the flush and rapture of carnal indulgence, in the citadel of Brigham Young. There was the true comic contrast, the moral incongruity and the straining at a gnat. But it was a Puritan act, in a Puritan city, being the severe and indignant punishment of a purely private and personal transgression. For the Latter Day Saints who arrested Gentiles for smoking were descended from the Saints who killed their prelatical King, and only followed farther, belatedly, the Puritan bent for petty personal prohibitions, for making the law of God the law of the State, and for devoting themselves, not to the arts or the humanities, but to religion, industry and money-making, and the replenishing of the earth. As with the Puritans, even their pleasures were sad and practical. Polygamy was to them a duty—suggested to them (as to John Milton, if they had known it) by the Old Testament, which the Puritans too preferred. And indeed it is no merry matter, and a pleasure not unmixed, to take to oneself a dozen wives. It is a "cross" or "burden," not a "mercy".

The Puritans, we know, had texts and mottoes "frowning down" from the walls of shop or living room, just as in milder form we have unto this day, to the amusement of foreigners. Now, indeed, they are often exhortations and admonitions to cheerfulness, which also has been made a virtue and duty. "Be glum," said the old Puritans; "Cheer up," "Keep smiling," say the new; but in either case it is an exhortation—be not what you are. "If you can't smile yourself," says another motto, "imitate one who can." If you consider our comfort, you do not.

And every here and there are little eruptions of blue laws in the

land, both in the East and in the West. Now and then the town whipping post is again erected, in a fit or paroxysm of local zeal. We are always frantically "cleaning up" the town, with "rally" or revival or a citizens' ticket labelled "Reform". We work up spirit and manufacture emotion, in town or college, before a crusade or a football game. Municipal government in our country has been notoriously ineffective; but the curious thing to observe is how this spirit of zeal asserts itself in outbreaks of severity, legislative or administrative, against minor and purely private misdemeanors, while greater evils pass unchallenged—against smoking and chewing, betting and gaming, profanity and Sabbath-breaking, the shortness of skirts and the lowness of necks, the spooning in Fords and the drawing down of the blinds in limousines. Ten years ago, in one of the largest cities of the West, men were not allowed to go in bathing without the rudiments of sleeves. The sight of their arm-pits was disquieting. One of the Southern Legislatures has passed a law to the same effect, so impetuously that they neglected to limit the prohibition to bathing in public. The same Legislature had, in anxiety for the public welfare, just prohibited the teaching of evolution; and all this zeal for virtue in a State which, because of the repudiation of public debts contracted before the Civil War and during it, has found it impossible (till recently, at least) to borrow money.

Last winter the police in one of the large Middle West cities, instead of running down burglars and murderers, pounced upon a half-dozen restaurant keepers who countenanced fortune-telling with tea-leaves; and a week or so later announced that on New Year's Eve, despite the adverse ruling of the Prohibition Administrator, they "would concentrate on cracked ice and ginger ale set-ups". So they swallow camels.

Schools and colleges periodically purge themselves, revive the honor system or build bonfires out of their improper books and pictures. This last may be action well taken; but the other "stumbling blocks" are such as the Puritans raged against—starch and feathers, ribbons and gay colors, church-bells and music, dancing and mirth. Is not the grey, brown, or black of the male attire today, where save in socks or necktie is nothing to give the senses either pleasure or pain, almost wholly of their

making? As the uniform garb of democracy (which last inherited also the Puritan levelling, king-killing tendencies) it spread from England over Europe and America. But here, as nowhere in England or Europe, the slightest deviations from the standard are jealously guarded against—not now as something wicked, to be sure, but as affected, unmanly, undemocratic or un-American.

A few years ago the policemen in one of the largest Western cities—for corruption they were notorious—were forbidden by their Chief to wear wrist-watches. "No mollycoddles," said he; no slackening of the moral fibre, or impairing of the prestige of the force! Dress, manners, speech (particularly of the refined variety), what we eat, drink, and smoke, and the very names we bear (though of course they are none of our choosing), all are censored. Like the Puritans, we are keepers and guardians not merely of our own conscience but of one another's, as the Lord Chancellor is of the King's; and we see to it, not like the ancient Romans that the Republic may receive no harm, but that no man may. It is a bracing atmosphere, truly; thin and dry.

III

The Puritans drank, indeed, for that question had then not arisen; hygiene was not taught or understood; and tea, coffee, chocolate, and soft drinks, with their myriad names, had not come into use. But long after the Puritans—after the Mormons, even—Puritanism has lived and wrought. Though still resisted by large elements in the population today, Prohibition could hardly have been incorporated in the Constitution if the majority of the people, as well as of the legislators, had not favored it; and they would not have favored it had they not already been practising the principle in their lives. The American Puritans drank, like the English, but their drinks were strong and bad—not wine which maketh glad the heart of man, but rum and hard cider which trouble the stomach. Rum and cider should be enough to turn any people into total abstainers—enough, taken or not taken, to lengthen their faces and thicken their gloom. And of late, before Prohibition became the law of the land, few native-born

families in America drank beer, wine, or other alcoholic liquor at the table, the universal practice in France, Italy and Germany; and still fewer families looked with favor upon one who was known to frequent public houses, or would consider him fit for alliance with them in marriage. There has been a process of *virtuous* selection—teetotal inbreeding—as it were. So it is the Puritan—the Dissenting, Nonconformist—element in English and Scottish life today, which, even with good drink comparatively cheap, practises total abstinence, and is advocating prohibition for Great Britain; whereas in France, Germany, Italy, and Southern Ireland no doubt too, there is no such movement at all. Long before Prohibition came, indeed, many of the American sects had done away with alcohol at the sacrament. Jesus turned water into wine, but they for conscience's sake have turned His wine into grapejuice. Like Uzzah of old they laid hands upon the Ark of God to steady it. If need were, they would lay hands upon the Throne.

Milk or water would have been franker, and the substitution, as early as 1833, was first made, it seems, by none other than Joseph Smith, the Mormon. For this virtuous evasion of the precept of the Master he has by American Protestantism and Puritanism up to now not been given his due. When a moral issue arose he too could meet it. All that is taught in the Bible is temperance, and what but the spirit of Puritanism could have turned this nobler idea, almost peculiar to the Greeks, into "total abstinence," and that which is total abstinence for one into total abstinence for every mother's son and father's daughter? During the last half century it has been the religious people in the country who agitated for Prohibition, despite the Last Supper and the miracle of Cana. The human mind cuts strange capers, turns strange somersaults, in religion above all. How could they, Sunday after Sunday, read the words or hear them, and have no doubts or qualms? The miracle? Grapejuice, they say, with the snap of conviction, knowing that for all things now, good or bad, there are imitations or substitutes, and the genuine article cannot be found even at the communion table. "Any fool knows," cried one of late, more zealous than guarded, "that you can't make real wine in a minute;" and the miracle

thus becomes a hoax or an illusion, all Cana and Galilee being taken in. To his pet virtues a Puritan would sacrifice his faith.

IV

The spirit of Puritanism still hovers over us—only it flies at other game. Prohibition of liquor takes the place of other ascetic observances—as fastings, mournings, the rigors of Sabbath keeping and church going—and of other prohibitions—as of theatre going, card playing, and dancing, or of colors and feathers, lovelocks, and long hair. In the midst of the growing laxity and luxury, it was high time. Life must not be all beer and skittles, and since there are skittles enough in all conscience there must be no beer. Cakes there are, quoth Malvolio, but there shall be no ale. For a virtue—a prohibition—there must be. The thing goes so far even as to become the prohibition of the discussion of Prohibition. One is deprived even of the luxury of a protest, the sound satisfaction of a kick. It is wonderful how the satire in our periodicals spares all the tender spots and tramps on no toes that make any show of resistance. But just so it was in Puritan days—there was no more freedom for writer and printer than for maypole dancer or Anabaptist.

In a recent leading article there was satire upon the intolerance of the unco guid for prize fighting, cigarette smoking, novel reading and meat eating, but not a word about drinking, though the writer was no doubt aching to put it in.

I do not know how it is with stories nowadays, but when in writing for a widely circulated American magazine nearly a score of years ago, Mr. Kipling happened to use the words "a glass of wine," he was requested by cable to change it. I wonder if it expurgates lyric verse, where wine is as indispensable as roses and nightingales. "Drink to me only with thine eyes"—but even that song would not pass the wariest censor.

It is a wonder that Holy Writ is still printed aright. If one could but cable! Ah! if one could but get a reply! Notwithstanding, it should be changed, or else again withheld from the laity—like the Cup. In Chicago it has already been turned into the American language, and thereby no doubt many a hard word

softened. But in that language the word "wine" or its equivalent is still in use, and mere translation will not do. We must deal righteously—that is, unrighteously—there must be substitutions or omissions. Really the book should appear only in judiciously chosen extracts, without the candid but suggestive asterisks, like Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare* and the Reverend Thomas Bowdler's *Family Shakespeare*, dear to grandmothers. For the Family Bible is no longer for the family—is so called only because of its size, and a little but stricter one is what is needed now. The charter is too ample, Thy commandment exceeding broad.

Total abstinence is our pet virtue, quite our own. We have it to point to as the saints and martyrs in the Old Masters have their wounds or the instruments of their torture. *Ecce!*—but why, *malgré nous*, must we *all* win halo or crown? "*Virtue* loves company," as I have elsewhere said, "willing or unwilling; vice has other consolations." Still, that is not the whole of it. Temperance is an unconscious virtue; total abstinence, a conscious, costly one; and the full relish and sweet savor of a virtue is not felt until it is shared. Its own reward? It isn't a virtue, even, until it is regarded and acknowledged as such. Total abstinence, then, means total abstinence for all. Virtues—taboos—know no exceptions, are no respecters of persons or tastes. As a nation and race we are to be saved, not singly and in private or even of our own will. The "community life" of which we have heard so much—the community singing—has begun. The lockstep has started. The spirit of Puritanism conspires together with the spirit of nationalism, intenser now than ever—and we are to be one people, one fold, one soul, no doubt, at last.

For the fanatic's passion is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. I know of a good youth who, when the Volstead law was passed, wrote a long letter to his good old father. For both it was the beginning of what in the magazines is still buoyantly called a "New World", though only thinking now makes it so. This was the dawn of it, bleak but bracing—"fit for heroes (yet fitter for weaklings) to live in", for heroes only if they be such already. Neither, I judge, had ever known the taste of wine, or—perfect in weakness also—of eggnogs; but now, save in memory,

none of their countrymen was to know it either. No man among a hundred million was (legitimately) to get drunk, or drink a toast, or have a glass of wine or beer at dinner, till the end of days. Then to them and their like was vouchsafed one of the few perfect pleasures of a lifetime, that of doing millions of people good, even unto the third and thirty-third generation, and of withholding from them a pleasure which the reformers would not permit themselves. The sweet and delectable thing, to do men good against their will! To bottle a nation up—all its bottles having been broken—and seal it, kicking and screaming, unto an everlasting abstinence! For in other countries they merely passed a law: these wrote it on tables of bronze, in the Constitution.

"We are the makers of manners, Kate!" cried King Henry; and here are the makers of morals. Thousands of Prohibition officers (and W. C. T. U. and Anti-Saloon League officers) are kept busy, millions of dollars are squandered,—and thereby other thousands are prompted straightway to take to the pangs and poisons of bootleg and home-brew and the delightful deviltry of law-breaking,—all in order that still other thousands may enjoy the satisfaction, both moral and unmoral, of making us, not so much a nation of Nazarites or Rechabites, Mussulmans or Mormons, as alike, forever like themselves. It is the old struggle with a new issue, the old story with new names. It is the Puritans against the children of this world, though of these many do not care for the forbidden fruit at all. What they care for little matters—there's the rub—least of all that what they care for most is simply to be themselves.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

The Tribute to the President

It will not escape notice that the tenor of the political campaign pays by implication an extraordinary tribute to the President. Before the nominating conventions it was generally agreed, in both parties, that if he should consent to be a candidate his reëlection by an overwhelming majority would be a matter of course. As he did not choose to run, his party nominated the man whom a large majority of its leaders regarded as its next strongest candidate. The result is that it is generally felt in both parties that the election is likely to be close. The Republicans expect to elect Mr. Hoover, but realize that every possible effort will have to be made to that end; while the Democrats sincerely believe that they have a fair prospect of electing Mr. Smith. As Mr. Coolidge was elected in 1924 by a popular majority of more than seven millions, the moral is obvious. He would, in popular opinion, have been in this campaign stronger than the supposedly next best man in his party by several million votes. We can scarcely recall a more significant personal and political tribute to any man than that.

Poincaré's Triumph Complete

The almost unique triumph of M. Poincaré in the recent French elections has been followed and crowned with another and even greater one in the achievement of the work for which he sought a national vote of confidence. That was, the stabilization of the franc. In any case that would have been a noteworthy performance. But in this it was the more remarkable because it was done in the face of the strong repugnance of M. Poincaré himself and the entire nation. Every Frenchman feels it a humiliation to have the franc fixed at only one-fifth of its former value. Yet of course that was immeasurably better than

to have it shrink into infinitesimality, as did the German mark and the Russian ruble. So both chambers of Parliament approved the plan by votes that were almost unanimous. Upon that achievement both M. Poincaré and France are entitled to the world's congratulations.

The Lesson of Louvain

A twofold lesson seems to be inculcated by the distressing dispute over the inscription on the new Library at Louvain. One part is, of course, the principle which was enunciated many centuries ago, that things which are lawful are not always expedient. We must hold that the truth is always lawful, and it will not be disputed that the legend adopted by Mr. Whitney Warren was and is absolutely true. Whether it was expedient to inscribe it upon the front of the building was, however, another and an entirely different question; the best answer to which, we should say, is suggested by this consideration: That the omission of the legend can do no possible harm, while the placing of it upon the building might have, in the minds of some, a bad effect. Of course a compromise inscription of any kind, distorting or veiling the truth, should be unthinkable. As for the Belgian people, who chiefly desired Mr. Warren's inscription to be placed there, they may console themselves with the thought that the truth, concerning the destruction of the old Library and the construction of the new, will be remembered just as well without the legend as with it.

The other part of the lesson is that of the increasing demand that the world shall forget "old, unhappy things, and battles long ago". After the lapse of centuries the Gael still curses the name of Cromwell; after a century and a half not only *Gulielmus Giganteus Chicagensis* but also many otherwise rational Americans reckon it a necessity of patriotism to execrate the memory of George III; and it is told that gallant "Joe" Wheeler, leading a charge against the Spaniards in Cuba, was still so filled with memories of a generation before that he bade his men "Give the damned Yanks hell!" But now, scarcely ten years after its close, we are bidden to renounce and forget all the passions of the World War, and to comport ourselves as though there had never

been a *Lusitania* massacre or a rape of Louvain. Truly, if that can be achieved, the changelessness of human nature will be a discredited and discarded myth. But with all possible kindliness and good will, we have our doubts.

A Case in Point

We recently quoted a remark of Mr. J. B. Adkins, of *The Spectator* of London, about the abysmal ignorance of each other which he found existing between England and America. By curious coincidence a striking illustration of that circumstance has since appeared in the columns of that same journal. Writing in *The Spectator* of "The American Man", Mary Borden says:

> What is he like really, the real American whose father and grandfather were American born? There are first of all very few of them. One to a thousand of those others, black, yellow or brown, who speak strange languages, would be a generous estimate, so few that it is extraordinary that they have not been completely submerged.

Now, with all courtesy to the lady who wrote it and to the journal that printed it, that is sheer nonsense. Our last Federal census, of 1920, showed that more than fifty-five per cent. of the population of America consisted of American born white persons whose parents were also American born. If we reckon, as we reasonably may, that of those parents in turn fifty-five per cent. were of American born parentage, then we have "the real American whose father and grandfather were American born" forming not "one to a thousand of those others" but more than thirty per cent. of the total population. As for "those others, black, yellow or brown", they were in 1920 only about ten per cent. of the whole. In the face of such facts, patent to all, what deplorable and potentially pernicious nonsense it is to talk about third generation Americans forming only a one-thousandth part of a "polyglot mob that is not yet a race and is scarcely conscious of being a nation"! Truly, Mr. Adkins exercised moderation when he spoke of "abysmal ignorance".

The "Big Business" of Doing Good

Boasting of national wealth is not commendable, nor boasting of national philanthropies. Yet a comparative statement of

the two, simply made, should not be offensive and should be edifying. Thus, the total gross income of the American Government in 1927 was $4,129,394,441; and the gifts of American philanthropy in the same year were authentically reported at about $2,219,700,000. Thus Americans gave away for—or devoted to—benevolent purposes a sum equal to more than one-half of the entire income of the Government. It was a sum very much larger than the entire income of any Government in the world with the exception of the American and the British, and nearly twice as large as the gross income of the largest industrial corporation in the world. In these days of "big business" it is grateful to be reminded that what we may call the business of doing good to humanity is one of the very biggest of all.

The Berkeley Bicentenary

Not Rhode Island alone, where he made his home, but all America would do well to commemorate this month's two hundredth anniversary of the sailing of George Berkeley for these shores. One of the half dozen greatest philosophers of the English speaking world, whose thoughts have been vital and potent in every metaphysical controversy for two centuries, and one of the noblest philanthropists of his age, he was quite supreme as the seer and prophet of the greatness that was to be America. It would be well if his masterpiece *Alciphron*, inspired by his American sojourn, were as familiar to us all as is his usually misquoted line, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way".

What is Propaganda?

Members of the National Education Association are doubtless right in condemning propaganda in the public schools, provided the term be properly interpreted. The trouble is that propaganda is usually nothing but the teaching of the other fellow. Thus the teaching of unpreparedness and non-resistance is condemned by some as pacifist propaganda; while the teaching of preparedness and national defense is equally condemned by others as militaristic propaganda. Apparently the only way to avoid the charge of "propaganda" from some source would be to teach nothing at all.

Whittling

President Coolidge's whimsical suggestion that after the expiration of his term he might engage largely in the New Englander's favorite outdoor and indoor sport of whittling was singularly logical and consistent. In the last fiscal year he—or his Administration—has whittled $900,000,000 off the public debt, and $220,000,000 off our taxes, and has made a heap of whittlings amounting to $398,000,000 for a Treasury surplus. There indeed was whittling worthy of the finest jackknife that ever bore the name of Joel Barlow.

"Wind Pumpers"

Marshal Pilsudski resigned the Premiership of Poland because of his weariness with the "wind pumpers" in Parliament. If his example in that respect were generally followed, it would be hard to find a Government without resignations.

Praying or Swearing?

Recent anniversary celebrations have provoked revival of the questions whether Washington went into the woods and prayed at Valley Forge, and whether he "swore like an angel" six months later at the Battle of Monmouth. Probably positive proof in either case can never be secured; but it may pretty confidently be said that testimony to the former is about a dozen times as strong and convincing as that to the latter.

Efficient Feminism

It was entirely in keeping with the kaliedoscopic changes to which political life and personalities have long been subject that Mrs. Pankhurst, after being for years a stormy petrel of Radical insurgency, should close her career as a Conservative candidate for a seat in the House of Commons. The change, moreover, was no more in herself than in the political parties and the whole nation around her. Despite the domestic grief which clouded and shortened her life, she had profound satisfaction in the triumph of the cause for which she had battled. In no other country were the political rights of women sought by so violent—physically violent—means as in England, and in none have those

rights been exercised with so finely tempered judgment and with so high a degree of success. It was a long way from window smashing and incendiarism to filling with approved distinction such places as the mayoralties of Liverpool and Southampton. Nor can we repress a certain feeling of mingled envy and regret when we contrast these latter achievements with the deplorable performances of one of the first and most conspicuous woman officeholders in America. In view of the record thus far made by women in public life, Britons may anticipate the advent of the multitudinous "flapper vote" with a large measure of equanimity and confidence.

The "Isolation" Myth

The internationalists and Meddlesome Matties of this country have evidently not succeeded in persuading intelligent Europeans that America under the Monroe Doctrine is the Simeon Stylites of nations. Witness, for example, the eminent historian, Robert Balmain Mowat, of Corpus Christi, Oxford, in *The Nineteenth Century*. Discussing "America's Foreign Policy" he says, roundly:

> Actually the history of the United States in the one hundred years before 1919 was not one of isolation. The United States had widespread international relations in which it took a legitimate pride, for they were animated by honorable principles. The United States was party to eighty-five arbitrations. For sixty years it coöperated like any other State in international affairs.

There, in the words of Hosea Biglow, "there ye hev it plain an' flat"; what Earl Balfour would call the cubical, concrete, congealed truth. Yet doubtless featherheaded nitwits will continue to cheep and chitter about our fearsome "traditional policy of isolation." In the name of the Prophet, figs!

America Leads for Peace

We quote the headlines of a leading news dispatch from Paris of recent date:

> PARIS ACCEPTS KELLOGG PEACE PACT IN FULL. CABINET APPROVES EARLY SIGNING WITHOUT MODIFICATION. EXPERTS PASS DRAFT AT BERLIN MEETING. CHAMBERLAIN TELLS HOUSE BRITAIN WILL DISPATCH FAVORABLE NOTE SOON.

This is not a time for chauvinism or for highfalutin. Rather is it for serious thought and solemn reflection; more even than in the dread crisis of a declaration of war. Yet with a devout mingling of subjective humility and objective exultation it may be permitted to Americans to echo the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury when, speaking in the House of Lords, he said of this same proposal for the outlawry of war:

> I believe it will stand out in history as one of the most remarkable that have been made in the story of civilization and the world.

It was America that led, in 1794, for arbitration as a substitute for war in composing international controversies. It was America that, in 1823, adopted the Golden Rule as a principle of international policy. It was America that, in 1899 and in 1907, led the world in the establishment for the first time in history of a permanent international tribunal, not only of arbitration but also of adjudication, before which all the disputes of all the nations might be taken for pacific settlement. And now, in 1928, it is this same America that leads the world in making an international enactment for the outlawry of war. It is enough. With that record we are content.

Bandit against Bolshevist

Chang Tso-lin, Chinese Marshal and dictator, began his career as a bandit and ended it as a tower of conservatism. Ruthless in his ways and means, he was for years the protector of foreigners at Pekin, and the indomitable defender of China against the intrigues and aggressions of Bolshevist Russia. His seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway may have been arbitrary and high-handed, but it was effective in saving the country from the unclean ravages of the Bear. Remembrance of him may well be marked with gratitude.

Our War Senator

America will be ungrateful and history will be unjust if the name of George Earle Chamberlain is not emblazoned upon our annals as that of our great War Senator. Even before the World War began, he was one of the foremost protagonists of national defense. In the early part of the war, when the Pres-

ident was preaching that preparedness would be sinful, he roused the spirit of the Senate and of the nation to the enactment of the measures needed for victory, and with an outburst of righteous vehemence not often rivalled since the Philippics themselves, goaded a reluctant Administration into war-winning activity. Among the civilian heroes of the war, he stood in the foremost rank, and made the nation and the world his debtor.

The Arctic Inferno

Norse mythology appropriately made its infernal regions a realm of ice and storm and darkness, fittingly typified by the great lone lands and raging seas about the Arctic Pole. Generations ago Willoughby and Bering and Hudson sought to invade that place of doom, followed later by Parry and Scoresby and Franklin. In our own time the resources of advancing science were more and more brought to bear, by Hall and Hayes and DeLong and Greely and Nansen, often with no better results than those of the primitive voyagers. Finally Peary and Byrd and Amundsen attained the goal of adventurous desire. But Nobile and Amundsen himself have since discovered that the latest words of science fall silent and futile in that inhospitable air. The spirit of man will not yield, but will continue to strive against even the most hostile elements; but not yet has it won the mastery of the mysterious and malignant North.

Preparation That Does Not Prepare

Complaint is renewed, probably with some reason, of the unsatisfactory preparation for college which is provided by many secondary schools. For this state of affairs there are doubtless various causes, ranging from Gradgrindish standardization in some public schools to lack of adequate endowment in some private institutions. Conspicuous among them, in the opinion of many authorities, is the somewhat paradoxical one that too many schools devote themselves too much to college preparatory work. Some of them, indeed, call themselves "preparatory" schools, as though their chief if not sole aim were to enable boys and girls to pass college entrance examinations. It ought to be obvious, to all who know their Froebel, that students who are

thus specifically "prepared" for college, while they may pass the technical examinations successfully, are quite likely to be found ill prepared to pursue the courses of the colleges which they have entered; and that those best prepared for college work are likelier to be those who have pursued high school courses designed to give them the best possible education as a finality and without any thought of their going on to higher institutions. We were most favorably impressed by the recent words of Dr. Boynton, an officer of the National Education Association, to the effect that "the preparing of boys and girls for college is a mere detail in the broad programme of a great high school;" and that the true objective of high schools is not to train students for higher education but to prepare them for American conditions of life. If students thus educated in the secondary schools are not found to be well prepared for college courses, why, so much the worse for the colleges.

"Reading and Writing Dangerous"

It is easy to sympathize with Mr. Gandhi's desire to see the rehabilitation of cottage industries throughout India, even though we are compelled to consider it quite impossible of realization—as impossible as was John Ruskin's like desire for England. We may also understand his preference for Indian rather than English schools for Indians. But we must regard with amazement and with impregnable dissent the proposition that "reading and writing are dangerous things" which should not be taught to Indian children. We do not know that Mr. Gandhi holds such a notion. But it has recently been put forward publicly by an eminent Indian publicist, Mr. Mukerji, while visiting this country to give Americans a true account of India and to contradict some writings which he thinks have done that land grave injustice. He is reported to have said that India does not teach her children to read and write, because "reading and writing are such dangerous things that no one should learn them until his character is formed". That seems to us scarcely less illogical than to say that nobody should go into the water until he has learned to swim. It also seems like a purpose to keep the masses of the Indian people in a state of subjection to an aristo-

cratic minority caste, very much as they were in the times of the Mogul emperors; with which it is impossible to agree.

"Conversion" out of Fashion?

We should think that the Evangelical churches of this country would take very much to heart, for serious consideration and, if possible, action, the presumably authentic statements which were recently made at a meeting of the Men's Church League in this city. These were to the effect that in approximately one-third of the churches the making of converts to Christianity had ceased. Explicitly: Of 9,299 Presbyterian churches, 3,269 last year reported not a single convert or member received on newly-made profession of faith. Of 8,765 Baptist churches, 3,474 made a like report; and of 16,581 Methodist Episcopal churches, 4,651 did the same. The special significance of these figures is in the fact that they refer to the three great denominations which have traditionally been foremost in "evangelical" work; that is, in converting unbelievers to Christianity. In former years, and for very many years, it was the rule in practically all those churches to hold for a few weeks every year special services variously known as "evangelistic", "revivals", and "protracted meetings". Such things are now comparatively little known; in thousands of churches entirely unknown; and even the ordinary church "prayer-meetings" have been largely discontinued, even in some Methodist Episcopal churches of which they were once the most essential characteristic. It would be interesting to know if the churches have come to regard such "means of grace" as obsolete; and if so, what they purpose to substitute for them as agencies for the Christianization of the world.

THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

A CORRESPONDENT who criticizes a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW objects especially to this bucolic Barrel, and adds the admonishing comment, "Deacons do not swear."

Now I do not feel in the least obliged to defend the Deacon. He is as God made him, with lineaments somewhat blurred in transmission by my poor pen. But in the name of all Cracker Barrel philosophy I do protest a generalization so absurd. How many deacons has the gentleman known? What proportion are they of the total number of living deacons, not to mention those that have gone to their several rewards? I have an ingrained respect for deacons as a class, just as I have for the patient order of Sunday School superintendents. But if, for instance, he had written, "Sunday School superintendents do not embezzle," I could answer that I know personally of two who did, and I have heard of another who fell with the Tweed Ring.

No, I suspect that deacons and Sunday School superintendents and vestrymen and church trustees are but weak human vessels like the rest of us; and perhaps some of them deserve their sacerdotal honors the more because they are humbly conscious of frailty. I have heard of deacons who eagerly attended tax sales, and delighted in foreclosures, with no consideration for the poor, and yet they never, never, used profanity. And I know of at least one whose tongue slips at times into the habits of unregenerate youth, but with so much of simple kindliness in him and such an overflowing goodwill that you know his informalities of speech are only tongue-deep.

So much for the deacon part of that reproving generality; and I have still to ask our correspondent what he means by swearing. To the best of my recollection "damn" is the worst charge he can bring against the old gentleman; and what, pray, does that mean nowadays? Granted that once upon a time it was an

appeal to the Almighty, invoking Him to condemn some soul to torment, yet who associates with the word today all of that ponderous purpose? If our critic insists upon primitive constructions then he must ban all such verbal flotsam as *Mercy! Goodness!* and *Gracious!* for they are "vain" appeals to the virtues of God; and he must classify as profane such abbreviations and evasions as *Gee!* and *Gosh!* and *Golly!* And as for *Dear Me!* I trust it never passes his lips, since it is but a thin disguise for *Dio mio—My God!*

Swearing, the dictionary tells me, is an appeal for divine penalty or sanction. Obviously if any word has long since ceased to have an invocational meaning it is not profane. Deacons do not swear, forsooth! Some do. Some might much better swear than do what they are doing. And some who seem to swear aren't really swearing. *Quod erat demonstrandum, b'gosh!*

* * * * *

These words are penned in the well-known city of Paris, France, and it was my blessed privilege to cross on the same boat with the Deacon and his wife. It is an adventure that he has threatened for years. "Before I die," he has said to me more than once, "I'm goin' to take Ma to Europe and up in a flyin' machine." Now he is likely to accomplish both within the year, though no one had expected so sudden a decision. As I am foot loose until fall, I have begged permission to join them here and there; so now we find ourselves comfortably housed in a tidy hotel near the Champs Élysées, paying about two dollars and eighty cents apiece a day for pleasant rooms and two meals. The rocking of the boat is still perceptible, and sightseeing is postponed awhile. But the Deacon has already tested two brands of French tobacco and is in a fair way to make himself sick on *hors d'ouvres*. He has an unquenchable curiosity.

I am astonished at his adaptability. Mrs. Stebbins retired early to their room; but the Deacon and I sat for an hour in an open-air restaurant, sipping French cider and watching the sidewalk panorama.

"I guess a man has to get outside his own country in order to see it clearly," he remarked, after we had gazed awhile in silence.

"I ain't any lower percentage American than I was, but I can see that these folks have mastered the art of livin' a little better than we have. They can take their pleasures simply. They know how to *season* things. Our own folks are too likely to eat the seasonin'.

"Did you notice, for instance," he continued cheerfully, "that a number of folks got drunk on our boat, comin' over, an' they were all Americans? It interested me so I asked one of the Dutch officers, an' he said that it was always so. I've been lookin' at these crowds here in these sidewalk cafés all eatin' an' drinkin', but nobody botherin' anybody else, an' nobody drunk. Now I'll bet my farm that if they sold liquor like this along the sidewalks of any Main Street at home, there'd be half a dozen fights to the block at any given time, an' too many loud voiced fellows singin' 'Sweet Adaline' off the key."

"It will startle a lot of your home neighbors," I suggested, "if you carry back the opinion that the French are a more moral people than ourselves."

"I don't know anything about their morals," said the Deacon. "I just know they're older'n we are. We've proved we're too young to be trusted with liquor, and I guess we're too young to know how to rest ourselves at the end of a business day. The kind of restin' we do tires us more than workin'. As for morals, I guess they don't recognize political boundaries. Even the Pilgrim Fathers were a good part French Huguenot."

"I'm afraid, Deacon, you're getting to be an Internationalist."

The Deacon looked at me gravely, and shook his head.

"I believe in family life," he said; "but I don't believe family loyalty ought to keep families from gettin' together in a community. An' I don't believe national loyalty ought to keep us from gettin' together with other nations."

"I'm afraid you want Uncle Sam to forgive the war debts."

"I do," said the old gentleman, grinning sheepishly, "until some European statesman tells us we *ought* to. Then I feel like collectin' the last cent."

"But think of the millions American tourists take to Europe every year!"

"What's that got to do with it? You show me the tourist that

don't try to get the full worth of his money while he's over here. He ain't bringin' it as a gift to the French Republic."

We sat in silence for a time, listening to a singer who made his tuneful way among the tables.

"No, the U. S. A. still suits me best," the Deacon suddenly resumed, "but that don't keep me from discoverin' ways in which I hope she'll improve as she grows older. Some day I hope she'll spend more brains and money on looks. I s'pose this is the most beautiful city on earth, an' of course it took *time*. But we haven't scarcely begun to paint the telephone poles on Main Street, an' we still chop down a good tree to widen a sidewalk. I guess we'll move forward faster when more of our folks have really travelled."

"But I thought all America was travelling abroad. You'd think so from our boat-load."

"No sirree! Ninety-five per cent. of 'em are still busy seein' America first. Why, just notice the bothers we American travellers have with our own rules and regulations, such as inspections and expensive *visas* an' all that stuff. The folks that govern England are all travellers so they make travellin' simple an' easy. But the folks that really govern us aren't interested yet in foreign travel, so they make rules that pester travellers."

Again, we sat in silence drinking in the sights and sounds.

"You know they must be a great people," mused the Deacon, "when you figger that every darn one of 'em knows how to pronounce French words."

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

NATHAN HALE, *nephew of the martyred spy, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818, explained how Connecticut became the "land of steady habits":*

No one of the States has preserved a more decided and distinctly marked character than Connecticut. Among the first settlers of that colony, were some of the most intelligent, pious and discreet of the early pilgrims; and in building up their little republic, it was an object of their special care, to provide for perpetuating the virtues which had driven them to this country. They not only made abundant provision for the general education of their children, and for the religious instruction of the people, but guarded, by a strict civil and ecclesiastical discipline, against immorality in every form, and particularly against the fashionable vices of other countries. The growth of that State has been principally by the natural increase of its inhabitants, so that their character has been liable to little change from the intermixture of a foreign population; and such has been the nature of their pursuits, and the compactness of their situation, that they have had comparatively little intercourse with the people of foreign countries, or of the neighbouring colonies and states. To these causes of their distinct national, or rather provincial character, should be added their strong attachment to their native State—the high estimate which they have always put upon their peculiar privileges—and the pride with which they have regarded their own institutions and laws, and their general character and condition.

The unsurpassed rank of the Engineering Profession today presents a striking contrast to its former low estate, as indicated by LOAMMI BALDWIN, *one of the foremost engineers of his time, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818:*

From this view of the manner in which the profession of an engineer has been kept from rising to the notice and encouragement its importance demands, we may perceive why so little information can be procured, and so few men found capable of directing costly and difficult works. Few minds are compe-

tent to the arduous studies, critical observation and philosophical mechanics, on which alone a valuable artist can be formed. No school has been opened, no board of works created, no society of engineers established, nor any constant, profitable employment offered in the United States for the encouragement of this highly valuable but unaspiring profession. Whatever experience has or might have taught, is scattered among a multitude of ingenious and contriving men, without any one having been employed long enough to rise into prominent reputation.

JOHN KNAPP, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818, regarded America as the fitting home of the Poetic Muse:*

A country is undeniably the more endeared by the multitude of its tender and heroical tales and memoirs, fabulous as well as authentic. Let us then not slight even its barbarian annals. Let us not only revisit the dwellings of the European settler exposed to savage incursions, and every variety of affecting vicissitude; but let us hasten to acquaint ourselves with the earlier native. . . . And why should not these vast and magnificent regions have been the haunts of majestic spirits, such as imbodied themselves with mist, and shaped them from the clouds, so as to be seen of heroes and bards of other days? Our tall, dense forest are fitter for the mysterious abodes of the shadowy powers, and our hills lead farther into the sky;—our mountains present a firmer pathway through the clouds, for the descent of the rushing hosts that deign a concern for the affairs of mortals. In every place, wherever we rest or walk, we may feel, in fancy, the animating spirit, declared by ancient philosophers and poets to pervade the stupendous frame of nature;—we may feel its life-breathing motions, perceive its immortal complacency in the gleamings which break from out the hillside and the plain; and listen to its supernatural promptings.

JOHN FARRAR, *mathematician and educator, forecast the present multitude of Learned Societies, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for December, 1818:*

We regard the establishment of learned societies as one of the principal causes, that have contributed to the rapid progress of the mind during the two last centuries. The ancient philosophers were involved in perpetual disputes, and those of later times were too much secluded from each other and from the world. The learned societies of the present day are united to each other, by a common object, by frequent intercourse, by a mutual exchange of the fruits of their labours, and by a reciprocation of honours and civilities. They embrace persons of all ranks and all professions, the nobleman and the mechanic, the merchant and the scholar, the statesman and the man of business, the observer of nature and the speculative man. They invite to all sorts of inquiries,

they profess themselves of no school, they adopt no dogmas; in the examination of nature they acknowledge no authority, but reason, and they propose no end, but the discovery of truth and the advancement of the dignity and welfare of mankind. Noble, sublime project, worthy the most enlightened nations of the most enlightened age of the world.

WILLIAM HAZLITT, *the famous critic, suffered criticism as scathing as any of his own at the hands of* RICHARD HENRY DANA *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1819:*

Though Mr. Hazlitt frequently shows great talent and taste, he is not qualified for the task he has undertaken. In the midst of what is good in him, he mistakes so grossly, that we are led to suspect that he has often picked up his opinions as well as his words from others, and that when he fails, it is when he relies upon himself. He is in the midst of men of genius in London, where it is no hard thing with a good memory and some smartness, and no conscience about thefts, to put together such a book as this. Of his conduct in life we know nothing; nor if we did should we speak of it, unless we might fairly with praise; neither do we altogether like giving an opinion of a man's secret principles and disposition, from his writings; yet we must say that Mr. Hazlitt appears too loose in the one, and too envious and spleeny, where there is room for it, in the other, to treat with a correct understanding and a right delicacy and truth of feeling and sentiment, upon a subject like poetry which concerns all that is moral and refined and intellectual in our natures. He is much too full of himself to have a sincere love and interest for what is abstractly good and great, and more intent upon displaying his own fine parts, than spreading before his readers the excellencies of others.

The movement for a National Bankruptcy Law was promoted by WILLIAM JONES SPOONER *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1818:*

Let Congress then pass a bankrupt law, in the proper sense of the word; that is, one which shall apply to merchants and traders. And afterwards, if any state thinks it expedient to pass a similar law, which shall apply to farmers, lawyers, day labourers, or all other classes of their own citizens, there is nothing to prevent their so doing. We should have no objection to seeing the experiment made, although we have no wish that our own state should be the first to make it. Because a farmer, from a momentary inability to discharge a debt, should happen to commit an "act of bankruptcy,"—instantaneously to transfer his land and all his other property from his possession; to subject him to the jurisdiction of an extraordinary tribunal; to compel him, under the heaviest penalties, to give testimony against himself,—would, we suspect, be

considered a most grievous hardship; whilst there is nothing in the pursuits of a farmer, or in the nature of his property, which demands, as in the case of the merchant, or even justifies such a departure from established usage.

In reviewing a sharp reply to an anti-American article which had appeared in "The Quarterly Review," WILLIAM TUDOR, *Jr., in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1815 (its first number), had this to say of "The Quarterly's" references to two noted men:*

Moore, the imitator of Anacreon, is quoted several times; but his works are too well known to require any comment. He was received, in this country, with the most open, admiring, caressing hospitality; he went away, and slandered it in some indifferent verses. He was very young at the time, and expected promotion from persons whose patronage he has since given up. If we have not been misinformed, he regrets these performances; if so, far be it from us to revive them.

We come at last to Cobbett of whom great use is made. There is no man whom the patrons of *The Quarterly Review* have "persecuted" more than the author of *Peter Porcupine*. There is no writer of the present day, whom they more deeply hate, or whose opinions they despise more sincerely. A convicted libeller on both sides of the Atlantick, he has, in a few years, gone the complete round of party in both countries. There is no man or measure that he once abused, that he does not now praise, and none that he now calumniates, that he has not formerly panegyrized. He is constant only in violence, and his style is imbued with his original profession; there is a drilling repetition of his arguments, and commanding vulgarity of manner, that more frequently recals the cane of the sergeant, than the pen of a politician. It is ominous however to any party, to whom he attaches himself; his rancour, violence and brutal abuse, did the Federalists infinite mischief, while he sided with them; and as he has now patronized their opponents, we trust his exertions may obtain for them a similar result.

One of the first high authorities to do justice to the character and political philosophy of MACHIAVELLI *was the eminent jurist* FRANCIS CALLEY GRAY, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for September, 1817:*

Is it credible that he, who had made it the labour of his life, and no idle life, to support a republick, who had connected with that form of government his fortune and his reputation, who had fallen with it, and had hazarded his life for its re-establishment, should, without any apparent aim of interest or ambition, become the open advocate of tyranny; and that after this he should

still be courted by the friends of liberty as an associate and a confident, and still persecuted by its adversaries as an enemy? Is it credible that a man who was forming a complete and elegant representation of the peculiar excellencies of popular governments, which he might expect to endure as a lasting memorial of his genius, should at the same time, without a hope or a motive, unravel by night the beautiful tissue that he was weaving in the day? Is it credible that one whose talents, and political sagacity, and knowledge of human nature are universally admired, should compose in *favour* of despotism a treatise, which has in fact been more injurious to it than any other work ever written? Is it credible that the same individual should commit all these absurdities, in times of civil discord, and yet not even the watchfulness of party-spirit once accuse him of inconsistency? Suppose it, however, the object of Machiavel to make such a description of tyranny as should excite resistance rather than submission, and the riddle of his life is solved; his writings, his conduct, the conduct of his friends, and that of his enemies are all consistent and intelligible. . . .

We would not be understood to recommend all the writings of Machiavel, as perfect lessons of political integrity. But though they may not claim the praise of singular purity, they do not deserve the reproach of singular corruption.

Controversy was acute as long ago as 1815 over Anglicisms and Americanisms in speech and letters, as witness some remarks by the Editor, WILLIAM TUDOR, JR., *in the third issue of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW:

With the greatest deference to their ancestors, we are not disposed blindly to submit to the writers of the present day in England, not only because we can not always expect justice from our contemporaries, but for another reason also, that they have degenerated themselves from their own models. We contend that we have the same privilege that they have, and sometimes more reason, for introducing new terms; at the same time we would only use this privilege with the utmost caution, and should hold the practice on all common occasions more honored in the breach than in the observance. To some of the words they have introduced, we should cheerfully give the freedom of the republic of letters—*accede*, for instance, now a common and convenient word, was fifty years ago considered pedantic—see also *inimical*, and others in Walker. There are some of our words that we must contend for in turn, and maintain their rights because they are eminently useful, and grew, not out of individual caprice, but the peculiarities of our situation. Such are the words *locate*, *girdle*, and two or three others. We think, too, that we could not well spare *influential*, and *subscriber;* but *lengthy* we can never give up. We have a particular affection for it, and in spite of its cisatlantic origin, it will obtain a

footing in England, where they have as great or greater need of it. We feel grateful to a word that has so often given vent to our feelings. At least with us it associates *long, tedious, awkward,* and about a half a dozen others that it would be extremely inconvenient to call into use every time we have occasion for them.

ANDREWS NORTON, *theologian and literary critic, did not highly esteem the Poet Laureate* JOHN DRYDEN, *if we may judge from his remarks in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1818:*

Nobody looks for pathos, or tenderness, or delicacy of thought or feeling in the writings of Dryden. He has no sublimity of any kind; least of all, any thing that approaches to moral sublimity. He spreads before us no fine views of visible nature; he never carries us forth among the works of God to admire and be delighted. He is unable vividly to conceive and express human passions and feelings. He never seizes on our sympathy; he does not make us intimate with himself, nor interest us in those characters which he embodies and puts in action. Nature never gave to him those keys which open her secret recesses. There is no magick in his verses; they produce no emotion; they are as little allied as possible to that poetry, which "stirs a man's heart like the sound of a trumpet." They discover much intellectual vigour, but possess no moral power. When not seasoned by the noxious stimulant of personal satire, his longer poems in heroick verse are uninteresting and tiresome. Who reads a second time his *Palamon and Arcite;* except as a mere literary critick, to be satisfied that his first judgment of it was correct? Who now reads through his *Hind and Panther?* We believe that but few have with us submitted to this unprofitable labour. No one rises from the perusal of his poetry better or wiser; with any thoughts, or feelings, or images, which a good man would wish to retain. In every thing relating to moral sentiment, the mind of Dryden was essentially coarse, vulgar, and depraved.

October

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Will the Wrong Man Reach the White House?

Dangers of an Illegal Election and Political Chaos

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Next: The Family Airplane
By Clarence Chamberlin

The High Cost of Doctoring
By T. Swann Harding

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When the Court Leaked . *Detective Story from Life* . George S. Brooks
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The Drama of Dryness . . *Seen by a Rural Doctor* . A. F. Van Bibber
Tin Can Paradise . . . . . Don Knowlton
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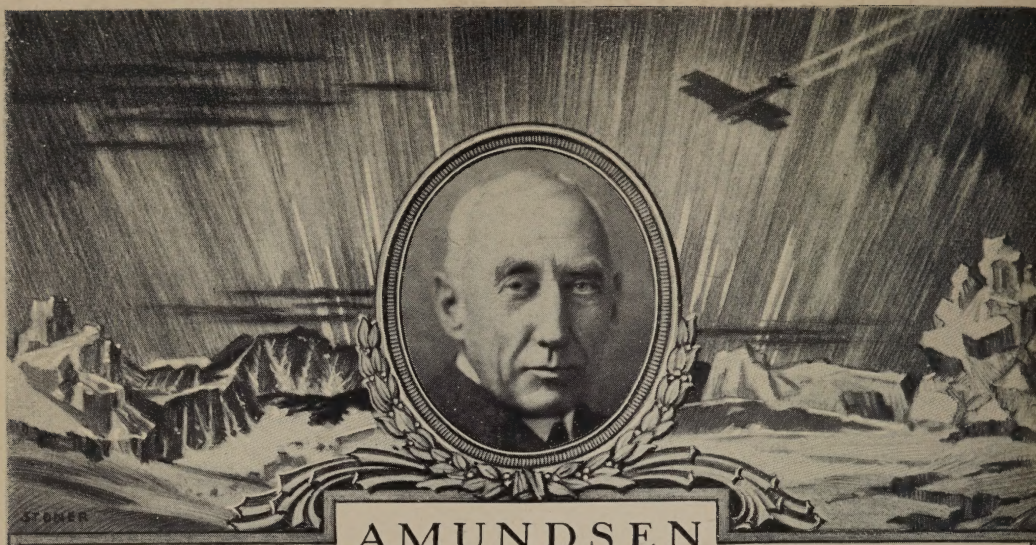
Transatlantic flyer and prophet of the "family flivver" plane — *See his article on page 409*



AMUNDSEN

Wide World Studio

By Edith Franklin Wyatt

("Arctic Radio Hints Trace of Lost Explorer" — *Press Dispatch*)

A word came out of the North, a ripple of air, a breath;
And a world-wide hope flew forth that you had been saved from death —
You who have looked on the polar South, and the night of the Arctic zone,
The furthest places north and south that man on earth has known.
We watched you face sea danger
To bring us wider truth
Again and yet again;
And now in Arctic skies a ranger,
You face the seas' — you face the air's — high danger,
This time in sympathy and ruth
For other men.
Oh, not alone
Because you crossed the North Pole and the South,
Does this, our day, await
At every port, at every harbor mouth,
The tidings of your fate,
And hark to the air-wave's tone;
Not only that you've made our whelming earth
A thing of greater space than once we knew,
But that wherever men can read with grief or mirth,
Can hark to human speech with grief or mirth,
The world's a braver place because of you!
Though now you die, you shall live in the air, and know not death,
In the honor that men can give, so long as men have breath.
And from river and harbor mouth the courage of men sails forth,
And a Name flies out of the South, and a Name blows out of the North.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 226 OCTOBER, 1928 NUMBER 4

An Unconstitutional President?

BY WILLIAM STARR MYERS
Professor of Politics at Princeton University

Why the result of the coming election, if close, may be thrown into the courts, leaving the nation beset with a greater crisis than any in the history of the Presidency

THE story is told that Grover Cleveland, when Governor of New York, was discussing a proposed legislative act with a Tammany politician who, as might have been expected, was conspicuous for political chicanery. The Governor objected to the legislation as unconstitutional. "But, Governor," said the Tammany man, "what is a Constitution between friends?" In other words, how far should a Constitution go in restraining one who is politically selfish?

One thing resented by members of the United States Congress today is the opposition and low degree of respect shown that body in current public opinion. It is human for them to resent it, but have they not themselves given cause for much of this popular opposition, at times even rising to actual contempt? Of course political partisanship, disappointed office-seeking, unsuccessful lobbying and other such activities of the "interested public" may explain much of this opposition, but do not the causes run far deeper? Have not many Senators and Representatives shown a disregard for the Constitution and for their oaths to support and maintain it, which may amount almost to official perjury, if taken in a literal, yet logical sense? There is no better illustration of this reckless disregard of plighted word than the actions, or neglect of them, on the part of recent Congresses concerning the reapportionment of Representatives to the various States that immediately should have followed the taking of the last census in 1920.

The Constitution of the United States, in Art. I, Sec. 3, says:— "Representatives . . . shall be ap-

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portioned among the several States . . . according to their respective numbers . . . The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress . . . and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct." According to this provision, apportionment was made after the census of 1790 in the year 1792, and following each decennial census from that time up to and including the law of 1911. But this last apportionment still stands according to the statute book, due to the fact that following the census of 1920 Congress neglected or refused to provide for the required reapportionment, and other Congresses since that time also have steadily declined to do their constitutional duty.

It is notorious that the shifting character of our population has caused an immense growth of our urban area at the proportional expense of the more rural districts. Thus many of our Northern and Eastern States have grown enormously, while many of the Southern and Western States have failed to keep pace. Had reapportionment been made at any time since 1920, these changing conditions would have resulted in a proportionate increase in representation for the North and East in the House of Representatives at the expense of other sections of the country. It has been stated that an additional result would have been a decided weakening in the Radical and Agricultural strength in Congress during the last five years, with the possibility that not enough votes could have been mustered to pass that economic atrocity, the McNary-Haugen Bill, and thus President Coolidge would have been relieved from the necessity of his two vetoes.

Whether or not this statement is true, there is no doubt of a further and more serious result from this Congressional neglect, due to Art. II, Sec. 1 of the Constitution, which provides: "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of Electors equal to the whole number of Senators *and Representatives* to which the State may be entitled in the Congress . . .". In other words, the failure of the successive Congresses since 1920 to reapportion the membership of the House of Representatives will vitally increase or decrease the legitimate power and influence of many of our States in the election of next November. Of course this was the case in 1924, but the overwhelming character of Mr. Coolidge's triumph made the matter of reapportionment and Electoral College strength to be of little more than academic interest.

If, however, there should be any close political contest this autumn the resultant possibilities might be serious enough to cause a crisis of utmost gravity. The simple truth is that one of the candidates may be officially chosen President whereas, were all the states represented in the Electoral College according to the plan dictated by the Constitution, the other candidate might be rightfully entitled to the office. The issues in the 1928 campaign strike so deeply into the consciences and prejudices of the American people that under these circumstances they easily might lose their wonted balance and common sense and fall into an excess of excitement that could

have disastrous results for years to come. A brief consideration of our present situation with regard to the Electoral College and its relation to the present campaign is thus decidedly in order.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the present House of Representatives is not constitutionally formed, so far as the number and apportionment of its members is concerned. This fact far outdistances any moral question before the Senate, which also is equally responsible for the present conditions, and even any question with regard to the seating of Messrs. Smith of Illinois and Vare of Pennsylvania. In fact, an odor of hypocrisy attaches to the assumptions of the leaders of the Senate that they are standing for political purity and righteousness. It also may be stated with truth, that the Electoral College to be chosen next November, based upon the present number of Representatives, will be unconstitutionally composed, for many States have not the number of Representatives, and will not have the number of Presidential Electors, to which they are entitled.

MANY attempts have been made by the more conscientious Members of Congress, whose political principles are based upon integrity rather than selfishness, to pass needed reapportionment legislation. At once they have been met by a choice of evils. Either they must so increase the size of the House that no State may lose a Member, or else they must reapportion on the basis of the present number, and this would result in a reduction in the number of Members from certain States whose present Members would proportionately be in danger of "losing their jobs". It is true that the number of Members was steadily increased following each census but that of 1840, where there was a reduction from 242 to 232, and that in spite of an increase of population from 12,866,020 in 1830 to 17,069,453 in 1840. This was accomplished by increasing the ratio of apportionment from one member for every 47,700 of population by the law of 1832 to one for every 70,680 according to a law passed in 1842. At the present time the ratio is one for each 211,877 of the population according to the census of 1910, and the total membership of the House of Representatives is 435.

IF APPORTIONMENT should be arranged so that no State might lose a Representative, it would be necessary to increase the ratio to only 218,986 according to the census of 1920, but the total membership to 483. Many people advocate this as the solution of the problem, and point for justification to the much larger size of the British House of Commons, the French Chamber of Deputies, and other parliamentary bodies in the foremost democratic countries; but there is one grave objection that far outbalances the usual arguments of increased cost, space and cumbrous machinery. This is the fact that the larger the membership of a legislative body, the greater is the difficulty in transacting business and debating, and the more dictatorial and less representative is the administrative control. Is it not possible that the present state of decline in parliamentary and other legislative bodies throughout the world, which is a phenomenon of contemporary government and the

despair of many pessimistic though democratic souls, is to be attributed not to the failure of representative government as an institution, but to the inordinate size of contemporary legislative bodies?

EARLY in the month of March last (1928) the Census Committee of the House of Representatives, by a vote of 10 to 8, broke a six-years deadlock and reported a sound and well conceived bill to reapportion the membership on the basis of its present number, 435. This action was despite the reported boast, openly made by Radical and Agricultural Members of the South and West that they were going to prevent any change ever being made, in order to "protect their people from the capitalistic East", with other such nonsensical results of twisted thinking. Of course this law was not acted upon when Congress adjourned just before the meeting of the National Conventions, wherefore we must conduct the November election on the present apportionment, with all the unconstitutional features involved. But it is very interesting as well as instructive to use the proposed bill as a basis for estimating what might happen in case of the before-mentioned possibility of a close election. It should be added that no matter which plan of reapportionment eventually might be used, either that of an increase in membership or a lessening in the representation of certain States, their *relative* importance would remain, and *should* remain, the same, and the latter method is used since most students of politics are convinced of the need for restricting somewhat the number of members in legislative bodies, if the fundamental principle of representative government is to be maintained.

If the proposed Census Committee plan were adopted, the following States would be entitled to additional Representatives, according to unofficial calculations: California, 3; Connecticut, 1; Michigan, 2; New Jersey, 1; North Carolina, 1; Ohio, 2; Texas, 1; Washington, 1. These States would lose Representatives: Indiana, 1; Iowa, 1; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 1; Maine, 1; Mississippi, 1; Missouri, 2; Nebraska, 1; Rhode Island, 1; Vermont, 1. It is interesting to make a practical application of these figures, according to various election forecasts made recently by certain of the best political observers.

IT IS generally agreed that in order to win the coming election, Governor Smith must carry the following Southern and Border States:

Alabama	12
Arkansas	9
Florida	6
Georgia	14
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	10
Missouri	18
Mississippi	10
North Carolina	12
South Carolina	9
Oklahoma	10
Tennessee	12
Texas	20
Virginia	12
Total	167

Electoral votes

If the new apportionment had been passed by Congress, then of the above States, Kentucky, Louisiana and Mississippi each would have lost one electoral vote, and Missouri, 2, while North Carolina and Texas each would

have gained 1. This would have made a net loss of 3 electoral votes for Smith. But to these States must be added, say —

New York	45
Massachusetts	18
New Hampshire	4
Rhode Island	5
Connecticut	7
New Jersey	14
Nebraska	8
Total	101

Electoral votes

IF THESE 101 Electoral votes are added to the 167 from the Southern and Border States, the total would be 268, or two more than the 266 necessary to give Governor Smith a majority of the Electoral College, whose vote totals 531. But of the last-named States, Connecticut and New Jersey each should gain 1 under the new apportionment, and Rhode Island and Nebraska each lose 1. This would be an exact stand-off, still leaving the net loss of 3 votes which should be constitutionally taken from the total of the votes of the Southern and Border States. *Subtract these three votes from Smith's assumed total of 268, and it would leave him 265, or one less than the number necessary to elect.* In other words, if the new apportionment were in force, Mr. Hoover would be elected; but for lack of proper reapportionment his opponent would go to the White House. Of course other combinations of States or other changes in the apportionment might upset the result more on one side than the other, but there is no doubt that the constitutionality of the result in a close election would be seriously challenged by the losing side.

As a result of this dilemma in the coming election, we can see the possibilities of court, Congressional, political, or even revolutionary action, and hardly any one familiar with our political history would care to incur the danger of another contested election such as the Hayes-Tilden controversy of 1876. That struggle was settled by the turn of just one Electoral vote.

IT MAY be argued that the above mathematical result is not likely to happen. Also that in most Presidential elections of the past the result has been of a "ground swell" type, with a heavy swing to one side or the other. Yet the closeness of the vote in such years as 1880, 1884 and 1888 should furnish sinister warning. And the average man cannot help asking himself a few questions. Have our Members of Congress, or at least a majority of them, broken their oaths of office by failing to pass the reapportionment act as required by the Constitution? If so, how long will our people continue to tolerate utter recklessness in the evasion of constitutional and legal responsibility on the part of those who are supposed to be of the calibre and character required for lawmakers of a nation containing one hundred and twenty millions of people? Furthermore, are the Congressional candidates in the coming election of the same personnel and character as the present members, or may we look for an improvement in political morals and integrity?

Unfortunately, we still seem to be acting under the delusion that it is possible for a man in public office to have two consciences—one for private use, and the other for official and political adaptation.

The High Cost of Doctoring

By T. Swann Harding

The author is one of the few lay contributors to leading orthodox medical journals. His subject has lately been described by a committee of experts as "the one outstanding problem" confronting the American people

About a year ago I was requested by a young woman to find a competent oculist for her and, later, to accompany her to his office to have her eyes examined. After some difficulty an oculist who seemed competent was discovered and the actual examination began. Following a few preliminary questions, the answers to which he entered on a card, the specialist suddenly, and I thought rather truculently, remarked: "My fee is fifteen dollars. I suppose you have that with you?"

The young lady blushed in some confusion and in an embarrassed tone confessed that she did not have that sum with her. "You will have it then, surely, tomorrow when you come for the final tests?" At this point I obliterated the tension by flourishing a checkbook in a tasteful manner, the incident closed and the oculist proceeded thereafter in a most friendly manner.

Subsequently I had to have dealings with one of the best ear specialists in this same city of half a million. One day I mentioned the oculist by name to him and he became very confidential, swore me to secrecy, explained how awful it was for him to divulge the information — medical ethics being what they were — and informed me that the man was little better than a quack and should be avoided. But eventually the ministrations of the ear specialist himself seemed to injure rather than to help my ear and I tried the other most highly recommended otologist in the city. He had me come twice weekly, citing grave danger as certain to occur if ever I failed him. Then he went on a month's vacation, telling me that my ear could do very well until his return! At this point I lost patience and went to Johns Hopkins. Here I learned that whoever or whatever the other ear specialists were they were simply injuring the ear more than helping it, and that I should under no circumstances undergo further treatments. This information I believed to be correct, like most information I have so far managed to get from specialists at Johns Hopkins or their closely associated assistants.

The incompetent ear specialists (I shall call them that momentarily) had

cost me over one hundred and fifty dollars. The charge at Johns Hopkins was ten dollars.

These rather personal incidents at once introduce us to the whole picture of medical treatment — its cost and the quality of product purchased. The oculist mentioned above had been selected with extreme care. The young woman had initially gone to a palpable quack who had hanging in his office an impressive diploma from a medical college which never existed and who posed as a graduate physician. In my effort to separate her from his charlatanry I telephoned the local eye, ear and throat hospital and reasoned with the head of the eye department. This gentleman hemmed and hawed, fearing that it might be against medical ethics (a very formidable obstacle to adequate medical service on many occasions) for him to recommend any specific oculist, then compromised by giving me a dozen names — "all good men" — from which, by a curiously devious and time-consuming process of elimination, we eventually decided upon the individual to whom I went.

But in spite of all, the oculist selected proved to be almost avaricious, like too many physicians, nor was he competent. At that time I had tradesmen of five different types working at remodeling my home and every single group of them took payment on terms I had to make, with politeness and good will. Not one asked in a surly manner for his money. Yet the oculist did demand his fee and was, I am convinced by investigation, notoriously incapable. I did not get my money's worth. The young woman had to go to Johns Hopkins, where for $10 her eyes were properly examined.

Such incidents have in the past moved me to write the American Medical Association in Chicago and ask how an ordinary layman could possibly, under present conditions, select a competent general practitioner or a thoroughly trained specialist. I even had the discourtesy to suggest that the Association satisfy itself of the competence of practitioners, vouch for those who were reliable, and give them a reference number which they could insert in the press in an advertising card.

But medical "ethics" forbid advertising, and that seems more important by far than an attempt to give the people adequate medical attention. Besides, the reply to my letter emphasized the point that the economic factor rapidly put all incompetent doctors out of business, because no one would consult them! Moreover, any Fellow of the American Medical Association, and any specialist who bore a star in their lists, was *per se* competent and trustworthy. The immediate answer to this is that both of the ear specialists and also the oculist mentioned above were Fellows of the American Medical Association and were starred as authentic specialists.

At least one of the ear specialists was undeniably a good man. He knew ears. But both of them were deliberately working for my fee, even to the detriment of my ear. I believe this to be a justifiable deduction in view of the fact that they kept the patient returning for treatments he did not need.

A scientist friend of mine had an

experience exactly similar. He went to a good specialist after a common cold, to have his rhinitis cleared up. The doctor kept having him come twice a week, kept collecting five dollars a treatment, and kept saying: "You'd better be sure before you stop coming that all the infection is cleared up." It finally dawned upon my friend that he was foolish, that he could use argyrol and a proper nasal douche himself, and that the specialist, while probably competent, was almost undeniably avaricious.

LET us now consider medical incompetence momentarily, and then consider what we pay for medical treatment, whether good, bad or indifferent.

The most comprehensive study of medical competence ever made is that reported in *The Bulletin of the Medical Research Council* for February, 1921, Volume 1, Part 8, which is entitled "The Intellectual and Educational Status of the Medical Profession as Represented in the United States Army". This study summarized the intelligence tests made on 43,000 Army officers. Of all the officers 44 per cent. tested as Class A; 66 per cent. of the engineers, however, were Class A men; yet only 27 per cent. of the physicians were in that class. Thirty-three per cent. of all the officers were in Class B; here we find 33 per cent. of the physicians and only 29 per cent. of the engineers. Twenty-four per cent. of all officers were in Class C; here we find only five per cent. of the engineers but forty per cent. of the physicians. These marked differences mean something.

Instantly several howls will be raised to high heaven. The medical corps was not representative of the profession! Intelligence tests are no good anyway! I take up the objections in order. The average medical man examined was aged thirty-seven, a practitioner in a town of some twelve thousand, of grade B intelligence (an alpha score of 129), who had had high school education and five years of medical training superimposed, whose earnings were about $4,300 annually, and who belonged to two or three medical societies including the American Medical Association. He entered the Army as an officer on a basis of his previous experience and a certification from the American Medical Association.

THE character of the tests was such that innate intelligence was assayed successfully. Writing on "Physicians and Intelligence Tests" in *The Medical Journal and Record* for December 7, 1927, Dr. Ira S. Wile says that the tests universally fulfilled expectations in enabling commanding officers to select men adapted to various functions in the Army. Like all biological tests, it is well known that these tests are statistically rather than mathematically exact and that in a certain percentage of cases they fall down utterly. But they are well over ninety per cent. accurate, which is sufficient. The same accuracy in the response of rats to vitamins or a lack thereof is the basis of all our knowledge of these accessory food factors. For just as some rats refuse to become rachitic on a faulty diet, others refuse to get well on an adequate ration.

As Dr. Wile says, the physicians were skeptical of the efficiency of intelligence tests from the start, in spite of the fact that an alert medical

officer had originally insisted that they be used to grade men in the Army. They became sharply antipathetic when it turned out that the medical corps ranked lower in potential intelligence than any other Army officer corps except the dental and veterinary. Dr. Wile concludes that "It is a simple matter to sublimate one's own inactivity by blaming others for inducing the self-inflicted weakness," and urges that physicians utilize the valuable intelligence tests in their practice and cease to ridicule them.

By these tests, then, engineers in the Army made a high average of 96.8 per cent. Other groups averaged as follows: field artillery officers, 93 per cent.; sanitary corps (which includes the chemists and other laboratory men so many physicians regard with supercilious disdain), 89.8 per cent.; field signal officers, 88.2 per cent.; machine gun officers, 86.6 per cent.; infantry officers, 84.5 per cent.; quartermaster corps, 78.2 per cent.; *medical corps, 76.5 per cent.;* dental corps, 75.2 per cent.; and the veterinary, 60.8 per cent., which is actually little above the level of street car employees, barbers and grocery clerks.

It may be superfluous, but it is perhaps best to insist that no disparagement of the leaders of the profession is intended. Everybody knows that men of the very highest intelligence are in the medical profession, and that they are decidedly above adverse criticism from an ethical standpoint. It is a fact, however, that many such men are either in experimental medicine and work almost exclusively in laboratories, or else tend to be the heads of departments and to see few but exceptional cases; while the most competent physicians in general practice often command such fees as to frighten away the person in moderate circumstances. So the great masses of the people, eighty-five per cent. of them, indeed, must go for treatment to ordinary practitioners and incompetent specialists who necessarily fall below the average intelligence of the medical profession as a whole.

How then is it possible for an officer of the American Medical Association to write with a straight face that dearth of patients drives all incompetents out of the profession? We all know of instances in our own lives to refute this contention. When it comes to specialists, how much competence can we expect? No State standardization and no rigid regulations on the part of medical associations require that specialists shall show conclusive evidence of competence and training in their specialty.

Today when a man wants to specialize, he simply specializes and that ends the matter. Large numbers of medical school graduates restrict their practice at once and without any preliminary general practice or training in their specialty. A specialist may have special training, but it is not required, and one study of the graduates of fifty-two medical colleges over a certain period disclosed that forty per cent. of them had restricted their practice on graduation. Yet eleven per cent. of our physicians are specialists, and in some large cities twenty to twenty-five per cent. of them.

Two reasons for this tendency to specialize have been adduced by physicians themselves: 1—If you cannot master the whole field of medicine sufficiently well to become a good

general practitioner, specialize, because it is easier; 2 — Specialism pays better, for it is invariably the specialist who gets the fat fee.

SINCE not even the practice of surgery requires previous specialized training, is it any wonder that Dr. Hugh Cabot should protest (*Annals of Clinical Medicine*, July, 1926) against the abdominal surgery too often undertaken uselessly, and against "exploratory" operations performed hastily and carelessly? Patients most frequently complain of abdominal pains, which are usually best treated by drug or dietetic therapy, yet Dr. Cabot found that individuals had often had from two to six major operations in the effort to locate a trouble which was predominantly neurotic or psychic. The theory is that a skilful and antiseptic operation can do no harm but, as Dr. Cabot plausibly remarks, operations are "not harmless amusements" and they are too often far from skilful.

No wonder that another medical journal in 1927 protested editorially against the snap diagnoses which promote the growth of cults and quacks by their erroneous character, and sadly listed the "tabetics operated on for gall stones, pneumonias for appendicitis, and the diabetics discovered after the operation" rather than before! No wonder this same *Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine* denounced surgical fads editorially in May, 1928, and explained that most of the patients operated on for so-called "chronic appendicitis" do not have that trouble or anything like it.

But, mark it, patients pay well for such service, just as well as for competent medical attention. Moreover, a certain gracelessness often animates those who serve us medically. It was my rare privilege a while back to be carried to a first class hospital in Detroit, with an advanced case of pneumonia. I rode in an ambulance to the hospital, was shunted about from one place to another, and finally landed upon a high bed in my room. I had various needs, discovered a push button, and used it. Each time I did so some angry person appeared in my doorway and shouted something I could hardly understand. For my edification these remonstrants usually shouted something different each time. Some, I think, merely advised me to be less bother and recommended a change of climate. Most of them gratuitously informed me that the intern would see me as soon as he finished fixing his car. One said I could not see my own physician just now, which was interesting and instructive, but not especially helpful. All of them scurried away before I could make any remarks, and I had plenty. This was at first puzzling, but gradually became an annoyance.

SUDDENLY, after one whole hour, there irrupted into my room a portly dowager with a notebook and very formidable glasses. She looked at me with frankly astonished curiosity, which seemed to ask how on earth I could possibly have gotten into the room, but I bore up well until she snapped: "Who's going to pay for this?" As I had as yet had no service and was still naïve enough to expect some, the question momentarily nonplussed me. But then, I am humiliated to say, years of austere Christian

training rolled off me, I became as another person, and spake profane tongues. At the termination of my remarks the lady snorted like a small switch engine, backed cautiously to the door, called a supervisor and said audibly:

"He's in a delirium. But I've simply got to get the information for the office." The supervisor then approached me and I made a gentlemanly proposition to her. I offered to divulge the inmost secrets of my financial status and even to sign a check for thirty-five dollars, as demanded, to cover the first week, during which I hoped to live, provided she would then actually get me a doctor. This agreed, I replied to the dowager's very personal questions about my solvency, signed the check in a wavering hand — and then I did get a doctor, after another hour.

THAT same night I was thirsty. Each time I rebelled, which was often, I was brought a glass of milk. It was ice cold and I drank it on the theory that the hospital knew best. Finally I became desperately ill and perversely eructative, and I heard my attendant goddess say in some desperation to some august authority: "This man is more bother than enough tonight. Last night he was so quiet. I never knew him to drink so much milk!" And the august person addressed replied in subdued but minatory horror: "Milk! Good Lord, that man died last night, girl. This is another man. Milk ought to kill him. Give him fruit juice!"

The service did not improve. I was kept on a soft diet for days longer than necessary. Ultimately I got well enough to leave and was very summarily informed that I must pay in full before I could be released. I went to the office and paid over a hundred dollars. I had been there three weeks, and had had no special nursing. I paid my own physician $65. I paid two specialists $40, at the rate of $10 per visit. My pneumonia cost me, all told, around $250. I was unmarried at the time, and on a salary of $200 monthly, so this did not bankrupt me. But I cannot believe I got my money's worth.

YET I personally know a man whose savings of a lifetime, $1,100, were wiped out in six weeks by his wife's recalcitrant thyroid gland, while another told me that he has not only been bankrupted but put heavily into debt by the unexpected advent of twins. Again, a woman with nervous debility was sent to a sanitarium and compelled to sit suffering on a hard bench in the hall until her husband saw the manager and signed a check to cover her first week's expenses. The attendants even refused to put her in a wheel chair until this ritual was attended. Aside from the down payment of $25, this first week cost $10 for a general examination, $5 for X-ray, $2 for special chemical tests, $3 for medicine, $5 for special treatments, $5 for ear, nose and throat examination, and meals in the room to a patient who was accepted as bedridden, fifteen cents each! A middle ear infection, the probable cause of her illness, was entirely overlooked during her three weeks' stay at the institution. This place was orthodox medically, and fanatically Christian religiously. Whether I should be consoled that the profits went to the good end of turning respectable Chi-

nese Buddhists into Seventh Day Adventists, I do not know. The lady was my wife.

COMMON figures covering the cost of single illnesses run about as follows today: Compound fractures $937; hernias $725; gall bladders, $274; bronchial pneumonias, $210; scarlet fevers, a bargain at $36, and simple quinsy a mere trifle to be picked up often as low as $25. An inoperable cancer has been known to cost $6,000 from the date of its discovery on January 1 to the death of the patient in April of the same year; the service was of course of the highest quality in this case. The lowest charge for a confinement in this neighborhood is $150; better service is available for $100 more, and it is safer to pay that, while the charge mounts to $400–500 if a specialist appears on the scene.

The following paragraph from an article by M. L. Harris in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* of May 5, 1928, is not devoid of interest:

> Two women were sent to me recently, each having fibroids of the uterus. The condition was easily diagnosible and each patient had herself discovered a mass in the lower part of the abdomen. Each had consulted her physician who, after examining her, referred her to a Roentgen ray laboratory to be examined roentgenographically. Numerous roentgenograms were made of the various organs and tissues, which were entirely negative. The Roentgen ray reports mentioned "indefinite shadow in the pelvis suggesting the presence of a tumor" and recommended that a surgeon be consulted. Here was an expense of from $25 to $40 to each patient without the slightest advantage to them, as a correct diagnosis could have been made by any qualified physician. It may be asserted that the roentgenograms were of value in that they might have discovered the presence of some other condition than the fibroids of the uterus, but the fact remains that had the physician made the kind of examination the patients were entitled to he would have known whether or not there was any condition present which would make the use of the Roentgen ray desirable and would not have subjected the patients to a useless expense.

In 1920 the charges for private rooms in general hospitals in New York City varied from three to fifteen dollars a day, over one-half of the rooms costing from five to eight dollars daily. Semi-private beds ranged from three to four and a half dollars daily, and beds in wards from two to four dollars for adults. These charges cover only bed, board and general, not special, nursing service.

Dental films will cost a dollar in one hospital and five in another. An X-ray of the stomach or gastrointestinal tract may run from fifteen to seventy-five dollars, depending upon the institution and the patient's capacity to pay. A fee of from five to twenty-five dollars is charged for the use of the operating room, and anæsthesia costs at least five dollars. Special nursing runs from six to seven dollars a day and board, and it must be remembered that at least two nurses, perhaps three, are needed to cover the full twenty-four hours. These also are 1920 figures, and revisions upward have taken place since then.

THE following table, analytical of hospital bills in a certain institution, is taken from page 538 of H. H. Moore's excellent *American Medicine and the People's Health*. It gives more information regarding hospital costs than could be covered in several pages of text. The total figures in each case and the length of stay in the hospital were as follows: Influenza, 6 days for $62.75; Colitis, 18 days for $263.69;

Diagnosis	*Board*	*Operating Room Fee*	*Laboratory Examination*	*X-ray*	*Special Drugs*	*Special Nursing*	*Extras*
Influenza	$57.00	.....	$4.00	.....	$1.75	.....	.....
Colitis	108.00	.....	27.00	.....	2.10	$126.00	$.59
Myocarditis	522.50	.....	5.00	.....	5.75	623.00	9.30
Neurasthenia	351.00	.....	14.00	.....	22.25	371.00	35.40
Complication	132.50	$35.00	29.00	$125.00	3.00	56.00	3.00
Appendicitis	188.50	35.00	21.00	75.00	3.00	119.00	3.00
Fracture	224.00	35.00	2.00	.....	.....	63.00	.....
Varicose Veins	217.00	35.00	2.00	.....	.....	28.00	.....

Myocarditis, 55 days for $1,165.55; Neurasthenia, 54 days for $793.65; Complication, 13 days for $383.50; Appendicitis, 24 days for $444.50; Fracture, four days for $124.00; and Varicose Veins, 21 days for $282.00.

Two facts stand out: 1 — The charges are very divergent for the same treatment. This is in the effort to compel wealthy patients to pay part of the bills of those who can pay nothing or but a fraction of the charge for their medical attention. No alert, intelligent profession would tolerate such an arrangement; it would instead so organize itself that service would be more generally available and that charges would be more equitably distributed.

2 — These charges exceed what people on ordinary salaries can pay. In 1925 the average earnings of a family in industry, with two or three members working, were $2,000. The average cost of living for a family of four was about $1,560, and the average earnings an employee ran as low as $1,200. The average cost of medical service a year according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics was $60 a family, which is a very low figure. Many families even with two or more wage earners fall far below the subsistence level, while most industrial families with only one wage earner fall at least to the subsistence level. This means that there is simply nothing left over for medical attention in a majority of these families. Yet the average paid for medical attention by families with an income of $2,500 varied from $100 to $154 annually in different parts of the country, and it was apparently needed. Not only that, but many families have had to pay or have had levied against them amounts for medical attention ranging, according to Moore's book, from $143 to $755. The gist of the matter is simply that adequate medical service is not available to a majority of the people in this country because the costs are prohibitive. It is to be hoped that the recently organized Committee on the Cost of Medical Care will do much to remedy this situation by giving it wide publicity.

Meanwhile, in the face of the present situation, how does the physician often deport himself? The chief surgeon of a prominent hospital did an exploratory abdominal operation on a man with an inoperable cancer of the stomach. The wife of the patient waited in his outer office while the operation was performed. Upon his return the surgeon imperiously demanded his fee of $5,000 at once. The wife explained the impossibility of producing this sum immediately, but the surgeon declared immediate payment customary and told her

that she must make arrangements to have it for him very soon. As an afterthought he then remarked that her husband was dead.

Ultimately the widow had her attorney write, explain that the estate totalled only $20,000, and politely ask if the charge had not been erroneous. The surgeon soon courteously replied, yes, there had been a mistake; he forgot to include $62 for dressings. The entire charge was therefore $5,062. Please remit.

AGAIN; a young woman known to another surgeon to be earning thirty dollars weekly, and her mother's sole support, was told that she must have an immediate appendectomy. She was rushed to the hospital and had to borrow the money to pay in advance, as was of course demanded on her arrival. A clean operation was performed, a normal appendix was removed, and her recovery was without incident. The surgeon, knowing her financial status, demanded $1,500 as his fee, and the hospital actually refused to permit her to leave until she employed an attorney to make arrangements for her release!

In the Middle Ages the Moorish and Arabian hospitals of Spain presented to each departing patient a sum of gold in order that he might not be obliged to undertake hard labor too soon. How we have progressed since then!

You perhaps think I deal in fiction? You mentally accuse me of manufacturing horrible examples? You fancy, no doubt, that I quote some ignorant, venomous and vituperative cult journal, determined to libel the medical profession? Unfortunately your suspicions are groundless. I am quoting from an article on medical economics by M. L. Harris, M.D., which appeared in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* for November 26, 1927.

Then what shall we conclude? We pay well, if we pay at all, for medical attention. The price is definitely above the pocketbooks of most of us. In spite of this, much of the treatment we get is incompetent, the general intelligence of the medical profession is not high, and its avarice is too marked in many instances.

Shall we therefore echo Heine who said, as he lay dying, "With doctors I shall have no more to do. I observe that all the people who have died here this winter have had medical attendance"? Shall we follow old William Maclay, first Senator from Pennsylvania, who wrote in his journal, "The doctors did not call today, and it seems like delivering me from half of my misery"? Shall we say with Thomas Jefferson that we never see three physicians consulting together without looking aloft for a turkey buzzard hovering in the vicinity?

I THINK not. We must emulate Jefferson, who, for all of his bitterness against medical incompetence, was one of the first Americans to adopt vaccination and was a discerning and a constructive critic of medicine. The extremist is usually wrong in any case, and counter-faddism will seldom successfully combat faddism. But we can demand, in season and out of season, ever more and more science in medicine and an effort to make the best medical attention available to all sick people all of the time.

When the Court Leaked

By George S. Brooks

Based on a picturesque incident of unpublished Supreme Court history, this is the first of several unique detective stories by an author who, whether as story teller or playwright, is always a good reporter

It was evident that Conroy was expected. Assistant assistants to the President's secretary passed him along from room to room, through reception lobbies, outer offices and entrance halls, as if the whole business of American Mills Incorporated waited upon his arrival.

At last Conroy reached the open door of Martin Wilson's private office.

"Mr. Wilson, This is Mr. Conroy."

The secretary slipped out, closing the door behind him.

Martin Wilson, the President of American Mills, rose and held out his hand. His eyes were clear and steady, his fingers strong and warm. Conroy instinctively liked the man.

"The bank tells me that you're the ablest man in your business in the country," Wilson observed, without preliminaries.

"I had a bit of luck on a couple of jobs I did for the bank."

"They tell me you keep your mouth shut."

"I try to."

Conroy's manner was direct and courteous. Approaching sixty and tending toward fleshiness, he was good looking, in a minor way. His hair was aluminum-white, atop of a red, humorous Irish face.

"Sit down, Mr. Conroy. Have a smoke?"

"Thank you."

Wilson seated himself. "Mr. Conroy, as I understand it, you're a confidential investigator."

"I am, if you like that word. I just call myself a private detective."

Wilson smiled. "I like to call things by their right names, too." The interchange put them both at their ease.

"Some banks and business houses hate to say that they employ a private detective," Conroy continued. "They invent all sorts of trick names for me."

"You've had other prominent clients beside the bank?"

"Several." The reply was dryly non-committal.

"You mostly handle business cases?"

"Most of my work's around here. Around Wall Street."

"Good." The answers obviously

pleased Wilson. "The investigation I'm interested in is not a criminal matter."

"I've undertaken many that weren't."

WILSON looked away. He did not seem anxious to tell a stranger, even as discreet a visitor as Conroy, the secret query to which he required an answer.

"This matter concerns my daughter."

"Yes, sir."

"She's . . . let's see . . . born the year of the panic . . . that's right. Her mother died the next spring. She's twenty-one. An only child. You understand." Conroy nodded and said nothing. "There's her picture."

Wilson drew a miniature, in a rich leather carrying case, from the drawer of the desk, and passed it to the detective.

"A beautiful girl," Conroy exclaimed.

"You think so?" asked Wilson, eagerly as if to confirm his own judgment. "I always thought she was." He returned the miniature to the drawer. "Her name's Julie. For her mother. Well. I want Julie to marry, just as soon as she's ready. But I don't want her to make any mistake, when she picks out a man. Understand?"

Again Conroy nodded.

"A fellow was hanging around her all summer. He seemed all right. But I don't know anything about him."

Conroy interrupted with a gesture. "You want him looked up?"

"Exactly. There's nothing between them yet. Not so far as she's concerned. But she liked him. It might grow into something, you see."

"If you want to break it off, now's the time to do it."

"Sure." Wilson hesitated. "I don't usually set spies on Julie's friends. Hell! I can trust her. But this fellow, well, I couldn't figure him. At first I thought. . . ."

"Just a minute, Mr. Wilson. I'd rather not hear what you suspected, or what you thought. You don't want my judgment colored by your prejudices, do you?"

"No." Wilson spoke judicially. "You're right. Find out for yourself."

"What's his name and where'll I find him?" Conroy took a small notebook and pencil from his pocket.

"Charles D. Stair. That's his name. And don't forget that, if he should marry Julie, he'll be handling a God-awful lot of her money, some day."

"Charles D. Stair," repeated Conroy. "Where am I liable to find him?"

"A law student. In the New National Law College. In Washington."

This, too, was jotted down. Conroy rose, putting up the notebook. "O. K., Mr. Wilson. I'll send you a report, now and then. I'll mail 'em addressed to you and mark 'em 'personal and confidential' on the envelopes."

WILSON seemed rather surprised by the other's matter-of-fact acceptance of the situation.

"Hold on there. You're forgetting your expenses. . . ."

"Oh, no, Mr. Wilson." Conroy grinned and offered his hand. "You'll get a weekly bill for my expenses and a big bill for my fee when I'm through."

The detective clapped his hat on his head.

"I'll drop in and see you when I get back to town."

The detective passed out of the door. Wilson rang for his secretary.

"Notice that man who just went out?" he demanded.

"Mr. Conroy?" asked the secretary.

"Yeah. Conroy."

"Yes, Mr. Wilson, I noticed him."

"Well." The President of American Mills Incorporated settled back in his chair. "In my opinion, you noticed a damn smart man."

IT WAS just a week afterward that Martin Wilson sat in the same chair from which he had delivered his dictum about Michael Conroy, and read a badly typed sheet that had come to him in the morning's mail:

PRELIMINARY REPORT ON
CHARLES D. STAIR, OF
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Stair located without difficulty at New National Law School. He is 29 years old, born in Yonkers, N. Y., educated in public schools and was formerly a student at Columbia. This is his third year in Washington. Summers he works in broker's office.

2. Stair is considered best and brightest student ever enrolled at the law college. Dean of school says Stair "is most remarkable young man with whom I ever came in contact. His grasp of fundamental law approaches genius." Stair is popular with students and faculty. He is tireless and conscientious worker. President of school says "Stair is model student."

3. Stair's habits are good. He lives clean.

4. Stair's immediate relatives now live in California. My California agent reports Stair sends $500 a month to his mother and is educating a younger brother in the University of Southern California. Stair has been self-supporting since he was 19, due to his father's becoming invalid: within the past year he undertook to support his mother.

5. Stair himself lives at Hotel Washington, here. He spends between $12,000 and $15,000 a year on himself. He keeps two automobiles, owns a speed boat and is considering buying a yacht.

6. At the college, Stair is believed to be the son of very wealthy parents. I have found no possible source of income, legitimate or otherwise.

7. Mr. Wilson, this doesn't look right to me. This Stair is too smooth. He's costing me sleep nights, because I lay awake wondering what his racket is and I can't find a thing. I went through his room and I didn't find a scrap of paper that shouldn't have been there. He has a photo of your daughter on his bureau and no other women's pictures. He never goes around with dames and I think he's in love with your daughter.

8. My expenses for this week are $138.75. Please send draft to me at Hotel Washington and oblige,

MICHAEL CONROY.

Martin Wilson pursed his lips and whistled. He ran his fingers through his sparse hair, read the report a second time, and summoned his secretary.

"Take this telegram," he ordered. "Martin Conroy, Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C. Draft for five hundred dollars follows stop spare no effort or expense stop must probe this thing to bottom stop I have got to know what it all means stop and sign my name to it."

Two hours later, the answer to the wire was in Wilson's hand.

"I WROTE you all I know in my report stop I want to know myself stop this fellow has me dizzy stop signed CONROY."

The last phrase of Conroy's telegram was no exaggeration. In his thirty-four years of police and detective and private detective work, he had never bumped his head into a more solid wall of human contradictions than was presented to him in the case of Charles D. Stair, Esq. It annoyed him.

For Michael Conroy was an orderly-minded person. He liked to classify both his clients and his subjects into human grand divisions of probity and knavery. He knew that these qualities frequently overlapped, but in Conroy's code there was a well defined line of distinction. In his mental index he listed his acquaintances and friends as honest, honest-with-crooked-tendencies, crooked-with-honorable-instincts, entirely-crooked, or fools. Most people, Conroy held, fitted into the second and third classifications. Fools were plentiful, while the outright honest and entirely crooked were uncommon finds.

Charles D. Stair was no fool. But he might easily belong in any of the other groups.

AN ARRANGEMENT with the chambermaid, in which fifty dollars figured, brought Stair's waste basket into Conroy's room each morning. And over the discarded contents, the detective spent hours of earnest research. He laboriously pieced together torn up memoranda and notes, without adding one grain to the total of his knowledge.

The waste basket, however, served one purpose. The New York papers that came from it, each morning, were invariably opened to the market pages.

"That ain't right," said Conroy joyfully, to himself. "He's watching the stocks. At his age, he ought to be reading the sport sections." But never, in the waste of the basket, was there a memorandum that indicated a buying or a selling order.

Conroy, with a distinct effort, for he preferred association with mature minds, made friends with some of Stair's fellow students. A wild Irish boy named Hogan, from Detroit, became the detective's shadow. Hogan had a chronic thirst for gin and an insufficient allowance. Conroy bought him drinks and pumped him about the gossip of the law school, always bringing the conversation around to Stair.

"Stair'll make his mark," Hogan boasted, one night. "Stair'll be appearing down here, in no time. There's mighty few lawyers could faze him on constitutional law, right now."

"That so?" One would have said Conroy's interest was purely perfunctory.

"He knows more about the Supreme Court than half the lawyers that appear before the Justices."

"Yeah?"

"I'm tellin' you he does." Hogan was nettled at Conroy's tone of unbelief. "He spends all his spare time in Supreme Court. Just listening to cases."

"What good does that do him?"

"WHY he's heard the arguments one very important case that's been decided since he came to Washington. That's the kind of a fellow Stair is."

"Anxious to get along, eh?"

"He analyzes those cases."

"And there are some pretty important suits come up, I suppose."

Hogan was provoked at the other's lack of comprehension. "If the Supreme Court decided against you, you got to take your appeal to God. That's how important the Supreme Court is. Why, look at the decisions that were handed down Monday. That Illinois title case meant twenty-

five millions to the defendants. Didn't you ever hear about the Supreme Court?"

"I knew there was one," Conroy admitted. "Let's have another drink."

"That's what Stair studies. I'll bet he can tell you every Supreme Court decision since the Civil War. Why, he reads 'em like you'd read a novel."

"I've seen lots of smart young squirts, like him, that never amounted to much when they got out of school."

"Stair'll amount to plenty." The Detroit boy was quite excited in establishing Stair's position.

"There's lots of other colleges. And plenty of honor students in 'em, that everybody thinks are going to set the world on fire. But they don't." Conroy waved his hand, as if his interest were exhausted.

"Listen." Hogan leaned across the café table, to give a drunken emphasis to his words. "You watch Stair. That's what I'm tellin' you. Watch Stair. Why, he knew what the Illinois case decision would be, four days before it was handed down. That's how smart he is."

Hogan sat back in conscious triumph.

CONROY felt the hair stiffen and bristle at the back of his neck. For three weeks he had been working, waiting, scheming; yes, and almost praying for this information, which Hogan had passed him so casually.

"Aw, go on." Conroy yawned, as if bored, while his mind raced ahead down the avenue of possibilities to which the other had directed him.

"It's so," Hogan affirmed.

"None of those Judges would tell a young cub like Stair what they were going to do."

"Justice Pammeter told him."

"You're drunk, Hogan."

INWARDLY Conroy was exulting. That would explain all the inexplicable part of Stair, if he had discovered a Supreme Court leak, the dream of every stock market plunger. It was no wonder that Stair was making money. Stair was merely gambling on a sure thing.

"I'm not drunk. I didn't say Justice Pammeter knew he tipped his decision to Stair. But he did, just the same."

"You might get Stair into trouble, talking like that."

A smile of drunken cunning flitted over Hogan's face.

"It's awful funny. Justice Pammeter comes out to the law school t' lecture. Every Thursday afternoon. Stair an' I are takin' those lectures. See? And the Justice talked about that Illinois case, under a phoney name."

"How did you know it was the Illinois case?" demanded Conroy.

"I didn't — not till I went down to the Supreme Court with Stair, one day, when the Illinois case was being argued. And some things Stair said showed me it was the same case. And the Justice had been explaining it all to us in class, but disguised, see? And when he got through, he showed us just what the law was. So Stair and I knew that the Supreme Court would find for the defendants."

That was all Hogan could tell. Conroy called a cab and took the youngster to his boarding house.

Either by accident or shrewd design, as Conroy realized, Charles D. Stair had made a remarkable discovery.

In his law lectures Justice Pammeter usually spoke upon the case in which he was, at that moment, interested. That was the most natural proceeding imaginable. Carefully disguising names and facts, the Justice thought he gave no forecast of the Court's opinion.

STAIR, by following with scrupulous care the cases which were argued before the Supreme Court ,was able to penetrate the disguise and guess the court's decision in advance.

All this was duly reported to Wilson in New York.

"Catch him at it. Expose him," came the prompt order.

"I would, too, if she were my daughter," agreed Conroy, when he read the message.

For a month, the detective watched and waited. On a Friday morning, he found a torn carbon copy of a telegram in the débris of the student's waste basket. It was addressed to a New York broker: "Before Monday buy C & C common to extent of credit."

On Monday, Conroy knew, Supreme Court decisions would be handed down.

Many of the market symbols were Greek to the detective. He hunted up a broker.

"Why! 'C & C' is Coast and Cuba Transport. The big shipping lines." The broker paused. "That makes me think. There's a decision due on that company soon."

"Were they suing someone?" asked Conroy.

"The Government's suing them, to recover some terminals and docks. The stock's pretty low now."

"Is it a buy?"

"It would be," said the broker, "if the company should happen to win."

Conroy knew now all that he wanted to know. Justice Pammeter had evidently indicated that the Government suit against the company would be decided for the company. Coast and Cuba Transport would boom, and Charles D. Stair would profit "to the extent of credit," at his broker's.

Stair was guilty of no crime. No punishment had ever been devised for such an offense. There was a bare possibility that the Supreme Court, were the facts laid before the Justices, might hold the law student in contempt, fine him, even impose a jail sentence upon him. Conroy was not inclined to believe they would. The Supreme Court would scarcely care for the publicity that would be sure to follow such a Court order.

Conroy walked out of the hotel, and called a cab.

"Drive me to Justice Pammeter's house," he told the chauffeur. "That's out Rhode Island Avenue."

The detective had concluded that the Justice was entitled to know the story.

THE cab stopped at an old house, a brick mansion that dated back to the leisurely years before the Civil War. A flagstone walk bordered by box hedges led up to the columned porch. Conroy rang the bell.

A great oak door swung open. Holding it was a negro butler, as dignified in appearance as the house itself.

"Good afternoon, sir."

"I have no appointment with Justice Pammeter, but I'd like to see him, for a few minutes."

"Will you step inside, sir?" The butler belonged to a generation which neither delivered nor received messages on the front steps. He led Conroy into a reception room, took Conroy's hat and made the detective seat himself upon the horsehair cushion of a rosewood chair, before he consented to listen.

"You said the Justice wasn't expecting you this afternoon?" The negro's manner tactfully suggested that on another afternoon, Justice Pammeter would be awaiting the call. Conroy sensed the punctilious courtesy of the phrasing. He told the negro his name.

"I have some information which I believe Justice Pammeter should receive. I would like the privilege of delivering it to him. If another hour would be more convenient . . . "

"If you don't mind waiting, sir, I will take your message to Justice Pammeter." The butler left him in the reception room, with a final bow.

"Whew!" Conroy slumped in his chair. "It isn't going to be so good, telling this old man that he's spilling stuff to a sure-fire gambler. He's liable to cite me for contempt for finding out about it." Conroy smiled to himself. "A man who'd keep a butler like that is liable to be tough to handle."

CONROY owned a very vivid imagination. Under the hypnotic influence of the age darkened wainscoting and the rosewood furniture in the room, he could picture himself pitched out of the front door, hustled out the back door, or thrown from an upstairs window by the excited retainers of the household.

"Justice Pammeter'll be very happy to see you." The butler had returned. "Judge 'scused himself for not coming down stairs, sir." The butler chuckled. "He don't run up and down stairs so easy as he used to. Come with me, sir, if you please."

FOR a minute, Conroy was half inclined to make his escape. But, with many misgivings about the wisdom of his course, he followed the negro up the curving staircase to the book-lined study on the second floor.

"Judge, this is the gentleman who called."

"Thanks, Peter."

Justice Pammeter stood up to welcome his caller.

If ever a man looked like a jurist, it was the owner of the old house. He was tall and spare and straight, wearing clothes whose style belonged to the Reconstruction era, but wearing them with such quiet dignity that they would never have provoked a smile.

His hair was white, his hand so thin that it was almost transparent beneath the reading lamp upon his desk. His face was almost hawk-like, and from it flashed an eye that neither age, nor study, nor controversy, nor fear, had ever dimmed.

"Come in, sir. Peter forgot your name. He always does."

"I'm Michael Conroy of New York. I'm a private detective."

"You wished to see me?" The Justice's white eyebrows lifted in polite surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you be seated?" The Justice motioned him to a chair at the opposite side of his desk.

"Mr. Associate Justice," Conroy

hoped that this was the formal title by which the man should be addressed, "I have some information that concerns the integrity of the business of the Court; not of the Court itself . . ."

Justice Pammeter was on his feet, his face flushed, his hand trembling with anger.

"THE business of the Court is the Court. The integrity of the Court's business is identical with the integrity of the Court. Why mince your words? Say what you have to say."

"Well, sir." Conroy moistened his lips with his tongue. "At least one man is successfully gambling with stocks, on the basis of advance information on Court decisions."

"I think you're mistaken, sir." The old Justice curbed his temper and his resentment. "I've heard such tales many times before. Many times. It's impossible."

"He knew what the Illinois case decision would be, four days before it was handed down."

"That's absurd. I wrote the Court's decision on that case myself."

Justice Pammeter's fingers were drumming on the desk top, nervously.

"He is now gambling on the decision in the Coast and Cuba Transport suit."

The effect of the statement upon the old Justice was electrical. His white fingers gripped the desk top, as if he were keeping himself from falling from his chair.

"The Coast and Cuba suit?" The Justice gasped.

"Yes, sir. He expects a decision on that to be handed down on Monday."

Without another word Justice Pammeter rose, crossed the room, and closed the door to his study.

"No man knows of that decision, except the members of the Court. No man could know it, unless he were a member of the Court. I did not even trust my secretary with my opinion. I wrote it out myself, with this very pen, while I was locked in this very room."

"Yes, sir." It was all that Conroy could force himself to say.

"There was a leak in the Court once, years ago. The man responsible for it was taken to the White House, to confront the President. And, by the Eternal! sir, we made him so aware of his guilt that he committed suicide."

"Yes, sir."

Every minute, it was becoming more difficult for Conroy to tell the Justice the whole story.

"Do you know where this — this — this miscreant," the Justice fumbled for the word, "obtained his information?"

Conroy wanted to say, "No," and save the Justice's heartbreak. In the detective's mind was only sympathy and understanding for the proud old man. But the Justice's eyes bored through him, seeming to pierce his very thoughts.

"WHY did you come to me with this story?" demanded Justice Pammeter. "Why to me rather than another?"

Again Conroy was silent.

"Did you come to me," the Justice stood rigid and impartial as an Archangel beside the Judgment Seat, "Did you come to me because you thought it was through my agency that this leak occurred?"

Conroy looked away.

"Answer me, sir. Yes or no."

There was a magnificent, regal simplicity of that command given in the tone of one who must be obeyed. Conroy wilted.

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"You discussed the decision, in your lecture at the college. You disguised the case, sir. But this young fellow follows the arguments as they are presented to the Court. He recognized this case, as you mentioned it in your lecture."

"He is now gambling on the decision?"

"Yes, sir."

"He bought Coast and Cuba Transport stock?"

"Yes, sir."

"In quantity?"

"To the limit of his credit."

The Justice sat thinking. He seemed to Conroy much calmer, now that the story had been bared. He rose, held out his hand to the detective.

"Mr. Conroy, I am indebted to you. You have done a service to the State. I am honored to have received a confidence as frank as yours."

Conroy found nothing to say. He rose and bowed.

"THE Marshal of the Court will have a seat for you, when we convene on Monday morning. May I request that you be present?"

"Of course, sir."

"After Monday morning, I do not believe it will ever be necessary for either of us to recall this incident."

"No, sir."

The Justice rang for the butler. Then, as he waited, his duty as a host was recalled to him.

"Are you interested in gardening, Mr. Conroy?"

"I never really had a chance. I grew up on pavements, you see."

"It happens to be my hobby." Justice Pammeter spoke easily. "If you call in the spring or early summer, I would like to show you my tulips."

The butler pushed open the door.

"Peter, call a cab for Mr. Conroy."

CONROY followed Peter down the broad stairs. He had forgotten everything about his mission, except the picture of the sternly, incorruptibly proud old jurist, standing behind his desk and talking of tulips, while they both thought of the strange manner in which Justice Pammeter's indiscretion had violated the integrity of the Court.

It was a bad week end that Conroy passed in the hotel. Never for a minute did he cease to wonder what would be the outcome of it all. He remembered, with a touch of horror, how Justice Pammeter had told of the suicide of the man who had been caught telling the secrets of the Court.

It was inconceivable that Justice Pammeter would allow Stair to go unpunished. And in unmasking Stair, it seemed that the Associate Justice must himself confess. Conroy feared that, since he had been asked to be present, Justice Pammeter was contemplating a confession or a statement in the courtroom. And Conroy was shrewd enough to know that, if the Justice's sense of duty dragged that from him, only death could wipe out the shame of it.

Monday morning came, dragging in like a prisoner to the bar. Conroy did not care for breakfast. On his way

down in the elevator, he saw Stair, smiling, care-free, confident.

CONROY realized that, for the first time in years, he really hated his own victim. Usually Conroy rather grew to like the man he trailed.

The Supreme Court Chamber was packed. A dozen important decisions that might be handed down were, in themselves, sufficient to call in the interested litigants, their attorneys and the curious. In the room, Conroy again caught sight of Stair. Long before the cry of "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!" announced the convening of the Court, every seat in the Chamber was occupied.

The Justices filed in and took their places upon the dais. As Conroy looked at Pammeter's thin, worn face, it seemed to him that the suffering of two days was visible upon it. The routine of the Court droned along. At last they came to the case of the United States *versus* the Coast and Cuba Transport Company, appellants. There was a subdued murmur in the room.

An Associate Justice arose to read the Court's opinion.

Conroy glanced at Justice Pammeter. He could see no change in the old man's expression.

The Justice read on and on. Suddenly, Conroy caught the words, "a contract based on fraud and for which the Government of the United States is no longer answerable. . . ."

Conroy glanced quickly at Stair. The young man had gone pale and was trembling.

The Justice read on.

"And such is the decision of this Court, Justice Pammeter dissenting."

With a start, Conroy looked up at the Justice. And he always believed that Justice Pammeter winked back at him.

* * *

MARTIN WILSON signed the check and passed it to Michael Conroy. "So the kid went to California, eh?" asked Wilson.

"That's right. He sold his cars and his boat and cleared out."

"You certainly gave me my money's worth." Wilson's smile was a pleasant thing to see. "I asked my daughter if she'd heard from young Stair lately. She told me she hadn't heard in weeks. I don't believe she cared."

"He was too smart," Conroy grinned. "Way too smart."

"I don't suppose Stair ever thought that Justice Pammeter might interpret the law differently from the other Justices. And, naturally, when the Justice lectured at the college, he only cared about his own opinion, not about what the whole Court held."

Conroy laughed aloud. "It doesn't pay to be too smart."

"If Justice Pammeter knew what had been happening, I'll bet he'd laugh for a week."

"Maybe he did know," said Michael Conroy.

¶ Next month by the same author: "Fail, Fail Again." Another detective story drawn from current life and revealing in humorous vein the mechanics of a multi-million dollar swindle now afflicting American business.

Shall We All Fly Soon?

By Clarence D. Chamberlin

The popular hero of the Columbia's flight to Germany, now retained by New York City to advise on airport development, foresees the early coming of the family air "flivver"

At an airport near New York the other day I met a typical "flying ranchman" from the West. He was the owner and pilot of his own plane, in which he had come East for a business meeting. He had made the trip comfortably in half the time it would have taken him by train.

He told me that the main use to which he put his machine was range riding, aërial inspection along miles of barbed wire fence encompassing his ranch, and spotting flights above wide grazing lands to locate herds of stock. Also his plane served to carry supplies and mail to cow punchers working on the range. "As a fence rider," he said, "I'm able to cover from ten to twenty times the ground that I could with a horse. The flat, open nature of the country makes it possible to land alongside any break in the wire that I may discover, to fix it swiftly, and to fly on to search for other breaches." Incidentally, he thought my own little plane would be ideal for such work and wanted to know where one might be had like it.

This air-minded rancher together with several hundred other business men and farmers who already are using their private airplanes as casually as their automobiles, constitute the best answer to a question that is now being hotly discussed among laymen and in aviation circles.

Is the time coming, runs the discussion, when Americans in large numbers will flock through the air in their own private ships? A few sensational prophecies to the effect that they will have lately been made, chiefly by non-flying men. The weight of opinion among professional flyers seems to be to the contrary. True, everybody familiar with week-end crowds at the airports knows that the country's current enthusiasm over aviation has already emerged from the armchair and side-line state. The day when Americans shunned the air at home but — on holidays abroad — blithely soared over the European lines, has passed. It is the tendency of many practical flyers, however, to predict that American aviation will henceforth

take almost exclusively the form of passenger travel in big commercial ships similar to those used in Europe.

With that prediction I disagree. The burden of the prophet I disclaim, but I am firm in the belief, nevertheless, that there is a distinct place in American aviation for the "family ship", the personal plane, piloted by the owner, or his son or his daughter, as the family car is operated today. There is a growing interest in flying which can be met only by this type of plane, and the conditions which have militated against a speedier development of the type are only temporary and are far from insurmountable.

In the year that has elapsed since the Columbia's flight to Germany, I have visited about sixty towns and cities in the eastern half of the United States. I travelled in my own air "flivver" on a flying lecture tour that had as its purpose the promotion of interest in aviation and the crystallization of sentiment for the construction everywhere of municipal airports. I learned a lot of things on this speaking tour, including the fact that making flights is a great deal easier than making speeches.

The plane I used had once been a Sperry Messenger, a small, light type machine developed by the late Lawrence Sperry for use as an aërial dispatch carrier by the Army. It had been rebuilt according to my own ideas with a longer and more efficient top wing and tapered wing-tips, until it bore only a slight resemblance to the original Sperry and performed considerably better in the air. The motor was still the same, however, a three-cylinder, air-cooled, 60-horsepower forerunner of the Wright Whirlwind engine, which was built in 1919 but still functioned perfectly and gave no trouble throughout the entire trip. It was still what we would call an air "flivver" and what the English term a light airplane; a personal machine designed to carry one or two persons comfortably and swiftly through the skies and at a reasonable cost. As a matter of fact I averaged twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline on my tour, had to make only the most trifling repairs, and paid but an average of two cents a mile for fuel and oil.

This plane was one of several types with which I have experimented in my search for an ideal air "flivver". There is no doubt in my mind that it is possible to build such a machine and that the American public will buy and fly it when it has been produced. It is only a question of making a good plane of this class in sufficient quantity to sell at a reasonable price — say from $3,500 down to $2,000 or even lower. The demand exists and will continue to exist. The industry is so far behind in present production that any and every type of plane capable of meeting Department of Commerce requirements is sold long before it is finished.

At each new town in which I landed, my revamped Sperry and I were immediately surrounded by aviation enthusiasts who wanted to know where similar planes might be had, how soon they could get delivery, and at what price the machines would be sold. I was forced to answer that my ship was the only

one of its kind, a sort of flying laboratory in which I was working out some of my ideas, and that production of a similar type was a matter that must be taken care of by the future.

DEVELOPMENT of the air "flivver" in this country has been held back chiefly for want of a dependable motor of the proper size, horsepower and weight. Until very recently we have had no power plant in America comparable with the Cirrus air-cooled 80 horsepower engine that made possible England's De Haviland "Moth" and the Avro "Avian". These planes are known and used throughout the world not only for sport flying but as training machines and in commercial aviation requiring small, economical aircraft.

There is no mystery in my mind about what an air "flivver" ought to be and do. It must be light and rugged, with a motor that is simple and economical, easy of upkeep and unlikely to get out of repair. It should carry two or three persons, have a high speed of 100 miles an hour, a landing speed of 35 to 40, and a cruising speed of 80 to 85. The motor should develop 60 to 100 horsepower and carry the plane at least twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline, flying 35,000 to 40,000 miles between major overhauls and 15,000 to 20,000 between minor overhauls. The plane complete, without passengers or baggage, should not weigh more than 700 or 800 pounds. To my way of thinking, the very light, slow planes, driven by tiny motors, are impractical if interesting toys, which a head wind of thirty miles an hour will render an even slower means of transportation than the automobile. After all, the only real reason for flying is to get somewhere quickly and to avoid the delays of traffic congestion. How often have I sailed along at 100 miles an hour over the highways leading out of New York and other great cities and smiled at the long lines of Sunday traffic moving a few feet at a time over the hot asphalt! How often have I looked down and chuckled at some hapless motorist getting a ticket from an irate motorcycle cop who caught him in the act of "stepping on it"! There is no speed limit in the air, no narrow roads to dictate how and where you may go.

ONE thing more must be said about the characteristics of the ideal air "flivver". Its aërodynamic design must be such that it does not easily get into trouble in the hands of the inexperienced pilot. It should be difficult to throw into tail spins and stalls, and it should recover from them quickly and of its own accord as soon as the pilot neutralizes the controls. In order to lessen the hazards of crashing in a forced landing, as well as to enable the pilot to use small fields, it ought to be capable of "squashing" down in stall landings at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees with almost no forward speed. Such a landing probably would "wash out" the ship, but it would enable the pilot to land in almost any sort of place without seriously injuring either himself or his passengers. Many planes now built have most of these characteristics; there is no reason why all of them cannot be incorporated in a light airplane.

Most non-flying people seem to have the idea that airplanes require a special type of fuel and expert mechanics to care for them. The "flivver" with which I toured more than half a hundred towns and cities last winter and spring was adjusted to use any good automobile gas that might be available wherever I stopped. If I found the fuel running low *en route* from one lecture engagement to another, I would pick out a road, follow it until I sighted a filling station with a field beside it, land, taxi in as close as possible, and gas up. Every light airplane owner wants to be able to do the same sort of thing. Once, when I was winging across Florida, the only filling station I could find was on the main street of the little town of Clewiston, on the tip of Lake Okeechobee, where a landing was out of the question. I had no time to spare, so I throttled the motor and circled down low.

"Bring me out five gallons of gas," I yelled down to the attendant who was gawking up at me. He nodded and I flew out to the edge of the town and landed in a new sub-division. A few minutes later a service car rattled out with the garage keeper and my gasoline aboard. Ten years from now, filling stations all over the country will be so located as to serve both the driving and the flying public.

WITHIN that same period of ten years I foresee a rapid development of amateur flying clubs in the United States. In England there are already approximately a hundred such clubs, nineteen of which specialize in teaching women to fly, for the price of an average evening frock. The British Government, recognizing the flying club as a valuable adjunct to national defence, provides each club with a plane and bestows a bounty upon each member who qualifies for a pilot's license. American aviation can hope for no such helpful patronage, but the club idea is catching on here, one encouraging sign being the recently formed Aviation Country Clubs sponsored by Miss Ruth Nichols, the society girl flyer of Rye, N. Y.

TEN or twenty aviation enthusiasts who can muster $100 to $200 apiece are all that is necessary to start an airplane club in any town. Reasonably good airplanes are now available for prices ranging up to $3,500, and it will not be long before true light airplanes may be had for this work. Usually in such a group of flying fans there will be at least one pilot who is qualified to instruct the other members of the club until they can "solo" without undue hazard to the club ship. As in the English clubs, a regular fee can be charged the members per hour of instruction or solo use of the plane. In addition there are many little jobs of odd flying that may be done with the machine to bring a bit of revenue into the treasury. These may take the form of passenger "hops", photographic flights and aërial advertising work. Dozens of ways of earning money with an airplane are always cropping up, once you have the airplane. And this income, however modest it may be, will help take the edge off operating expenses, inevitable minor repairs and upkeep.

Some leaders in the aëronautical industry think that the advent of

commercial air lines, equipped with giant multi-motored transports, will sound the knell of the small ship. I fail to agree. To my way of thinking the two sorts of flying are supplemental rather than at odds with each other. The more air liners we build and use the more pilots we shall need to operate them, and the light airplane will build up a potential reserve from which to draw commercial airmen.

AT PRESENT the young pilot encounters a serious difficulty. He can learn to fly at one of the flying schools, but receives only ten hours for his $300 tuition fee. Before he can get a job with a transport company, he must have 200 hours in the air. How is he to acquire this experience? Hitherto Army training has been almost the only source; the coming of the light plane and the amateur flying club will solve this problem. And this is another reason why the air "flivver" should be a real airplane, so that the pilot who learns to fly it can, with a little special training, fly any type plane in use at the present time.

Again, as competition increases, the cost of instruction doubtless will fall. Almost every manufacturer of airplanes now has an airdrome adjacent to his factory, where new machines are test flown and adjusted. It is but a step from this, for those who cater to the private owner, to a staff of instructors and a regular flying school from which customers who expect to do their own piloting must be "soloed" before they are turned loose.

All this is no idle dream. Hundreds and thousands of airplanes have been sold and are being sold to private owners in this country. Of the 3,500 which are scheduled to be produced in this country this year, fully one-third will be privately owned. Most of the older planes, by-products of the war, are even now passing out of the picture for reasons as logical as those which created them in the beginning. After the Armistice a vast surplus of training plane engines, chiefly the famous Curtiss O-X-5 90-horsepower motor of the wartime "Jenny", was turned loose in the commercial market at ridiculously low prices. Naturally they were bought up by enterprising manufacturers who proceeded to design two and three place planes about them. These are the nearest approach that we in America have to the light airplane of England, but they are far above the weight limit of this class, largely because of their heavy, obsolete water-cooled motor. They have served a good purpose because they did their bit in making America air minded, but their day is done now that the post-war supply of O-X motors virtually has been exhausted.

THEIR manufacturers long ago saw the beginning of the end. Most of them, lacking a modern air-cooled power plant of about the same horsepower as the O-X motor, which might have converted their ships into real light airplanes, began "beefing up" the structure of their planes so that they would "take" the Wright Whirlwind motor or a similar power plant. The result was greater speed and better performance — inevitable with 200 horsepower instead of 90 — but the product was

farther than ever away from the field of the light airplane. The purchase price was too high and the cost of operation excessive for the ordinary man who ought to own and fly his "personal airplane".

By private owner I mean the man who operates an airplane for his own convenience or pleasure rather than as a pilot flying "for hire or reward". In the West the country is naturally adapted to the use of airplanes because there are great distances to be covered, perfect weather is the rule rather than the exception, and every field is fit for an emergency landing. There many farmers and ranchers already own and fly planes, while at airports throughout the country private individuals who fly for sport have become familiar during this last summer.

THERE is another phase of America's new air consciousness that assures the air "flivver" a permanent place in the aëronautical sun. This is the fact that the boys, and for that matter many of the girls, of today are air-minded by virtue of having grown up with the airplane, just as my generation grew up with the automobile. Nothing is going to keep them from flying. And they will learn to handle a plane much more easily than those of us who were introduced to it as an entirely new and somewhat terrible thing. I know. I have taken up youngsters of twelve to sixteen who "got the hang" of flying in a very few minutes. It often takes hours of perspiring and despairing effort on the part of an instructor before an adult acquires the same knowledge. My father had a terrible time learning to run his car. I picked up the knack without any one to teach me and, like nearly every other boy, soon excelled my father as a driver. The same thing is being reënacted with the airplane. The boys of today are learning to fly with the minimum of instruction and will continue to use planes as naturally as the generation ahead of them used automobiles. This is the flying age and it is begetting a flying people.

Too much mystery, I think, has been thrown about the question of who can and who cannot fly. The facts are that any normal, healthy boy who can learn to ride a bicycle and skate, doesn't need to worry about his ability to become a flyer. He may be short and fat or tall and skinny, black haired, red headed, freckle faced, bow legged, left handed or tongue tied, but none of these things will prevent him from learning how to handle an airplane. He might fall down on some of the highly specialized tests required of those who are selected for training as military aviators in the Army or Navy, but if he has a sound body and a clear brain there is no reason why he cannot learn to fly his own airplane and to fly it well.

THE man who wants to use a plane as he would an automobile — to go somewhere quickly and comfortably — needs no more special physical qualifications than are required to drive an automobile. He ought to be able to see and hear and judge distances, but so should the man behind a steering wheel. In these days of congested traffic it is a question if the man handicapped on any of these scores is not better off in the air than on the ground. During

he war candidates for aviation raining were put through a rigorous hysical examination which elimiated the vast majority of those who anted to be flyers. Probably not nore than ten or twelve per cent. of he original applicants ever got as far s winning their wings. This would eem to contradict what has just een said, but no more convincing roof of the assertion that almost nyone can learn to fly is needed han statistics prepared recently by he Air Division of the United tates Department of Commerce. hese show that the physical examiations required for commercial ilots' licenses — strikingly more enient than the old wartime requirements, but far from lax in themselves — have been passed by nearly 93 per cent. of the applicants.

PRACTICALLY any healthy person, then, can learn to fly; small ships will soon be available at no greater cost than a fine car; technical improvements making for greater safety are under way; airports are springing up like mushrooms; skilled instruction is readily available and will soon be cheaper; and, most important of all, our youngsters have grown air-minded. From all of which the conclusion seems to me inevitable that the day of the family plane, privately operated like the automobile for business and recreation, is at hand.

¶ *Next month Gen. John F. O'Ryan, commander of the Twenty-seventh Division in France, and now head of the Colonial Air Transport Company, predicts the rapid development of American aviation in great commercial systems comparable to the railroads, rather than in the universal use of family planes comparable to our motor cars.*

The Decline of Protestantism

By David Warren Ryder

To this year's copious discussions of Church problems a thoughtful writer contributes the suggestion that the religious forces opposing Catholicism sprang from the germ of their own ultimate defeat

Approximately four centuries ago, as this is written, certain German princes at the Council of Spires were denouncing the decree of the majority, which involved a virtual submission to the complete authority of the Roman Catholic Church. It was to these princes, who were friendly to the views represented by the Reformation, that the term "Protestant", which came finally to attach to all who embraced the principles and common system of doctrines taught by Martin Luther, was first applied.

The rise of Protestantism, which just four centuries ago was in process of birth, could not have been otherwise than swift, because it was more the product of revolution than of evolution. For centuries the rule of the Roman Catholic Church was virtually absolute. It told men what to do, to say, to think. And not only some men, but *all*: from kings and emperors, from princes and statesmen, it exacted the same implicit obedience as from the masses. It increased constantly the degree of its dominion over soul, body and mind, until the highest did grovellingly its bidding, and life for great masses of people was hard and ignoble. Intellectual aspiration was stifled. The noble pursuit of truth — ever the main avenue of man's escape from moral, mental and physical stagnation and degeneracy — was rigorously obstructed.

Within all this were the strong seeds of revolt. Human nature is such that tyranny, of whatever source, finally reaches its climax in rebellion. And the lengths to which men in rebelling go, approximate the degree of tyranny under which they have suffered.

Within vast numbers of people there were the smouldering embers of revolution against the Roman Catholic Church. It remained for the nonconformist and intrepid Martin Luther to fan these embers into flames, which, burning redhot, spread rapidly over large regions and consumed there much of the power of Catholicism.

Propelled by the fury of its revolt, and taking quick, firm root in the political and social consequences of

the important scientific discoveries of the Fifteenth Century, Protestantism spread swiftly, and rapidly amassed great strength. In the vigor of its rebellion against ancient and circumscribing dogmas it gave tremendous impetus to science and invention, and thus to man's conquest and control of his physical environment. In breaking down racial and social barriers it gave sharp encouragement to commerce and business, and thus played its no small part in promoting the rise of nations to wealth and power. In its attitude of sheer defiance of many of the "nays" of Catholicism may perhaps be found the principal reason for its favoring some of the more radical proposals and attempts of the men of science to increase the measure man's comprehension and control of of the material world.

In any event, many of the taboos and restrictions which had precluded or impeded inquiry and investigation were in considerable measure vitiated; and, within the limitations of the times, men everywhere were encouraged to explore and chart the realm of human knowledge.

If, then (as is so often proclaimed), it may be stated that Catholicism parented a culture, Protestantism unquestionably fathered a civilization. If the former furnished the inspiration and gave of its resources to encourage painting and music and sculpture and architecture; the latter released and set in vigorous motion the forces that ultimately provided us with steamships, railways, telegraphs and telephones, radios, airplanes, etc. If the "emotionalism" of Catholicism found its principal outlet beyond the ordinary, in art; the "intellectualism" aroused or unleashed by Protestantism manifested much of its vigor in the endeavor to apprehend those principles of practical truth, the application of which has enabled man to carry to a high degree his control — if not, always, his understanding — of the physical universe.

Protestantism, then, was always something more than a religion. It was always a potent instrumentality of physical progress. Note the rapid acquisition of wealth and power by those nations that embraced Protestantism; the corresponding degree of decline of those that adhered to Catholicism. And Protestantism was always something *less* than a religion. For religion has its seat in the emotions, and fundamentally Protestantism has always been an intellectual, not an emotional, thing. Its appeal has ever been to the head, not to the heart.

Emotionalism, stifling the intellectual processes, had forged chains for mankind. So argued Protestantism. Reason, it contended, the employment unhampered of the intellectual processes, would break these chains. Emotionalism had incarcerated truth. Intellectualism would raze the walls prisoning the mind; would liberate truth and place it, with reason, on a pedestal where all men might see, and, seeing, worship them. Not what is beautiful, but what is *reasonable;* that would be Protestantism's shibboleth.

Conquer it did under that sign. The triumph of modern democracy — exalting "progress", deifying materialistic equality — is the mark of its conquest. It is likewise the mark of its defeat. For, as has happened so often to conquerors, Protestantism made

the conquest only to lose the power by which it conquered. Essentially a democratic enterprise, it was incapable (as contrasted to aristocratic institutions) of comprehending that power, to endure and to be made of effective and wise use, must be kept in the possession of a qualitative and therefore necessarily numerically restricted leadership.

ONCE given into the hands of the many, power is either dissipated by the absorption of mass inertia, or employed for such a variety of contrary purposes as to become totally ineffective; or, finding lodgment with charlatans, is engaged to promote unsalutary and frequently even base ends. Protestantism was unable to comprehend this; and within the last quarter of a century the power it generated has gotten more and more out of hand. Its proprietorship of the formulas and processes wherewith the pursuit of practical truth was encouraged, has been steadily dissipated. Its patents on these processes and formulas have expired, and they may now be (and are) used by anyone; and without paying royalties to the concern under whose influence they were developed and which once exclusively controlled them, and which now, in a kind of involuntary but unescapable atavism, fruitlessly endeavoring to regain their control, employs methods that partake of the same tyranny responsible for the break with Catholicism.

Thus Protestantism stands today shorn of its exclusive control of the formulas and processes of practical truth-seeking. The "rule of reason" which it fathered and championed, having long since escaped the parental roof, now returns only to assail and beleaguer. Intellectualism, the metal it uncovered, and out of which it fashioned its implements of conquest, now has been forged into weapons that are effectively turned against it. Science, which Protestantism nurtured, — directly or indirectly, — stands now on its own firm feet and, armed with steadily increasing power of its own, vigorously assails attempts of the Protestant establishment to regain its original control.

The emotional barrenness of Protestantism has already been alluded to. So long, however, as control was retained of the formulas of practical truth-seeking and the methods of progress and prosperity, this barrenness was little noticed and made small difference. But now that these have passed almost entirely into other hands, Protestantism's emotional emptiness is become a glaring thing.

THERE is abundant evidence of the wide effect of this. Thousands of Protestants, escaped from the spell cast by fear of hell fire, complain bitterly of the ugliness of the average Protestant church. Man is made of many needs, and one of these, it seems, is beauty. And so it may even be that such absurd and untoward movements as the Ku Klux Klan, revivified, are in part a revolt against the depressing ugliness of naked Protestantism. Indeed, it may even be that the wide response to the gaudy ceremonial and blatant mysteriousness of the Klan testifies to an unwitting but earnest effort to graft on the Protestant tree new branches whose leaves will in part conceal the unbeautiful trunk.

In discussing the causes that have contributed to Protestantism's decline,

one must not overlook the influence of the Puritans. The early control of Protestantism, at least in America, came into the hands of the Puritans, who laid such emphasis on ethics that it came to be much less a religion than a system of ethics. The Puritans were largely incapable of anything like true religious feeling; and, accordingly, made sermonizing and rules of conduct — the latter rigorously enforced — paramount. The accounts that one reads of the Puritans' churches and of the ceremonies that went on inside them, give only the impression that the churches, themselves, were not unlike so many jails, and the services conducted inside them hardly more conducive to the inward beauty and serenity on which voluntary worship feeds, than a modern murder trail.

So permeating and tenacious was the influence of the Puritans upon Protestantism that the morality code which they fastened to it was accepted as one of its essentials wherever it was embraced; persisting frequently at the cost of true religion. This subordination of everything else to rules of conduct is unmistakably the original source whence derives the present attempt of Protestantism in America so to control the civil government that there may be forced upon every man a code of moral conduct which finds sanction neither in Christ nor the Bible, nor yet in the tenets of any true religion that ever existed. The enactment of the Prohibition law and the attempts, equally high-handed as futile, to enforce it, are at once proof positive that a code of moral conduct, obedience to which may only at best be exacted by penalties prescribed and administered by civil authority, is all that remains of Protestantism.

With all these causes operating to bring about its decline, there remains still another which has not been mentioned, but which is perhaps more interesting to consider — if not more powerful — than the others. I refer to the seeds of self-destruction which were within Protestantism when it emerged from the womb. For its fundamental principle of rationalization, that is to say, the right to doubt and the duty to reject all that could not be proved by reason, — bequeathed without condition to everyone as a method of righteous escape from Catholicism's requirement of unqualified and unfaltering faith, — has finally been carried to its logical and inevitable conclusion. Millions of men and women, nominally Protestant (i.e. neither Catholics nor Jews) now deny the reasonableness of the institution that taught the validity and righteousness of doubt; now reject as unsusceptible of rational proof, and therefore untrue, the very essence of the so-called "Protestant Faith". Protestantism has, then, to employ a phrase of a modern philosopher, finally run out its course and turned against itself. Beset by myriad adversaries, its final act is to run upon its own sword.

Friends of the Governor

By Denis Tilden Lynch

Unlike the Republican leaders, Governor Smith's close associates are new and unknown quantities to the country at large. They are here intimately introduced by a veteran political reporter

In the winter of 1923–24 the gossip in New York's political circles was that Charles F. Murphy would retire from the leadership of Tammany Hall after the ensuing Democratic National Convention had met and adjourned *sine die*. He had grown gray in the service of the Hall. The Metropolis of the Western World was governed by a Mayor of his selection; the political destinies of the Empire State were being administered by a loyal son of Tammany, and there was but one thing left for him in political life; to see the man whom he had made Governor nominated by the Democrats of the nation for the highest office in the land. He had been working hard toward that end for two years, at first with little hope, but spurred on constantly by one of his district leaders, "Big Tom" Foley, who, unlike Murphy, never doubted the issue. In time Murphy was inspired by the never-questioning faith of Foley, and, as the winter waned, he worked harder than ever, looking wistfully to a peaceful retirement on his country estate on Long Island after the Convention had nominated — as Foley always said it would — Alfred E. Smith for President.

On the eve of the memorable convention in Madison Square Garden, Murphy was laid to rest. And most of the city mourned, and all of Smith's friends were filled with gloom, save one. This exception was Mrs. Belle Moskowitz. Meeting her shortly after, I talked with her of the departed Chief and her blue eyes stared into space as she said:

"It was the best thing that could happen for the Governor."

She thought of Murphy's end only in so far as it might affect the political fortunes of Governor Smith. She could not have thought in any other terms if she had tried, for since she had been engaged back in the fall of 1918 to organize the women's division in the first campaign of Smith for Governor, she had done nothing else. Murphy had been lieutenant of Croker, in turn a lieutenant of "Boss" Tweed and "Honest John" Kelly. The chain was complete and the connection was too close and damning. Then "Big Tom" Foley was called to

his fathers and Mrs. Moskowitz breathed even a little more freely. To Mrs. Moskowitz, more than to any one else, Governor Smith owes his selection as his party's standard bearer, for her single-minded devotion, and her constant and untiring advocacy of his cause, in and out of season, paved the way for the action of the delegates at the Houston Convention.

MRS. MOSKOWITZ, although a paid employee in the Smith entourage, plays withal a most important rôle. She is the only woman on the Advisory Committee of the Democratic National Committee, which is actually managing Governor Smith's campaign. She is a dominating personality, and in appearance suggests the matron rather than the politician. In the last three or four years, she has added much weight; but makes up for retarded physical motion with a mental alertness that is the marvel of friend and foe alike. A day or two following the election of John J. Raskob, the then financial head of General Motors, as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, one of the veteran political writers of the Metropolitan press said to this unusual woman:

"It is you who should have been made National Chairman."

"Oh, no; I'm only the Director of Publicity," said Mrs. Moskowitz, blushing at the compliment and stroking back a stray strand of her bobbed hair.

"I mean it," persisted the reporter.

He did. And every other newspaperman in the room was of like opinion.

At the first newspaper interview with Chairman Raskob in his office in the General Motors headquarters, Mrs. Moskowitz came to his relief when some of the interrogations proved embarrassing. Mr. Raskob, who ordinarily speaks in short, choppy phrases, was stammering as Mrs. Moskowitz, seasoned in her association with the press, her voice a studied monotone, made it easier for this tyro in politics.

What happened the following day when Mrs. Moskowitz received the same group of newspapermen in her private office, reveals, in part, how she has helped Governor Smith in the last ten years in a little known yet highly effective way. Two of the reporters had written the interview with Mr. Raskob rather fully. Said one of these:

"Mrs. Moskowitz, what can you tell us today?"

A smile lit up her face, and in a voice rich and merry, she replied:

"I wouldn't tell *you* anything if I knew."

NO ACT on a vaudeville stage was ever received with more merriment, and no one laughed more heartily than Mrs. Moskowitz. And presently, with mock show, she thanked the reporters who had made only fleeting references to the Raskob interview. Although there was an elaborate make-believe about it all, there was a note of stern disapproval sounded throughout. The Governor's friends are her friends; his enemies her foes.

Mrs. Moskowitz has been of incalculable value in winning the support of anti-Tammany papers. Editorials in these dailies sounding the praises of the Governor between campaigns are largely due to her missionary work. And she boasts that her word is all-powerful with certain editors.

One day last winter there appeared a story wherein Mrs. Moskowitz was mentioned in a way that did not please her. Let us call the paper *The Clarion*.

"Who framed me up in *The Clarion* this morning?" asked Mrs. Moskowitz of three political reporters who were talking with her.

There was no secret as to the authorship of the story, so one of the three — all were friends of the writer of the article which displeased Mrs. Moskowitz — volunteered the name, which I will mask with "Eddie Jones".

"Well, 'Eddie Jones' had better remember that I got to him when he was in Albany," said Mrs. Moskowitz.

"Eddie Jones" had been removed from the field of politics by a sometime managing editor of his paper, and it was common talk in Metropolitan newspaper circles that stories he had written from Albany, all true and amply documented, had displeased Governor Smith, and that Tammany influences had effected his demotion.

LIKE all who have been intimately associated with Governor Smith since his rise from comparative political obscurity, Mrs. Moskowitz is essentially an urbanite. She is a little younger than her husband, who has written two biographies of Governor Smith. The first appeared five years ago, and was designed to aid the Governor in the 1924 Convention. The second, of recent publication, was done in collaboration with Norman Hapgood. Dr. Moskowitz — he is a Ph. D. of the University of Erlangen, hence the title — was born forty-eight years ago in Rumania, and is as ardent as his wife in championing the cause of Governor Smith.

Mrs. Moskowitz has been married twice. She was born Lindner. Her parents were Jewish emigrants from Poland, and her father, a watchmaker, struggled to give her an education. Soon she was doing tireless settlement work in New York's East Side. In 1903 she married Charles Henry Israels; following his death she was left practically penniless and returned to settlement work. Her labors were largely for girls, saving them from the vicious dance halls which flourished on the East Side under Tammany patronage.

IN THIS laudable crusade she had the support of the newspapers, and thus came to know their representatives. All the settlement house workers lent her their support. One of her most untiring aides was Dr. Henry Moskowitz, then headworker of the Madison Street House, which was supported by the Ethical Culture Society. During the legislative session of 1911, Surrogate James A. Foley, then a member of the Assembly from Boss Murphy's district, introduced a bill making refusals to issue licenses for dance halls reviewable by *certiorari*. Up to Albany sped the protesting settlement house workers, among them Dr. Moskowitz, who denounced the proposed law.

"This is one of the most astounding measures I have ever seen affecting the social conditions in New York City," said Dr. Moskowitz. "Its passage would prevent effective enforcement of the dance hall act. Under the dance hall law some of the most notorious resorts have been refused licenses. The bill would permit appeals

to be made to the courts for a technical review of the action of the city official in refusing to permit improper dancing and the sale of liquor in such places."

THE following year, Mrs. Moskowitz — then Mrs. Israels — and Dr. Moskowitz turned politicians. Mrs. Israels made a seconding speech at the Progressive Convention in Syracuse when Oscar Straus was nominated for Governor of New York State, and Dr. Moskowitz made an unsuccessful race for Congress in the East Side district under the emblem of the Bull Moose in the first year of the Republican scissure.

Both proved apt learners in the ancient science, for when the anti-Tammany forces met in the year 1913 to name Charles S. Whitman (later Governor) for Mayor, they found that Dr. Moskowitz had upset their plans and won enough of his East Side friends to nominate John Purroy Mitchel by the bare majority of two votes. Even veteran Tammany manipulators sat up and took notice of this new figure in local politics. Whitman's friends vowed vengeance, but they forgot it in another twelve months when the Republicans nominated for Governor New York's fighting District Attorney, who had sent Tammany police inspectors to prison for grafting, and Lieutenant Becker and his four East Side gunmen to the electric chair for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler. And Mayor Mitchel rewarded Dr. Moskowitz with the Chairmanship of the New York Civil Service Commission. That November — 1914 — Mrs. Israels and Dr. Moskowitz were married and their joint political career, and their transition from the ranks of the most rabid anti-Tammanyites into the most zealous supporters of Fourteenth Street, can only be briefly sketched here.

This transition is all the more astonishing because of the background of this couple who devoted the full flush of their youth to fighting all for which Tammany stood. This is particularly true of Dr. Moskowitz, who made a second try for Congress on the Bull Moose ticket in 1914, and later aided Meyer London, Socialist nominee for Congress, who carried the East Side against Tammany. Bitter were Moskowitz's tirades against Tammany then, but no more so than his attacks on the War during the early part of the world strife. Then he proudly voiced his belief in two of the cardinal doctrines of Karl Marx, Pacifism and Internationalism.

ON MARCH 16, 1915, the Pacifists held a meeting in the Quaker Meeting House in Rutherford Place. *The New York Times* in its issue of the following day described the meeting as anti-militaristic and gave the lion's share of the account to Dr. Moskowitz's speech. Histories, said Dr. Moskowitz, according to *The Times* report, should be rewritten "without glorification of soldiers or wars", and he formally proclaimed himself a Pacifist — a somewhat needless avowal in view of his speech.

Dr. Moskowitz was not long at the head of the city's Civil Service Commission before he was accused of breaking down the merit system. This charge was freely made, and the head of the State Civil Service Commission, Dr. Meyer Wolf, a Democrat, who conducted an investigation, said:

"I have official evidence of numerous instances in which Dr. Moskowitz has shown a flagrant disregard for the principles of Civil Service. The most glaring is the recent appointment, through the connivance of Commissioner Kingsbury, of forty-seven investigators at salaries ranging from $1,200 to $2,500 a year."

And the State Civil Service head added that Commissioners Moskowitz and Kingsbury had little to learn from either Tammany Hall or the Barnes machine, as the Republican State organization was called. Another who assailed Dr. Moskowitz was Henry Sibley Elgot, Editor of *The Civil Service Magazine*. He soon found that all avenues of news in the Commission were closed to him and his magazine, and publicly accused Dr. Moskowitz of this particular piece of press censorship. Dr. Moskowitz, who defied his critics, continued as head of the Municipal Civil Service Commission until the last few months of the Mitchel administration, when he was made Commissioner of Markets.

When this country entered the war, Mrs. Moskowitz was named head of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense; while, after Tammany's triumph over Mitchel in 1917, Dr. Moskowitz found a good job as personnel manager for the Submarine Boat Corporation, a rather hard bed for an avowed Pacifist.

IN 1918, Smith was nominated for Governor. Abram I. Elkus, who was counsel for many years to "Big Tom" Foley, the Tammany leader, surnamed Smith's political godfather because he introduced the Governor into public life and — but let me quote from the special article on Mrs. Moskowitz in *The Sunday World* of July 15, 1923, written by Charles S. Hand, one of the best informed political writers of the day, who was recently made secretary to Mayor James J. Walker:

> Ex-Judge Elkus was steering Governor Smith's political craft in the campaign of 1918 when Mr. Smith was candidate against ex-Governor Whitman. Justice Proskauer, who was the Judge's law partner, urged that Mrs. Moskowitz be selected to organize the women voters for Mr. Smith. Mrs. Moskowitz's appointment as Chairman of the Women's Division of the Citizen's Committee for Governor Alfred E. Smith followed.

Although Mr. Elkus was nominally chairman of the Smith campaign committee in 1918, Proskauer was the actual head, as he has been in all of Governor Smith's political ventures since.

JUSTICE PROSKAUER had been known as a reformer up to this campaign. He was active in the City Club — which in the language of one of its trustees was quickly transformed into a Tammany annex after Smith's election as Governor — and in the Citizens' Union. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the latter non-partisan organization and with the help of Clarence M. Lewis, another of his law partners, also on the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union, did yeoman service in behalf of Governor Smith in this anti-Tammany organization.

From the moment when Justice Proskauer launched Mrs. Moskowitz into the roiled waters of Tammany politics she has constantly been in the employ of the Governor or his party with the exception of the two years he was out of the Governor's chair, 1921 and 1922. After his defeat in 1920 by

Nathan L. Miller, he found her a job with the New York Port Authority. In 1922 she was back in the Smith campaign again, this time as publicity director. And here I will again quote from the Hand article in *The World:*

> The newspaper correspondents at Albany [Hand was then Albany correspondent for *The World*] have long been aware that before arriving at a decision on questions of prime importance, Governor Smith has almost invariably taken counsel of Mrs. Moskowitz. But a sense of delicacy prevailed against frequent use of Mrs. Moskowitz's name in dispatches from the capital. Hence the public has no adequate conception of the important part Mrs. Moskowitz has played in heightening Governor Smith's political stature to the altitude of Presidential proportions. . . He has consulted with her about appointments, big and small; action upon bills sent by the Legislature, messages, proclamations, public addresses and all manner of political matters.

And every political writer in New York State agreed with all that Hand wrote of Mrs. Moskowitz's relations to the man that Tammany was grooming for the Presidency.

AN EQUALLY prominent part, yet in another direction, has been played by Joseph M. Proskauer in the development of Governor Smith into a national figure. He is utterly unlike the Moskowitzes in manner and appearance. He is tall, while they are both below medium size. Mrs. Moskowitz is assertive and always appears at ease. Her husband seems shy and retiring. Proskauer—if memory serves me aright—wears the Phi Beta Kappa key. He looks the scholar and patronizes one of the best tailors in town. He and his wife are opera-goers — I am trusting to memory again — and have seats for the Friday night performances at the Metropolitan. He has deep brown eyes, an olive skin tanned on the golf course, black hair streaked with gray, and a close-cropped moustache. There is a mastery in his gait, his look, and his voice, and his speech bears the soft impress of his native Mobile.

HE WAS twenty-three years of age when he graduated from the Columbia University Law School in 1899. He joined the law firm of Schell and Elkus, later reorganized as Elkus, Gleason and Proskauer. After Smith's election as Governor in 1918, he saw his partner, Abram Elkus, who had been counsel for years to Tammany's "Big Tom" Foley, appointed to a vacancy on the highest court of the State — the Court of Appeals. And in 1923, some months after he had directed Governor Smith's 1922 campaign to a successful close, Joseph Proskauer himself was appointed to a judicial vacancy. And Governor Smith made the gift a fourteen year term at the next election by giving Justice Proskauer the Tammany nomination for the Supreme Court bench.

In 1924, for the first time in the history of the bench of New York since the days of Tweed, a member of the Supreme Court of the State of New York took an active part in a partisan campaign. And if the ermine against a background of gray smoke in a partisan conclave is the symbol of the "New Tammany", Justice Proskauer is its inventor. In every campaign since then Justice Proskauer has occupied a room in the Smith headquarters, directing the forces of Tammany, and generally advising the Governor.

We now come to Surrogate James A. Foley, whom we have previously met as a member of the Assembly

in 1911 when the Moskowitzes were denouncing his dance hall legislation. Now all three are working for Tammany Hall, proving, if proof were needed, that there is truth in the old saying: politics makes strange bedfellows. Like Proskauer, Surrogate Foley is scholarly in attainments and appearance. He is tall, dark visaged, and a master of English. He too was a member of the Smith Board of Strategy and attended the Houston Convention.

After six years in the Assembly, Foley was elected in 1912 to the State Senate. Here he served until 1919 when Murphy, Tammany leader, whose step-daughter he married in his last year as Senator, nominated him for the vacancy in the Surrogates' Court. In the same session in which he introduced the dance hall measure which roused the wrath of the settlement workers, Foley was Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Affairs of Cities, and he was one of the drafters of the "ripper" charter for the City of New York which Tammany wanted but which the Democratic Governor, John A. Dix, opposed. Dix, who would not take orders from the Tammany Boss, was denied a renomination by Mr. Murphy, a favorite device of Murphy and his predecessors in stifling independence of elective officials. On September 15, 1911, this letter was published in the newspapers:

September 13, 1911.

Hon. James A. Foley,
Assembly Chamber,
Albany, N. Y.
Sir:

It has come to our attention that you are counsel for the Interborough Contractors' Association, which publicly announces that the proposed new charter contains changes from the existing law of material benefit to contractors. You have at the same time been acting as chairman of the Assembly Committee on Affairs of Cities, and have taken the lead in framing and advocating the very charter which your clients, the contractors, appear to desire so strongly.

You cannot serve two masters; you cannot effectively guard the rights of the people while being employed by such private interests. We think you ought to resign from the committee, and we are making this letter public in order that the people may know how they have been served by their representatives in preparation of the proposed charter.

WILLIAM JAY SCHIEFFELIN
Chairman (of the Citizens' Union)

FOLEY denied that he had drawn up the provisions of the proposed charter affecting his clients. Answering the suggestion of the head of the Citizens' Union that he resign, he observed that it was "almost as humorous as their soliciting contributions from the public to defeat the charter instead of helping the committee in its work." Then he added: "It's unfortunate to have to earn one's living, that's all."

Surrogate Foley occupies a position unique in the history of Tammany. After the death of Boss Murphy, Governor Smith had him elected leader of the Wigwam. On May 15, 1924, the day following his election, Foley amazed the Tammany district leaders when he sent them a letter in which he said: "With deep regret I decline the election as leader of Tammany Hall." He gave ill health as the reason for his unprecedented action. Governor Smith turned again to the bench and selected Judge George W. Olvany, of the Court of General Sessions, to succeed Murphy who, after twenty-two years as leader, and without any other employment — a Tammany leader receives no salary —

left an estate in excess of two million dollars. More than $100,000 of this was willed outright to the wife of Surrogate Foley. And Olvany gave up a $17,500 job to take the headship of Tammany for the honor inherent therein. Before going on the bench he had been a Tammany district leader. His law practice is very extensive.

ANOTHER in the Smith inner circle whose friendship with the Governor began when both were young men in the Assembly is James J. Hoey. Like Foley he was born in New York City, but his youth was spent on the plains and in the Black Hills, where his father was employed in building railroads. In size, carriage and manner, Hoey is essentially a Westerner. We were talking together in the old Madison Square Garden, during a session of the 1924 Convention. "I'm in politics," said Hoey, "just to help my friends." That must stand unchallenged, for he is perhaps the only man, high in the councils of Tammany Hall, who does not profit from his political connections. He is head of a general insurance agency, which is said to be the largest in the country. He has just turned fifty and looks fifteen years younger. This is partly due to his early life when he punched cattle.

It was not until he was twenty, on the return of his family to New York, that he had any systematic schooling. Then, while working by day, he attended night school for six years and later studied law. As a member of the Assembly, Hoey was a typical Tammany man on party measures, but he had his own private legislation. This consisted of bills for gymnasiums in the public schools, for vocational schools and other legislation to better the lot of the city boy and girl. This forward-looking legislation died — New York State was not quite ready for these reforms. But Hoey has lived to see his efforts enacted into law. In this humane legislation we have the measure of the real "Jim" Hoey. A comparatively large part of his time and a generous part of his income (which counts less in the matter of values) are given to helping the children of the poor. He is head and guiding spirit of the Boys Club Federation, a national non-sectarian organization, and is active in other philanthropic endeavors. The thought will not down, as I write, that there are far too few Hoeys in the machine politics of our big cities.

NO BIG Tammany show would be complete without a rich contractor. He is as necessary as a ringmaster is to a circus. So permit me to present William F. Kenny, who made $30,000,000 in contracts from the public utility companies of New York City, and is owner of the biggest and most expensive private car on American railroads, the St. Nicholas, called by politicians the Santa Claus, and used by Governor Smith on his travels. The name of Kenny first became familiar to newspaper readers outside New York when the middle-aged contractor testified before the Senate Campaign Fund Committee this year. George R. Van Namee, of the Public Service Commission, had preceded Kenny on the witness stand and swore that he and Gilchrist had obtained a $20,000 contribution to Smith's pre-convention fund and a loan of $50,000 from Kenny which was unsecured. Kenny took the stand and

said the entire $70,000 was a gift "out of love and affection for Governor Smith, and a lifelong friendship." And he told the inquisitors that he was ready to give his shirt to advance the political fortunes of his old friend.

THE story of William F. Kenny is like a Horatio Alger romance. He was born in New York's East Side. At thirteen he was driving an ash cart for the Edison Company. After a few years of this he went West, working in a slaughter house in Wyoming. Deciding that the West was not his field, he returned to New York with a bride and less than five dollars in his pocket. He returned to his old job for the Edison. Kenny's father was a Battalion Chief of the New York Fire Department. There was a bad blaze in one of the Edison plants and Chief Kenny did work that made the late Nicholas F. Brady, who controlled the New York Edison, deeply grateful. He sought out Chief Kenny.

"What can I do for you?" asked Brady.

"Nothing, thanks," said Chief Kenny, "but if you want to give my son a chance, I'd appreciate it."

Young Kenny did not have to wait long for his first contract.

No eastern potentate has entertained more extravagantly than has Kenny in his "Tiger Room", that now famous apartment on the top of a big office building on the southwest corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. At one end of the room is a stage, where one evening recently, for a bare handful of guests, Kenny had the entire cast of a Broadway girl show perform. The Tammany emblem is worked into the decoration of the room, in carving, in oils, and in bronze — hence the name.

Kenny's residence is a triplex apartment on Fifth Avenue facing Central Park. He was one of those who, in the language of Wall Street, got in on the ground floor with Raskob in General Motors and the Radio Corporation, and a friendly sketch of Kenny credits him with having bought outright huge blocks of these stocks, estimated this past summer to have a market value of more than a hundred million dollars. In addition, Kenny owns acres of land in The Bronx which he bought when it was under cultivation, and holds title to twenty-five large apartment houses and six office buildings. From which the reader may appraise for himself the value of Kenny's shirt, which he has so generously offered to help his old friend Governor Smith.

Movies and Talkies

By Monta Bell

Now that the screen has found its voice, what will it have to say? A noted director, pioneering for Paramount in the production of sound pictures, sifts out the common sense of the current film sensation

Colonel Charles Lindbergh's take-off for Paris was flashed on the screen of the Roxy Theatre in New York on the night of June 25, 1927. From the showing of that news reel there dates as astonishing an upheaval in the motion picture industry as was caused in American aviation by the event which it pictured.

A sudden whirring sound had swept through the Roxy auditorium that June evening, and then, to one of the most frenzied acclamations in theatre history, the actual sounds of the flight's start were reproduced.

The roaring of the airplane motor, the shouts of goodbye, and the gasping of the crowd when the plane seemed destined to crash before leaving the ground — the final cheer of relief when the young birdman began to rise — were all reproduced with startling reality.

The roar of Lindbergh's engine still echoes in Hollywood today — more loudly than ever. Millions are being spent for new equipment; producers, writers, actors, directors, are in a ferment of uncertainty; and from coast to coast the question is being debated whether a medium of entertainment that draws daily audiences of fourteen million persons is to be thrown into a veritable hurlyburly of inartistic experiment with noise and speech — at the very time when the silent cinema art is reaching notable heights of beauty and power as pantomime only.

All this because six thousand theatre patrons went wild when they heard the incidental clamor of Lindbergh's take-off!

Of course, subsequent events rapidly conspired to accelerate the current stampede to talking movies. Barely a year ago as this is published, Warner Brothers released for the first time a picture called *The Jazz Singer*, with Al Jolson in the leading rôle. It was announced that Jolson would sing several of his best known numbers, and that his voice actually would be heard speaking lines from the screen. The picture was instantly a success. A "wow," they called it, rightly, for few pictures in the history of the industry have been the box

office sensations that *The Jazz Singer* was, and still is.

With a gasp, producers everywhere sat up and took notice. "What's going on here?" they asked themselves in alarm. Whatever it was, they decided, the time had come to get on board the bandwagon and to ride with the crowd. As one, they joined in the race for sound. Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*, and Colonel Lindbergh in the Movietone news reel, had done more for the popular development of talking pictures than had been accomplished in fifteen previous years of painstaking experiment.

SINCE that time, the industry has rushed head over heels into the sound picture. New devices began almost instantly to appear on the market. Intensified selling campaigns were launched in the exhibitor fields in order that there might be a market for the synchronized product. Studios equipped themselves with special stages for producing sound. Synchronizing companies worked day and night to meet the demand for music and effects. Legitimate stage actors began to think of the patronizing, and slightly caustic, remarks they would make to the youthful stars of Hollywood who, of course, would be needed no longer now that speech was required of them. Dreams of new wealth drifted up before the disappointed old timers, who had looked enviously and with disapproval at the movie sheiks and queens with their Rolls Royces, and who now, for the first time, saw visions of themselves enjoying the same opulence.

Hollywood palpitated with excitement. Proud stars, it was said, who took orders from no one, were meekly submitting to voice tests. Eighteen thousand extras began filing information with the Central Casting Office as to their experience in speaking lines. And the first complete talking picture with dialogue came along amid press agent didoes. One company after another announced that it had acquired rights to sound devices. Even the comedies were to be produced with sound, that we might hear, as well as see, a pie spatter a comic's face. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences began an intensive study of the situation. Difficulties of foreign distribution arose and cast weird shadows before the producers' eyes. Broadway heard that every legitimate actor was being flooded with contracts and that Hollywood was going to move to Manhattan. It was sound, sound, sound.

DIFFERENCES of opinion arose at once as to the future of "talkies," as the dialogue films came instantly to be known in picture circles. One producer sailing for Europe on Monday would give out a statement that in five years there would be no more silent screen. The next day another producer, sailing for Europe, would warn the industry that the picture was still the important piece of entertainment and that sound would have to be subordinate. A third producer, sailing for Europe on Wednesday, would predict a complete new order in motion picture production — new scenario writing, new acting, new direction, new effects which would double the attendance. The results of thirty-two years' endeavor were to crash before this new startling device. Everybody predicted something, and nearly everybody predicted something different.

Never in the history of the industry was there, or is there, such divergence of opinion, or such feverish activity.

Production costs would be lowered, one producer declared. Production costs would be doubled, said another. The foreign market would be killed off, a third predicted; the foreign market would not be affected, protested a fourth. We were told that talking pictures would soon deal a death blow to legitimate drama, which had long since suffered so disastrously from movie competition. We were told, on the other hand, that the speaking shadows of the screen would revive public interest in dialogue and take people back to the flesh and blood drama of the stage. We were even told that Broadway productions would be photographed and synchronized and sent out to compete with the products of Hollywood — a fantastic scheme ignoring essential differences in technique between film entertainment and the speaking stage.

INDEED, everybody began to think in diverse terms of talking pictures; and not only to think but to act. Every important producing company today is seriously engaged in making talking pictures. The latest survey shows that in the 1928–29 product there will be 225 feature pictures with synchronization, and 1,012 short subjects with sound. Seven hundred and ninety-nine theatres are already equipped for sound and the number is being added to daily — hourly. Undoubtedly, talking films will rejuvenate the public interest and add vitality to the industry. The furor over sound is, for the time being at least, certain to bring new patrons to the motion picture theatres. But what of the future? What place has sound in our scheme of silent things? What are the problems to be faced? Where are we going? How soon will sound find its true level?

AS I SEE it, the picture itself — silent action in a silent medium — is still the foundation of screen entertainment. Sound is simply an accessory. I do not look and hope for continuous dialogue in pictures, but simply for added dramatic effectiveness through sound effects. The soughing of the winds, the ceaseless murmur of waves, the barking of dogs, the crashing of thunder, the roaring of cannons, the sound of an elevated railway outside a window, are important and highly desirable. Add to these, effective dialogue in dramatic moments, and the usefulness of sound reaches its peak. The picture remains. Action continues to be paramount in importance. Quality in the picture itself continues to be the dominant object of the producer. Sound becomes important but remains subordinate.

There is no getting away from the fact that that which the eye sees is the chief attraction of the screen. After about fifty feet of a "picturized" overture I begin to get restless. My eyes get tired of the same figures scraping the same violin bows. No matter how good the music is, the pictures of an orchestral work become monotonous.

Good directors will avoid this monotony by making the screen continuously interesting. If a Beethoven Symphony is being played, the picture may be telling Beethoven's story or revealing what he had in mind when he composed the music. Then the eye is entertained while the ear is being

satisfied, and the combination is highly pleasing.

Realization of this fact will lead to the use of many new and interesting camera angles. While a ballet is being played, for instance, the camera can be dodging about, catching a glimpse of dancers, of bounding legs, of billowing skirts. There will be scenes from behind, from above, from various angles — the idea being always to keep the eye pleased while the ear is being delighted.

To be specific, let us suppose that Miss Gertrude Lawrence is singing a song. Just to see Miss Lawrence singing becomes, after a while, wearisome to the eye if not to the ear. Not that Miss Lawrence is not attractive or that her singing is wearisome. But we have been so trained for action that involuntarily we weary of one set figure. If, instead of showing her standing in front of a camera singing for ten minutes, the camera should steal away, give us a glimpse of the chorus behind her, flit here and there, while her voice is coming from the screen, only to conclude with Miss Lawrence in some of her captivating expressions, then you would have something to hold the attention.

JUST now we hear loud percussions on Broadway to the effect that the legitimate actor is going to overthrow the movie stars of today. Frank Gillmore, secretary and treasurer of the Actors' Equity, who does not question the success of talking films, and who thinks audiences will never again be satisfied with silent drama, argues that the industry must turn to the stage for material. "Since dialogue means acting, not the mere memorizing of words," he says, "the best actors will be sought after. Actors whose training and natural aptitude make it possible for them to step into parts and act them without being given detailed description."

WHILE unquestionably there will be, for a time, a certain stimulated demand for actors with ability to speak dramatic lines, I do not believe that the public is going to throw over Clara Bow, Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, Jack Gilbert, and Charlie Farrell, nor any other of the motion picture stars who have arresting personalities. Nor do I think that the public is going to throw over Emil Jannings, and Pola Negri, and Greta Garbo, and Ramon Novarro, because they have accents. These people have something the public demands; and whether they can speak or not, makes very little difference after all. The thought that all the stars who have not had stage experience are going to be discarded and forgotten is in my opinion ridiculous.

The public has always been drawn to motion pictures by the personalities of the stars, and there is no reason, I believe, to think that this will ever cease to be the case. The first and greatest test of motion picture work is personality, and that is going to remain the first and greatest test. Besides, in making talking pictures we are not simply going to put stage plays on the screen. If we do that, we are committing folly, for stage plays do not lend themselves directly to screening.

Nor is our scenario writer to be discarded. He will still write scenarios, and where there is a need of titles, the titles can be spoken. Just as the best pictures are those which have the

fewest titles, the best talking pictures will be those with the least talk. It is always preferable to advance an idea by what we call "a piece of business" than by words whether spoken or written.

As a matter of fact, how many players on the stage today are known for their voices? Do we demand perfect diction of our actors? Even in England there is no such high regard for diction as ordinarily we suppose. Rather, is it not true that we care more for types? In motion pictures especially, types are utilized and desirable for the very reason that the screen is now, and always has been, more realistic than the stage and is more concerned with natural human relations. The stage does not even approach the screen in reality. And besides, why should anyone think that the motion picture actors and actresses, simply because they got started in a different dramatic medium, cannot speak for the screen? They have average voices. And that is what we need. There is no necessity for shouting in front of a sound recording device. The slightest whisper can be recorded and amplified to reach every corner of a theatre.

Many stage voices, it seems to me, are undesirable for the screen. Put an actor on a stage and he at once begins declaiming. Tradition has it that this line should be spoken thus and so. Hamlet's musings on suicide must be read this way because someone else once declaimed them this way. Any other interpretation is shocking, almost blasphemous. Because the screen has tried to be natural, it has escaped much of the artificiality of the stage, and it is hoped it will continue to do so.

What is more, a substantial majority of the best known motion picture actors today have had some stage experience. One of the biggest studios in Hollywood, with probably the largest stock company, reports that at least sixty-five per cent. of its actors had legitimate dramatic experience previous to entering the motion picture. A recent survey revealed that of 143 featured players in six studios in Hollywood, eighty-five — or sixty per cent. — have had stage experience.

I think it is a slight exaggeration, therefore, to say that every legitimate actor on Broadway is being importuned to appear in pictures and that the favorites of the screen are doomed. Many of the legitimate actors will tell you of the number of offers they have had, but many of the offers are imaginary. The industry is not going to engage a great number of persons without having definite need of them. When we have a picture which requires certain types and certain actors, we will go out and get those actors just as the stage producer does when he has a play calling for a definite number of performers. Most of the actors and actresses who would succeed in pictures are already in pictures. The others have been tried and discarded.

One of the drawbacks to the continuous dialogue film is that, to be successful, the dialogue must be spoken in a "close-up." If two figures on opposite sides of a room are talking, the voice of each comes apparently from the center of the screen. This may have an advantage in foreign prints, for it might be possible to have lines spoken in a foreign language

where the movement of lips is not closely shown; but for home consumption the effect is not so reassuring. Otherwise the talking film will have no demand abroad.

Sound effects, on the other hand, can be understood anywhere, just as music can be understood anywhere. The future, therefore, of sound effects and of synchronized music is assured.

To the director, the most interesting possibility of the talking, or synchronized, picture is that of presenting a complex situation, such as that of hearing the voice of one actor and of seeing the face of another. The reaction of the person addressed is frequently of more importance than the person speaking.

Take this one very simple illustration. A man goes to the telephone and picks up the receiver. A voice on the other end says, "I'm sorry, but your wife and child have just been killed." We hear the voice without seeing the speaker. What we do see is the husband to whom this tragic news has been brought. That, to the director, would be something worth while. It has real dramatic interest. You can feel the grip of it; and out of this simple little illustration may come a thousand variations.

ONE thing that the industry will find out for itself is that talking pictures will raise the cost of production. Some of the best informed technicians estimate that introduction of sound will raise the production costs of feature pictures by as much as half a million dollars. On the face of it, this statement would appear misleading. Certainly many scenes now taken by the director in an effort at the "right one" will be eliminated, true enough, but where we gain in footage of film, we lose in rehearsals. In the past we have engaged stars, paid them well, and used them for a few days, after which we were through with them. Now we shall have to spend days and weeks rehearsing, just as the Broadway legitimate producer rehearses his cast, and we shall have to pay for those rehearsals. With dialogue and sound made to fit, there will be no such thing as cutting a picture after a film is completed.

THERE are now in operation two totally different methods of reproducing sound — the disc method, and the sound-on-the-film method. The Vitaphone, simpler and first of the methods, is based on synchronized recording of film and sound. For this purpose a single motor is used for the camera and the turntable on which is the phonograph disc. The speed of both instruments is synchronized, the sound being relayed through a microphone as the film is taken. In showing the picture, the process is simply reversed, the projection machine and the turntable being synchronized so that, as the film unreels, the phonograph disc keeps time on the revolving turntable. An amplifier measures the volume of sound.

The Movietone process is more complicated. Sound vibrations, synchronized with the camera's photography, are transformed through a microphone into electric vibrations. The electric vibrations agitate a light contained in a tube and directed at the edge of the raw, or unexposed, film. These subtle flickers produced in the tube light imprint themselves down the edge of the film in the "sound track". By reversing the process, and

making use of an amplifier instead of a microphone, and a projection machine instead of a camera, the electrical vibrations are turned back into sound.

IT IS too early to say which is the better method. Both will have a trial, and performance will raise the hand of the victor. Improvements, of course, will be made, for technical experts are at work on every mechanical problem connected with the instruments.

In directing pictures, I have never leaned toward rehearsals. I always take the actors into my confidence, discuss with them the action which we are to "shoot," give them my interpretation of its meaning, and try to explain what I think is the spirit of the story. If there are any suggestions, I am glad to have them. I have always felt that actors, whom I choose for rôles in my pictures, are sufficiently equipped to play their parts without too much direction. In other words, if there are seven actors on a set, I want them to be seven individuals — and not seven Monta Bells.

I am not yet sure what effect directing "sound" pictures will have on this theory. The studio for the talking picture is totally unlike the motion picture studio. There can be no sunshine; no open air. The studio, rather, is like a padded cell on a large scale, enclosed and sealed to keep out all other sound. Even the electric lights are especially built to do away with reflections of sound. There must be no noise, no sound other than that of the human voice speaking the lines accorded to the scene.

Before calling for the camera and sound, the director may rehearse the scene as often as he wishes; but when all is arranged, he may only wave his hand and the action begins. A wave of the hand stops the scene. There have been no hurried calls, no spoken directions.

TALKING and synchronized pictures today are where motion pictures were fifteen years ago. So far they have had a tendency to drag the motion picture backward. The inevitable result of the present excitement in motion picture circles will be that producers will, in all probability, rush out and make a number of bad sound pictures during the next two years. There will be too many titles, and the result will be discordant entertainment. Then the reaction will come. Sound will find its level. Good taste and economy will again triumph. The talking picture will take its normal place and serve its useful purpose.

That purpose will be a mighty one and will include gorgeous climax effects, lifting the pictures out of the ordinary and giving them new life, new meaning. Inevitably out of the present friction in the industry there will spring a rejuvenated art of the screen.

The Madonna of Rumania

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

Rumanian royalty has long peculiarly fascinated America. There was Carmen Sylva, then Queen Marie, and now the lately divorced Princess Helen, whose tragic life is here sketched by a clever young Princess soon to visit the United States

It has so happened that the most retiring and gentle Princess in the world has been recently of all royalties the most frequently mentioned in the papers, and this not due to an action of her own but to that of others.

For most readers her name calls up that feeling of indifferent pity that the forsaken receive from public opinion. The prejudice against a woman who has not been the strongest in the battle of life shadows her image. She is in fact an abandoned wife.

Those who have not seen her can not easily imagine the spell cast by the charming personality of Helen of Greece, Princess of Rumania.

Beauty is not always accompanied by charm, and often one sees charm making up for the absence of beauty. All those who happen to know the daughter of King Constantine and Queen Sophia will admit that the combination of charm and beauty does exist. Her dimples relieve and soften the classic regularity of her features and give them a touch of childishness which is irresistible. Her tall figure, magnificent shoulders, her great dignity of manner, added to the fact that she is a King's daughter and the mother of a King, might impress the observer to the extent of overwhelming him, if it were not for her smile, which reassures and warms the heart of everyone who approaches her. This smile of Helen of Greece I have only seen on the faces of the young goddesses of the Acropolis in Athens, her birthplace.

The ancient artist who carved those statues gave to Pallas Athene, Divine Wisdom, the appearance of a smiling girl. Princess Helen has shown her wisdom in the struggle against fate and there is heroism in her gentle smile. The story of her life, short as it is in years, is a record of tragedies, and only through the balance of an exceptional character has she been able to maintain the brightness of her nature.

In her early girlhood she saw her father, King Constantine, mount the throne after the violent death of her grandfather, King George I, who was

assassinated in the streets of Salonika. Not unnaturally, she trembled ever after for her father's safety, in peace and war. During her childhood Greece was a theatre of strife, divided by internal troubles and three times at war with Turkey. After the World War, the struggle was renewed.

Between these wars there were revolutions. Repeatedly her family had to leave Athens as exiles. The first time her father was banished as Crown Prince, the second and the third time as King; and on the fourth occasion when Queen Sophia tried to bring his body back to Greece for burial, his corpse was rejected by his adopted country.

Who can know better the inconstancy of people and politics than Princess Helen, who saw her father, to whom she was passionately attached, banished like a malefactor, cheered like a hero, again dismissed, again recalled, praised, calumniated, then entering his capital as a victor, again banished, and finally refused a sepulchre?

Whoever enters Princess Helen's sitting-room in Bucharest is struck at first sight by the dominating picture of her father. He is the worshipped, she the worshipper.

TO THE misfortunes of her family we must add the strange and dramatic death of her young brother Alexander, who was made King by the Allies and remained in Athens under the protection of their guns. While he was amusing himself in the Royal Gardens with a couple of monkeys, one of them in a sudden fit of rage inflicted upon him a bite which proved fatal a few days after.

All those domestic bereavements happened in a most united family, and to them were added political and national disasters affecting all Princess Helen's nearest relatives. Her father, of the Danish house of Glücksburg, lost the throne of Greece; her mother, a Hohenzollern, has seen her all-powerful brother, William II, flee as a refugee to Holland, abandoning the throne of Germany; the Czar Nicolas II, head of the family of her grandmother, Queen Olga, born a Romanoff, was murdered in Tobolsk with his wife and children — the latter her own cousins and young girls like herself.

WHAT a preparation this, for all that was to happen to her later! How can one wonder at an answer she once gave to some of us, while taking part in the favorite amusement of the Rumanian royal family when in intimacy, a pencil game of questions and answers? The question was: "What is life?" and the beautiful young girl, who was not yet engaged to Prince Carol, and who had come to Sinaia on a visit with her sister, Princess Irene, gave this amazing answer:

"What is life? A thing of many terrors."

A short time after this visit, Princess Helen became the fiancée and a few months later the wife of the heir to the Rumanian throne. As far as human foresight could go this seemed not only a highly convenient but also a happy match. Carol had already behaved like a prodigal son and his return had been greatly fêted by King Ferdinand, Queen Marie, the royal family and the Rumanian people.

All the nation was exalted by hope when Princess Helen made her appearance in Bucharest as Crown Princess.

Her beauty, her radiant smile, combined with the dimples, seemed a sure gage of stability and happiness in the royal household. Another favorable omen was the fact that for the first time since its establishment as a united kingdom, Rumania had a Crown Princess and a future Queen of the same religion as the people. Carmen Sylva had been a Protestant, and so was Queen Marie. This Orthodox daughter of the Greek Church pleased immensely the Rumanian peasantry. They all felt that the mother's creed goes naturally to the child, and they rejoiced in the thought that for the first time a future King of Rumania would be taught his earliest prayers by a mother who would share their faith and his.

At the birth of their first child, the joy of Prince Carol and his young wife was shared by the whole nation. Christened in Sinaia, amid the beautiful scenery of the Carpathians, the little Prince was given the name of Michael, in remembrance of another Rumanian Prince, Michael the Brave, who had succeeded for the first time in uniting all the Rumanian provinces under his sceptre. The popularity of the Crown Princess among those who had the good luck to approach her was increasing every day. The simple people liked her because she was simple — because her little boy was always seen in her arms; because she was a good housekeeper and a good mother.

In Sinaia she wore the national costume and this, too, pleased the people. In Bucharest the Crown Princess knew how to keep her rank. Women of society admired her sober and elegant style of dressing. Among fashionable women she knew how to be the most fashionable. Diplomats praised her for her perfect tact and manners.

I remember an old English governess coming to me in raptures after having been received at tea by Princess Helen. She described her pouring out the tea herself for her guests and acting in all like a "perfect English lady".

One other day the royal family played pencil games at my house in Mogosoea. The question was: "What do you know best?" Many answers were given, some witty, some foolish, some inaccurate. Princess Helen answered in her clear and elegant handwriting: "My own business."

Her business she knew, and knew well.

The last time I saw them together, she and her husband, Prince Carol, were at a flower show in Bucharest. They walked along looking at the huge chrysanthemums, the Princess as usual smiling graciously and finding a kind word for each of the exhibitors. Public opinion had been alarmed for some time by gossip about Prince Carol. He was reported to have started on some unworthy love affair. I could not believe this would be serious. The Crown Princess looked so lovely that autumn morning among the richly colored flowers. I still see the gentle courtesy with which she was handed into the carriage by her husband.

A month later, Carol was gone and the whole world knew he had forsaken his young wife and his little boy. I was travelling in Egypt when it happened, and I did not return to Rumania until the following spring. Carol had renounced the throne and Princess Helen was no more the Crown Prin-

cess. Her new title, "The Princess Mother," sounded pathetic for one so young. In her sad and difficult position she had won everybody's admiration by her dignity and moral courage. Her behavior had been so wonderful that there was not a criticism to be heard, but only praise, respect and admiration. Her little son, aged four, was now Crown Prince, and he absorbed most of her time. Such leisure as was left she devoted increasingly to visits to charitable institutions.

THE education of Prince Michael was left entirely in her hands. Through the death of King Ferdinand, the Rumanian crown, which should have been Princess Helen's and had been forfeited by Carol's abdication, came to the little Michael when he was not yet six. She, who knew what sacrifice royalty must make, had to guide her child's steps when he took his seat on the throne on July 20, 1927. She did it with the supreme dignity and self possession that distinguish all her acts. The Rumanian people watched her with unspeakable emotion when she took King Michael to the House of Parliament to receive the oath of allegiance. The child, terrified by the cheers of the Assembly, flew to her and hid his face in her skirts. With firm gentleness she brought him back to face the delirious public once more.

A woman can be made a queen by marrying a king. To be oneself the maker of a king is a far more magnificent rôle to play. We all believe in Rumania that Princess Helen has every gift to undertake it: force of character, true patriotism, experience of many sorrows, wisdom, and self control.

HER native country she still loves in spite of all that has happened to separate her from it. I remember that before leaving for Athens, where I went as a tourist only two years ago, I asked her what I should salute especially for her. Her ready answer was: "Every stick and every stone." This revelation of her strong love for Greece pleased me immensely. It is to me the proof that she can love deeply and remain faithful under any circumstances. No one could be more apt in my eyes than she, who gave me this answer, to bring up a man child in righteous love of his country. She will teach him the duties of royalty more than the pleasures, as her life has known more sorrows than joys.

If general sympathy, love and admiration can help her in her task, Princess Helen may be sure to have gained it in Rumania. The heart of a Christian people is easily moved by the picture of a young mother whose son is also her King.

¶ The world's most picturesque royal figures are the seven hundred sovereign princes of India whose gorgeous Oriental feudalism is now a complicating factor amid Britain's growing problems of Empire. Ignatius Phayre, world traveller and vivid writer, contributes next month an absorbing account of these Indian rulers.

Big Business and the Little Man

By J. George Frederick

A leading expert in business research sees hope for the would-be independent despite the growing power of large combinations and chain stores

The sea has been full of scares for small fish ever since the vasty deep held any life at all. Alarm is the small creature's chronic state of mind and of course this alarm has been the main factor in progress. This philosophy, applied to the small man in business, may be Spartan, but it is as unavoidable and creative in economics as in biology.

In decades past, when the small retailer had sunk into lassitude, the department store leviathan came actively upon the scene. The little fish at once began to shiver with alarm, to cry "trusts" and worse, but at the same time to raise his own standards of service. By the time he had learned to exist side by side with department stores, the mail order leviathan swam ominously into his ken in 1910, and he was more alarmed than ever. There were actually catalogue-burning parties in public squares, and legislation to tie the fins of this new big fish. But though the mail order monster grew larger and calmly devoured many little fish, the net result was another substantial rise in level of retail public service, while there was certainly no marked catastrophe to small fish. The number of those entering the retail field went on undiminished, faster than the growth of the population.

Then came quickly, in succession, two more kinds of sea monsters, not in pairs, but in formidable schools; first, in 1921, the house-to-house canvassing firms, and second the chain stores; the latter literally sweeping the land, and frankly avid to eat as many little fish as possible. Once more the result has been, not to exterminate the small fish but to shape him creatively. The present day retailer is astoundingly more efficient than his predecessor, as one may note occasionally in villages where some old, fossilized, fly-ridden relic lives on.

The chain store is so large a fish that nothing in retailing is quite the same since his arrival. Still, the small fish are far from being exterminated. America supports today one independent retail grocery store for every sixty-three families, a larger number than before the chain store era. There is one grocery chain unit for every 164 families. In some cities these chain units have from sixty to seventy per cent. of the trade; but a recent survey

of forty cities shows the grocery chains still doing only thirty-eight per cent. of the volume of business. Taking the country as a whole, the chain stores of all types have twelve per cent. of the total retail business.

It is true, however, that the chain organizations are increasing their business by leaps and bounds. To deplore this as a threat to the happy independence of the small man is to ignore the fact that the small man's lot was never very happy. The census shows, for instance, that in the grocery field (where the chain stores have lately made the strongest gains) more than one-fourth of the independents do less than $5,000 a year volume, which means the merest pittance as a living, since the average net profit is only three per cent.

THIS precarious condition of the small retailer cannot fairly be charged entirely to big business competition, for the situation was even worse before the big chain store swam into the pond. Years ago it was a widespread condition for thousands of small grocers to be economic peons to wholesalers, who had advanced cash and credit to set them up in business. These creditor wholesalers forced the small man to take whatever stock they thought best, and he was therefore chronically insolvent and unscientifically stocked with goods. He was a complete vassal; indeed, far too weak a business man to cope at all with the chain store when it opened up next door to him.

Today, however, the independent retailer does not belie his name; he is far more efficient. The weak ones were forced out long ago, and even though fifty per cent. of the grocers in eleven cities surveyed by the Government do less than $10,000 a year each, they are not the unbusinesslike weaklings of former years.

Still, many small men in all branches of retailing are wondering what their future may be. They have lately seen the total number of chain store units of all kinds mount to about 100,000, representing about 4,500 chain organizations. During 1927 they saw over $100,000,000 in new money invested in chain stores. Can they expect to live at all in waters where the big fish are thus constantly growing bigger?

THE truth appears to be that the so-called big fish do not really eat the small fish, for they are themselves nothing but remarkably organized schools of small fish. Any small fish entering such a school may at any time leave it. Very often he does, setting up in business for himself, immensely enriched in economic possibility because of his training in the school. One of the most remarkable and little-noted results of our era of large scale business has been to provide training schools for small business men; and, more lately, actually to institute units of small business within the large scale organization.

Instead of being worsted by big business, the ordinary man in its ranks has more opportunity to rise, more power, more financial participation, and more dignity of function and responsibility. Also the small business man, trained under large scale discipline and setting up shop for himself, may become the most formidable of all competitors of large scale business.

Of course, the inefficient, stubbornly individualistic small man is only a herring in a school of whales, and is

most certainly doomed. The average life of the grocer in business has been from five to ten years, and ninety-five out of every hundred have failed. But note how small a part the bugaboo of competition plays in such failures. The credit manager of a large western wholesale grocery firm a few years ago studied five hundred grocery failures closely and found three groups of handicaps responsible. To account for sixty-five per cent. of the failures there were the beginners' handicaps, including chiefly lack of capital or incompetence. The second group, accounting for eighteen per cent. of the failures, consisted of competition and other factors and risks, such as fire, flood, sickness, death, robbery. But here it is significant indeed to note that competition, usually feared most, shrank under cool analysis to but 1.4 per cent. — little more than one-third as threatening a factor as storm, flood or fire, or as sickness and death. The third group of failures came from character-breakdown, seventeen per cent.; consisting of fraud, neglect, personal extravagance, speculation, intemperance.

THE conclusion is inevitable from these facts that if the small man's enterprise is entered upon with moderately adequate capital and experience, with good character and wise insurance against calamity, it has excellent chances of success. With credit and insurance facilities such as are available today, the only elements of uncertainty are experience and character; elements which no one but the small man can provide. Granting the character, how is he to gain the experience? Large scale business has provided the answer; he can train under big business for a time and then paddle his own canoe. Many of the great chain firms have provided schools with high priced directing heads who meticulously drill their store managers in the basic principles of retailing success.

THE old time corner grocery hardly knew "turnover" from a sugar scoop; but the live young man who has pushed his way up to the position of store manager of a chain unit makes "turnover" a religion and a science. Soon he marries and chafes at the limits of his career as a chain man, saves money and buys an independent grocery store. He then virtually turns it into a chain store in appearance and method. Often he takes away with him many of the chain store's customers. These "break-aways" are of two types, of course: first, the superior type, the born merchant, who makes a splendid retailer after the chain store experience; and second, the over-ambitious upstart who is always looking for a raise and quits in a huff when he is rebuffed. The latter has neither the balance nor the bent necessary for operating a successful store of his own, and he is soon back again after his old job.

This process has been winnowing out the good men from among chain store managers, while the growth of new chains is at the same time increasing the demand for managers. The consequence is that highly capable men are growing more scarce, and (not to pass by the ugly truth) there has been an increase of dishonesty — incorrect addition, purchase frauds from store door delivery, etc. This is why the chains admit that managers are ninety per cent. of their worry; there is an apparent man-failure staring them in the face. The chain system

is perfected, but the vital human unit is needed, and difficult to obtain.

Two examples may be illuminating. "Jim" was a chain store manager, who a year ago confided to me that he would open store for himself. He was once an "independent retailer", but although his customers liked him he never seemed able to make a decent living or to be free from serious financial worry. He took a job with a chain and in six months was manager. Freed from financial worry, and drilled by the "system," he became a particularly capable store manager. He is of that blue-eyed Irish type which many chains claim to be the best. He has a family and knows family needs. The women like his kindly, helpful, personal service. He has now mastered his early failings, and his new individual venture combines all the "snap" of a chain unit with all the convenience and personality of an independent store. He is a success.

But not so Walter, the drug chain clerk I know in a Long Island village, who set up his own drug store after quitting the chain when he married. He has grown fat and careless; his store is untidy; there is no inspector or store manager to act as drill sergeant. He was a fairly live youngster two or three years ago, under the stimulation of chain sales lectures, point system contests and the "spoofing" of his fellow clerks, but he thought the store ought to raise his salary just because he married, and he quit when refused. Now he is letting his wife wait on most of the customers — with a baby on her arm sometimes — while he spends too much time talking with salesmen who oversell him. I give him but six months more life as a retailer.

Men who have not the general range of a born merchant's qualities, including the rather opposite qualities of caution and analysis, aggressiveness and sociability, do much better to remain employees. Nevertheless, in an era of increasing prosperity, when the price cut — so specialized in by the chain stores of a decade past — weighs less and less in consumers' eyes, and service and personal interest weigh more and more, the small man, instead of being trodden under foot by big business, may inflict the sorest wound received by the chain store Goliath. He may "up and leave", and become a prosperous competitor in the neighborhood.

Even against the department store Goliath — which E. A. Filene predicts will develop into corporations including a hundred or more great stores — the small specialty shops have been able to hold their own. Discriminating, well-to-do folk like them. The employees of retailing firms are far more likely to set up as small business people than the employees of a manufacturer or wholesaler, because they require less capital. If anything, the small specialized shop has gained in prestige in recent years.

The small man's star of destiny has moved upward in still another way. Some types of large-scale business, operating chains or field organizations upon whose skill and energy the profits depend, are learning that the supreme strategy of man-management is to give the local managers the particular stimulus, pride and responsibility which the small man feels when everything is "up to him" and when he operates virtually his own business, with his own financial investment in-

volved. How effective this policy has been is seen in the case of several well known chains, operated on variations of the principle of making local store managers actual financial partners, with shares purchased from earnings, with a wide scope of authority, and the privilege of training others to open other stores and keep an ownership interest. Such managers give to their task that extra value which men give only when their own property and money are at stake. They are employees, it is true, but it is equally true that they are owners and general managers.

THERE are two other significant developments among small business men. One is, the hand-to-mouth buying habit, which has so grieved the wholesaler and manufacturer, who once habitually oversold retailers and by this means held them in bondage. The small man has rightfully shunted back nearer to the source of manufacture, and to stronger hands than his, those risks of business not properly belonging to him, under which he once staggered and so often was crushed.

On the other hand, many independents are relinquishing their ancient individualistic suzerainty in favor of coöperation, in their struggle to hold their own. They are entering into offensive and defensive alliances with each other. It is not uncommon in American business for local or national trade associations composed of "the little fellows" to inaugurate group buying, selling or advertising, with the large scale firms in the industry not included. They cannot individually buy or advertise so advantageously as the large firm, so they do it collectively.

In a particular sense, therefore, we must admit that the small man has already passed. There is hardly any place for him if he is untrained and insists on being completely isolated, noncoöperative and "on his own". The small man today is either drawing very heavily upon organized knowledge to keep afloat, and voluntarily limiting his individuality, or else he is actually operating in part as a group member.

ONLY those who resist blindly the inevitable economic tendency need fear the recent growth of nationally integrated business organizations. No matter how individualistic he may be, the wise man perceives that large scale enterprise means greater economy, service and safety, and that he must find his level within it. Indeed, the whole history of business indicates this process.

The small man in business is the cell in the body politic, and his health will always be essential to the health of the organism; but, as in the case of the cells in the healthy body, his work must be coördinated and functionalized. And to those who are now crying out against the fate of the small retailer in conflict with big business chains, I suggest the following: Compare in your own community the home, the cars, the radio, and the general living conditions of today's chain store manager — who is also part owner — with the living conditions of his predecessor, the small proprietor of an independent store, who often lived in penury above it and called upon wife and children to wait on customers. Today the chain store's hired clerk can live at least as well as could the average small proprietor himself in those earlier days of the small man's "business independence".

I Sing of Cats!

By K. C. McIntosh

A philosophic Captain, U. S. N., regards the physiology, the psychology and the philanthropy of Felis Catus with somewhat unusual but not unconvincing results

There is a persistent tradition that men and cats are but slightly less antipathetic than are dogs and cats. So firmly is it established that the average man, who probably has a sneaking desire to rub a casual kitten behind the ears, feels almost as shy about it as he would over confessing that he likes to cook or to embroider. It is taken for granted that the cat is a feminine pet, that only dogs are fit company for men.

I boast of no new discovery nor deep research in denying the above theory *in toto*. I come of a race which has never adhered to the current notions regarding cats. When Agricola found the forbears of the Scottish nation in 81, A.D., they were already known as *Cattani* and speculation was rife even then as to whether they owed their name to their favorite weapon, called *cat* or *catai*, to their warlike history epitomized in the Erse word *cath* which means "battle", to their supposed consanguinity with the German tribe called *Catti* by Cæsar, or merely to the fact that their hilly, densely wooded country was overrun by actual cats. As late as 1830, Dr. Browne could not solve the riddle, but stated that "even at this day the Gaelic inhabitants of this district (Caithness, Sutherland, Badenoch and the shores of Moray Firth) are ambitious to derive their ancestry from this tribe."

I submit that the four explanations offered above, all of them advocated by scholars, all refer to the affinity of cats and men. First of all, Caithness *was* overrun with cats; and the pictures given in the heraldic devices of that region do not show lynxes or bobcats. The Caithness cats were thin-eared, long-tailed, common tiger-cats, ranging in color from dark brindle to tortoiseshell. Second, the weapon called *cat* was a curved, double-edged dagger like a cat's claw. Third, the most superficial observation of cat nature will disclose them as the perfect warriors, wary, fearless, relentless and efficient. In cat-infested woods, it is little wonder that Gael, Celt, Pict, Goidel and Scoto-Erse all used the same word to mean "cat" and "battle". And lastly, every clan and sept which can trace true line to either *Cattani* of North Britain or *Catti* of Germany proudly bears as its crest a brindled cat in some attitude or other. The branches of Clan Chattan

surviving today in the Highlands wear their cat leaping forward with widespread claws. Those who have wandered south and who swelled the ranks of the London Scottish during the World War display their cat sitting with watchful eyes. Note the felinity of the mottoes of North Scotland: "Touch not the cat but a glove," "In defense," "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," "I bide my time."

CONSIDER the foundations of the dog's reputation. What has he done to deserve his title of "first friend"? I love dogs and they seem to consider me a desirable acquaintance; but I maintain that the dog's friendship has never been without its touch of servile inferiority. He is known as a fit companion for man mainly because of his willingness to be a constant second fiddle in the partnership. In the days before the Nineteenth Amendment was agitated, men drew up a code of rules for the guidance of their women and embodied it in the marriage service and the Talmud and the Epistles of St. Paul. Can you remember one obedience laid upon women by these authorities against which the meekest woman does not feel occasional resentment, or with which every proper dog does not yearn to comply, spirit and letter? The answer is easy! Man in his caves and log huts used his loud voice and superior strength to make his women obey him and wait upon him. When he left home to hunt or fish or merely to walk about, the women breathed more easily and did as they pleased. The dog took over where the women left off. He assumed the burden of the female of the species gladly and joyfully. He fetched and carried, he did all the heavy work of trailing and treeing the game. He stood watch while the master caught forty winks in the shade. He herded the sheep and cattle and brought the horses in from the big pasture. When beaten for a mistake, he licked the hand with the whip and begged for another chance to make good. If primitive man treated his women like dogs in the home, he treated his dogs like women in the field.

From puppyhood to toothless senility, the dog is a flatterer, a worshipper of authority, a dependent, a clinging vine. Masculine? Don't make me laugh! He is the archetype of what the Victorian novel expected a lady to be — though, thank Heaven, few of our grandmothers really were! His only male attribute is a baritone voice.

BUT the cat is different. Men also have been enjoined by prophets, princes and philosophers to live according to a code; and the code swings around individualism, self-respect, and the rights of personal property. Steadfastness, singleness of purpose, rectitude and adherence to an ideal, courage, resourcefulness and independence have been drilled into the masculine mind as the highest of human goals. The proverbs range between "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," and "Live so you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to hell!" And the man who succeeds even passably in conforming to this code is living a more or less perfected imitation of the life of a cat — any cat. Eliminate the visible effect of the *mores* upon human civilization and leave only the personal ideals. There is left the code of the cat, and that alone, as a guide to mankind.

It is often noted that friendships

between men are marked by their ability to spend hours together without exchanging words. The tale is still told of Tennyson and Carlyle sitting over their pipes and port wine in silence until three o'clock in the morning, when Carlyle rose, stretched and uttered the first words spoken during the night: "Man, but we've had a grand evening!" and departed for bed.

WOMEN are apt to outtalk and outpet a cat, with the result that however devoted the cat may be to her mistress, still she regards her much as an indulgent master regards a good dog. With men, cats assume a tacit partnership. When the man of the house enters the room, Puss will raise her head until she is sure that he knows she is there. Perhaps she may speak first, or merely answer his greeting in the language which will be later discussed; but when he is once settled comfortably, down goes her head and she speaks no more until she decides it is time to go. Then, like Carlyle, she slowly rises, always facing the man. Out go her forefeet and down go her shoulders in a long, lazy stretch. Her mouth opens in a wide smile and she audibly remarks, "So long, old top!" Shoulders rise with a jerk; one hind foot after the other is kicked out smartly. With a preliminary flourish the tail is hoisted high, and the cat goes about her business without a backward look. A dog's head would have been up and down fifty times an hour, and his nap would have been broken by a hundred anxieties as to what the man would do next.

The dog's piety is real and heartfelt; without reserve he lives to serve his master or mistress. The cat, on the contrary, refuses to allow social matters to affect her code. Proud, self-respecting and meticulous, she enjoys friendship but resents intrusion or coercion. She resents it in cavalier fashion, by dignified withdrawal.

Compare also the conduct of cat and dog when suddenly frightened or hurt. The dog screams and perhaps continues to scream with a long, terrified kiyi-ing as he removes from the vicinity with tucked-in tail and cringing hindquarters. Does the cat? Not enough to make any impression! True, she leaps away with lightning speed; but she lands facing the danger, with back arched for war and tail like the brush of a chimney-sweep. Her eyes blaze with righteous wrath; and after the first startled yowl, liquid, searing profanity flows from between her bared teeth. No other word applies, for her intention is plain. She is cursing; and the worse she has been scared, the louder swells the torrent of invective. Stiff-legged, she backs away, her deep-throated vituperation rising and falling. At a safe distance, she flings one last insult, grunts disgustedly, turns her back and stalks away with switching and indignant tail.

THE fighting methods of cats are more nearly those of primitive humanity than those of any other beast that walks the earth. Even the great apes which wrestle and box, and bite only in the clinches, show less manlike plan of battle and joy therein. From Goliath of Gath to the Child of Calamity, the swashbuckler's technique has been feline. Sighting his enemy, he manœuvres silently for higher ground; but once there he lifts up his voice. He shouts his pedigree, his strength and

his record of knockouts in past bouts. He yells aloud the low birth and general worthlessness of his adversary, daring him to knock off the chip or tread on the coat tail. Stiff-legged and tense, he imperceptibly draws nearer, his scalding invective rising in raucous crescendo. Step by step, never taking a stride long enough to be off balance for an instant, he draws within range. Then, if his adversary's gaze falters for a split second, or the sting of some insult causes muscles visibly to twitch, the torrent of abuse breaks sharply into a bellowed war-cry and the champion leaps at his antagonist. Dogs and wolves, apes and weasels, spring for the throat. Men and cats, in the first charge, "bust him where he is biggest," and try for a vital spot only after punishment has weakened or slowed the enemy's defense.

THE caterwauling which arises on moonlit nights from back fences and alleys is usually translated as the effort of some feline troubadour to persuade Maria to come into the garden. This translation is fallacious. Tom calls Maria in totally different fashion, with much the same note as that with which Maria herself calls the roll of her kittens, except that for her anxious contralto, Tom substitutes a throbbing bass. No; when Tom sings aloud, he is doing one of three things. If Maria is already there, he is showing off before his beloved, singing of his exploits and invincibility. If his auditor is not Maria but Thomas from across the railroad tracks, there is no throb in his voice, but a hard, cold edge. He is telling Thomas that while his left carries six months in hospital, his right is sudden death; that he is so tough he scares himself, and when he spits he cracks a cobblestone. But oftenest of all, singing Tom is alone with the night and the moonlight. He is a feline Finn MacCool, with ancestral memories of the wild woods, the thrill of the hunt and the keen joy of battle. He sings because he is alert, alive and alone. It is no love song that he is crooning, but a hymn, a pæan and a pibroch. He is, for a time, not just a cat, but The Cat, that drowzed in the temples of Bast or terrorized Nabeshima. For in this world of asphalt and superheterodynes, only the cat and the crow remain unchanged, independent and primæval.

TO ARRIVE at any understanding of a cat, while she is learning your language, you must learn hers; and the wealth of her vocabulary is surprising. Max Müller should have kept cats, for it is not improbable that it was from cats that *Pithecanthropus Erectus* first got the idea of speech. In cat orthography are four vowel sounds: short A (almost a French IN), long U, OW short and nasal, and OW long and drawled with much the sound of a Tidewater Virginian saying "mouse". Of consonants, five are in common use, guttural R, a German CH, K, W and Y, with a rare N. Much depends upon pitch and intonation, for cats, like ancient Greeks and modern Chinese, sing rather than speak.

"Still," demands the despiser of cats, "Why cats at all? What good are they?"

Dear sir, what good is a cravat? What good is pepper? What great and humanitarian use is served by a geranium or a ship model or a fancy radiator cap? To seek even closer home, what good is a bridge partner?

A man who lives surrounded only by servants is considered a lonely and unfortunate man. For some reason a dog is supposed to be an adequate pal; but aside from the flattering effect of the dog's vapid and usually causeless adoration of the Boss, what can a dog do about the house that cannot be done better by other agency? Is disinterested friendship worth nothing?

YES; "disinterested" is the word I mean. Too long has the cat been unjustly branded with the stigma of being a parasite. She will not bring in the evening paper nor carry home the mail, for such activities do not lie within the scope of her talent, and she will attempt nothing which she cannot do well. But however well you may have fed her, she is soon about her business of patrolling the dark places of your house. If rats and mice are not found in your neighborhood, she will start a vigorous campaign against cockroaches, waterbugs or bluebottle flies. This is her main work and she respects it; but she undertakes it with something more than an eye to her own enjoyment. Have you ever seen ceremony and dignified pride to exceed that with which a cat presents a dead mouse to her benefactor? You have given her milk and fish. She is not hungry for mice; but mice are the only commodity she can procure of which you have not already an abundance, so she does her graceful best to balance her accounts.

The traditional duties of the dog as watchman are performed by the normal dog without dignity or finesse. He makes a great deal of unnecessary noise, becomes unduly excited, and refuses to calm down for hours after the emergency is past. As an example of the efficiency of the cat under similar circumstances, I submit a true tale which I will not embroider.

ON A RECENT warm, wet night, I left two windows in a room on the lower floor of my house open when I retired. At about three in the morning the well bred cat which shares my domicile waked me with an urgent call of warning. Too sleepy immediately to translate her words, I rudely told her to be quiet; but something in her tone made me sit up. I then noticed that the wind was very high and the house was shaking. As I switched on my light, I saw the cat, silent not merely from obedience to my fretful command but from outraged dignity, standing nervously at the head of the stairs. When she saw me get up her irritation vanished — there was no time for petty things. "Look there," she cried, "and hurry up!" The portieres downstairs were whipping like flags, almost tearing themselves from the rods, and as I looked, something in the sitting-room fell with a crash. As I started down the stairs, she kept step with me; but as I passed through the wildly flapping curtains she called impatiently to follow and ran to the back room where the open windows had slipped my memory. The gale had overturned most of the furniture and was pushing it into a tangled heap. As I closed the windows, the cat stood eagerly silent; but when they were secured she again cried "Hurry! Come along!" and dashed through the house. Here I found a windowsash blown in and beyond closing; but the room was small, so I secured the door. By that time I had learned my lesson, so I looked to my watchcat for advice. She did not fail me. Through two

tightly closed doors she hurried me to the kitchen, where an outside door was swinging open and pots and pans were being wrenched off their hooks by the gusts that swept in. As I bolted the door, the cat's tense air relaxed, her tail went up, and she smiled.

"Is there anything else to do?" I asked.

"It's all right," she purred, and lay down behind the kitchen stove. She was asleep by the time I had the lights turned out; and although the wind screamed and howled for the rest of the night, she slept contentedly until morning. Thanks to her, my house escaped serious damage in a storm which caused some of my neighbors real trouble.

But best of all, that cat is my friend. We quarrel and lose our tempers, we differ as the poles in many an argument, and we spend days without speaking. But I know and she knows that between us is enduring affection and respect. When I leave this place, there will be no heartbreaking farewells. We will pledge each other in a bumper of milk and part as gentlefolk do. I will feel no anxiety about her. She can take care of herself. She will slaughter the rats in the seawall a bit more systematically, and she will make new friends as time goes on.

Calles or Chaos

By George Wheeler Hinman, Jr.

What next south of the Rio Grande? A keen journalist, knowing the subject first hand, graphically sketches the retiring President Calles, as the only Revolutionary leader to whom we can look for Mexican stability

It was a dramatic scene. Thousands upon thousands of denim clad Indians had gathered for the occasion. Afoot and ahorse, they still were streaming in to participate in the ceremonies that would epitomize the new Mexico of the last Revolution. They flaunted the red and black of that Revolution, and their banners bore its slogan, "Land and Liberty!" the theme, incidentally, of practically every rebellion in Mexican history.

The occasion was the inaugural of an agricultural school, a Governmental institution, an integral part of the revolutionary agrarian reform. It was to be one of a chain of such schools to teach Mexico's Indian millions how to farm the lands being distributed to them. The new white buildings sparkled in the clear mountain air beneath a glaring tropical sun. The new equipment, within the walls and without, shone proudly, the latest in agricultural devices, all imported from abroad and most of them from the United States. The enthusiastic school superintendent, a young man in his middle thirties, the Mexican graduate of a State agricultural college in the United States, was bursting with the importance of the occasion and the significant mission of his plant. What a pity that it could drop only 200 graduates at a time into the great sea of Mexican ignorance!

Among the milling thousands, two men stood forth with amazing prominence. Everywhere, they were the centers of interest. And with reason, for they were the two conspicuous chieftains who had survived the violent vicissitudes of Mexican revolutionary politics — and, in Mexico, all politics are more or less revolutionary. One of the two was His Excellency, the President of the Republic, a black-haired, swarthy man, with close-clipped mustache, broad, stubborn face, and penetrating black eyes, known popularly as *El Turco*, or The Turk. He wore a black suit, a black felt hat, black shoes, and carried a walking stick that seemed somehow out of keeping with the rest of the picture. The other was the past President and prospective next President of the Republic, a fair-skinned blond type, with shrewd face, close-

set, lively eyes, and sweeping, gray, military mustache. He wore the typical garb of the well-to-do *hacendado*, or gentleman rancher, from the picturesque high-crowned, broad-brimmed *sombrero* to the inevitable boots, even although he had come to the scene by train and motor. His right sleeve was pinned up — empty. He had lost an arm on the battlefield — and had won the battle.

TOGETHER these two men had fought their way to the very top of the revolutionary heap. Those in the ranks of the Revolution who had dared to defy their ambition had, one by one, but with deadly sureness, been violently eliminated by sudden death. There was only one exception — he had escaped across the border into the United States before he could be seized and placed before that supreme arbiter of Mexican justice, the firing squad. The picturesque, one-armed figure was that of Alvaro Obregon. The sombre, intense face of *El Turco* was that of Plutarco Elias Calles. Each, of course, was a General in the Revolutionary Army. Obregon was still Number One on the military list, and Calles was Number Two. These two men, so different, had fought side by side to supremacy, snuffing out one another's foes with bloody, relentless severity.

They presented an interesting contrast, as each went his own way across the scene. Wherever it passed, the towering *sombrero* was surrounded by a group of duly impressionable satellites. They hung on the roughly humorous words that came from beneath the sweeping mustache, and from time to time laughed uproariously at some particularly notable sally. Alvaro Obregon was *simpatico* — that is, in the broadest sense, he had *it*. He was a natural leader among men, on the battlefield, in politics, or in a barroom. And he was a born story-teller, unbeatable at the coarse anecdote that appealed to his circle of admirers.

Meanwhile, what of *El Turco?* With that characteristic look of intense interest on his face, he was going through the school plant for all the world like an army inspector. He had to see everything. With a passion for information that was almost terrifying, he fired question after question at the delighted superintendent. His eager eyes scanned the personnel of the student body, ardently desirous that each of the 200 should be worthy to carry the gospel of modern farming to Mexico's benighted mass of agricultural heathen. The whole enterprise was his cherished child. He was savagely determined that the dispirited Mexican peon should become independent and self-respecting. He would have been properly indignant had he known that the hungry father of one of the pupils, an aged Indian in tattered denim who had trudged a two days march over the mountains to attend the celebration, had begged a dime from a member of the Presidential party in order to buy *tortillas*, or corn cakes, for the noonday meal.

IT WAS hardly a coincidence that, although they had travelled together the political road to the agricultural school, just as they had come together to the inaugural celebration, each now went his separate way. As the only two surviving chieftains of the Revolution, it was inevitable that they should have their differences, that

each should have his friends and followers, that their lives should be filled with endless manœuvring for positions of vantage. In spite of constant effort to emphasize the close coöperation of the two, there was no concealing the growing rivalry. Clashes between groups of their followers grew more frequent, and more bitter.

THEN, with that startling suddenness that is the outstanding feature of Mexican political life, Obregon was eliminated violently from the revolutionary picture in the traditional Mexican manner, assassination. For the Mexican method is, at bottom, assassination, whether the death shots come from the pistol of an individual killer or from the rifles of a firing squad after the mockery of a so-called court martial.

So Calles stood alone, the one dominating figure on the Mexican scene. With the intensity and the tenacity of purpose that are his most conspicuous characteristics, he threw himself into the battle to save Mexico from itself, from revolution, to maintain the authority of the Revolution that had raised Obregon and himself, and, finally, himself alone, to power. He brought to the battlefield great natural executive ability. Without doubt, he was the most capable executive Mexico had seen since Porfirio Diaz, the rugged warrior who had fought his way into power half a century earlier and who had been the first to raise Mexico to the plane of reputability among the nations of the world. Indeed, with the exception of Don Porfirio, the man Calles probably had greater natural executive ability than any other chieftain in Mexican history.

This capacity was the lever which had raised him to authority and wealth in the revolutionary régime. Like others of that régime, he had had his origin in Sonora, the great State of the Mexican Northwest. His father had been Governor of the State. His mother, according to popular belief, had been of Syrian blood, which explained his sobriquet of *El Turco*. He had been named, after the Spanish fashion, Plutarco Elias Calles. The Elias was the name of his father and the Calles that of his mother. But, instead of using his father's name, he had chosen that of his mother, and he rose to fame as General Calles, not as General Elias.

His life in Sonora had been a normal one. He had been a schoolteacher, a job holder, the proprietor of a grain mill, and Governor of the State. His success had been owing to his abilities as a doer rather than as a dealer. He never showed any especial capacity for political chicanery and complicated negotiation with factional groups, but he acquired the reputation of a man who could "deliver the goods." What he said he would do, he did; and, by the same token, what he said he would not do, he did not do.

SO HE rose in the ranks of the Revolution. Indeed, he became a General of Division, although he never shone as a military leader, and possessed little faculty for the leadership of troops in the field. Rather, it was again a tribute to his executive capacity, his ability to organize, and his intense, tenacious driving power. He could organize a force, equip it, put it in the field, and, by sheer power, drive it from place to place to maintain his authority; but, when it came to actual

battle, he was compelled to rely on others.

Strangely enough, this odd contradiction of character shows in the man's figure. His burly form lacks that indefinable something that is the inborn characteristic of the military leader. There are rugged strength and determination and, also, domineering courage in those sturdy lines, but nothing of agility. They lack an essential adaptability that is necessary to the man on the battlefield who must make quick decisions to meet rapidly changing conditions. The face is a counterpart of the stalwart figure. It is a heavy, resolute face, reflecting fixed ideas and indomitable courage. It is not a face with which one would feel inclined to bargain. Those stubborn lips are not inclined to barter toward compromise. Then, too, in moments of relaxation, the eyes and the lines of the mouth reveal an innate savagery, not refined, calculating cruelty, but fierce savagery which one would hesitate to arouse.

A MAN of deep emotions, violent prejudices, and intense interests, Calles brought also to his post of solitary leadership a certain fatalistic fearlessness. It is not that he is exceptionally courageous in a personally physical sense. In fact, there are those in Mexico who are inclined to speak unflatteringly of his personal bravery under the immediate peril of bodily injury. The courage of Calles is not physical, but philosophical. There is an Oriental tinge to his fatalism, inherited, perhaps, from the Syrian mother. Hated as the man by whose orders many have been slain, hated with a fanatical bitterness as the foe of Catholic Christianity, he exposes himself to the peril of assassination with a *sang froid* that in another man would be called recklessness. Time and again, in city and in country, he scorns any sort of bodyguard as he goes his own apparently careless way among milling thousands indiscriminately collected from all walks of Mexican life.

THIS sort of courage is indispensable to the man who would rule over Mexico. A decision on a vital point at issue is quite likely to involve seriously the personal safety of the man making it. In Mexico, political death frequently is followed, if not actually accompanied, by physical death. One of the fundamental reasons why Plutarco Calles has been such a capable executive in Mexico is his courage to make and to adhere to decisions that involve his personal welfare.

There are other reasons, too, that are welded into the basic character of the man. He has a real, live interest in public problems. His insatiable hunger for information on all matters affecting governmental agencies is the furthest possible from anything even remotely resembling mere curiosity. He wants to know because he wants to do something about it. In this connection, his apparently unlimited capacity for work stands him in good stead. He plugs away at his problems, driving himself as ruthlessly as he drives others. Generally speaking, his ability to grasp a problem is remarkable; but, here, there is one unfortunate trait that stands between him and real greatness — violent prejudice. This prejudice is likely not only to blind him to certain essential facts in a given problem, but also to warp

his judgment even when he can see the facts as they are.

But his judgment, whether warped or not, is final. One of the hardest things to get out of anybody in Mexico is a final judgment. Everything is qualified by *ifs* and *buts*. Verbosity and circumlocution are the order of the day in all Government and business offices. There is one exception, the office of Plutarco Elias Calles. With many, he has the reputation of being the one man in Mexico who can say *Yes* or *No*, and nothing else. Moreover, as has been noted, he sticks to his decisions. Once he has spoken, those who disapprove his judgment have but one recourse of protest, always in Mexico the last resort of the discontented or the ambitious — rebellion and the battlefield.

With such traits of character, it is little wonder that Calles's record from the time he took over the Presidency of the Republic in 1924 was one of notable achievements and equally notable failures. His rule could never run to neutral tints. The situation left him by Obregon, his immediate predecessor and revolutionary partner, was far from encouraging. The nation was just recovering from the convulsion of its last rebellion. The governmental machine, a crazy patchwork, was barely creaking along. Mexico was callous to bankruptcy. Except during the Diaz régime, the country always had tottered on the verge of hopeless insolvency, existing by the precarious practice of repudiating past debts and contracting ruinous new ones through forced loans and costly advances from international usurers. But, even worse than that, the Government that Calles took over was face to face with financial disaster. It had reached such a state that it could hardly meet the demands of its own Army, and these demands simply had to be met if the Government was to survive.

Calles met these demands, held the Army in line, and the Government survived. He reorganized the Army so as to eliminate those expenses which brought no return, either in strength or in loyalty. He budgetted governmental receipts and expenditures, and insisted that the latter be kept within the former. He stopped pork-barrel public works by arbitrary telegraphic orders, from which he declined stubbornly to recede. *Stop*, was his command, and the work stopped right where it was, leaving roofless buildings, and stark uprights piercing the sky to no purpose. It was an heroic measure, but the situation was desperate. Complete bankruptcy was avoided. True, he was compelled by circumstances to default on a recently negotiated agreement covering payments on the foreign debt; but, then, only a few gullible New York bankers ever had expected that agreement to be fulfilled. It was a financial miracle, evidence of his resolute capacity, that Calles was able to stave off financial catastrophe at home.

All the while that he was relentlessly striving to bring order out of the governmental chaos he had inherited, Calles also was pushing forward a concrete programme for the systematic realization of the aims of the Revolution which had raised him to power. It was a tribute to his insatiable appetite for work that he dared to attempt the task at which other Revolutionary chieftains had only

shrugged their shoulders and put their tongues in their cheeks. Seven years earlier, in 1917, the Revolution had solemnly approved an advanced Constitution for Mexico; yet seven years had passed without the making of any genuine effort to give effect to the constitutional doctrines. There had been half-hearted, haphazard Executive measures, but these had only aggravated an already irritating uncertainty. True, armed bands of ravenous Agrarians had been active in certain areas, killing and pillaging under the banner of *Land and Liberty;* but there had not been even a genuine national programme for the distribution of farms to the peons in fulfillment of the basic principle of the Revolution.

CALLES plunged into this task with his inexhaustible energy. One after another in rapid succession, he took up the various phases of the Revolutionary project and forced the adoption of a national programme in execution of the principles involved. Although not so much of a political Agrarian as his predecessor, he gave especial attention to the agricultural problem, not only seeking to systematize the distribution of lands to the peons, but also establishing farm schools and initiating large reclamation and irrigation enterprises. Good roads became another Calles hobby for the development of the country.

Nor did the man hesitate when the Revolutionary project embroiled him with foreign interests. In the series of measures affecting oil properties, agricultural lands, mines, and other matters in which foreign interests had large holdings, the Calles Government drove boldly ahead in spite of the most powerful opposition from abroad. Nothing daunted by foreign protests, Calles repudiated promises of the preceding administration which he regarded as compromising fundamentals of the Revolution, and even defied the Government of the United States to compel him to abandon his programmes.

AND, finally, with complications at home and abroad by reason of his unwavering determination to carry out the Revolutionary project, Calles plunged resolutely into a violent struggle with the Church of Rome by insisting upon enforcing the religious clauses of the Constitution of 1917. Here, again, the President showed himself reckless of fearsome consequences. True, he was carrying out the principles of the Constitution; but those principles had been blandly ignored for years, along with other principles affecting the material phases of Mexican life. Yet, although his predecessors over those long years had done practically nothing to render effective the fundamentals of the Constitution, Calles, with an intense determination that bordered on the fanatical, essayed to realize the whole project simultaneously.

With all his policies and programmes, Calles maintained firmly the authority of the Federal Government of which he was the head. At times, his hands dripped blood as he suppressed with resolute ferocity those who dared too openly to defy his rule. In these cases, his moves were quick and savage. The blood of his foes flowed freely; and lukewarm, professing friends became feverish partisans lest he mistake their tepidity for enmity. Through it all, the Army re-

mained staunchly loyal, not because Plutarco Calles had become overnight an inspiring military chieftain, but because, as an organizer and executive, he saw to it that the Army received what any Army expects to receive at the hands of a régime whose very existence is builded upon rifles and bayonets. That loyalty, of course, was his salvation.

But natural ability, indomitable determination, and indefatigable energy, however great, are not of themselves sufficient to handle successfully the affairs of a nation of 15,000,000 souls. There must be, too, a proper economic, political, and social background and a recognition of the fact that there is some, if only a little, merit in things as they have been. Calles's background was sketchy, and his stubborn, violent prejudices precluded at the start his recognition of anything meritorious in the systems he disapproved.

So, although the affairs of the Government were better administered than at any other time since the fall of Diaz, Calles failed to halt the economic decline of the country. The old landowners would not plant what others might reap. The new landowners, ignorant and indolent, had little interest in producing more than enough for their own wants, even though their countrymen faced starvation and misery through being compelled to import foodstuffs from abroad at ruinous costs. The great industries balked at functioning under the new rules, which they declared economically impossible; and some, maintaining that their holdings were threatened with confiscation, practically suspended operation. The self-styled proletariat, intoxicated with its political power, threatened to demoralize labor conditions.

Production declined; trade fell off; the Government, its revenues dwindling, defaulted on its foreign debt completely, but struggled desperately to meet the most essential domestic charges. Again and with a ruthless hand, Calles pruned governmental expenditures. Each chain of trouble, unfortunately, was an endless one. Economic depression made for banditry, and banditry made for still further depression. Banditry also demanded repressive military measures, which cost money and so still further weakened the governmental financial structure already being undermined by the critical economic situation.

Some of the very characteristics upon which were founded his successes in other fields made it most difficult for Calles to meet the economic problem. His Revolutionary programme had provoked the wrath of a world economic machine doing successful business on other lines, popularly described by the adjective, *capitalistic*. The machine fought him with all its strength and all its weapons; and Calles fought back. His weapons, too, included stubbornness and savage prejudice. He might not beat them; indeed, considering their world power, he could not beat them. But he seemed equally resolved never to surrender, even though they crushed him beneath their ponderous machine.

His narrow nationalism showed itself, also, in other fields. National education, for example, was one of his most cherished policies. Yet Mexico was pitifully weak in resources for an educational campaign. It lacked

teachers; it lacked means for the training of teachers; it lacked administrative personnel suitable for educational endeavor. But, with all this void, Calles scorned proffered aid from abroad, avowing fiercely his dread lest the children of Mexico pass under foreign tutelage and lose their essential Mexicanism.

THE stubbornness of the man was best exemplified in the battle—for it quickly became a battle — with the Church of Rome. Calles, as anyone who discussed the topic with him could see clearly, was convinced that the Roman hierarchy in Mexico was doing its utmost to combat the Revolutionary project and nullify his attempt at realization. To his mind, it was the arch agent of *The Reaction.* Accordingly, with the full sanction of the Revolutionary Constitution, he set out to smash the Church as an independent factor in the life of Mexico. His measures were harsh, and his methods brutal; but his feelings were too deep to admit of temporizing. By the exercise of the greatest self control, he could discuss the most trying of his other problems in a relatively dispassionate manner; but the religious issue almost invariably would provoke the most violent outbursts of uncontrollable rage.

Such was the man raised to solitary preëminence in Revolutionary Mexico by the assassination of Alvaro Obregon. It was inevitable that, without hesitation, he blamed that very assassination on his arch foe, the Church; and there is every reason to suppose that he spoke his innermost prejudiced conviction in so fixing the responsibility. It was equally inevitable that the problem confronting him as the Master of Mexico was a problem of personalities. A great, dominating and militant figure had been suddenly removed from the national scene. Others were certain to seek to wield his mighty sword.

The Agrarians, quite naturally, occupied the immediate foreground. Obregon had been their patron. With his blessing, they had embarked years before upon their programme of spoliation, and he had condoned their bloody excesses. The prospect of his ascending again to the Presidency had sharpened their appetites to a razor edge. Then, just as the feast was theirs to devour, it had been snatched from their very lips. Little wonder that they raged. Their leader was Antonio Soto y Gama, a veritable firebrand, who had been among the first to proclaim the gospel of Revolutionary Agrarianism. He had been one of the most active agents of rural Radicalism, and his zeal had won him a place on a committee of public safety formed to punish the enemies of the Revolution. He was the Agrarian leader in the National Congress, and, probably, the best political orator in Mexico. The more dignified figureheads of Agrarianism, like Aaron Saënz, nominal manager of the Obregon campaign, could but follow in his fiery wake, either attempting to subdue or adding new fuel to the flames.

SOTO Y GAMA himself dragged into the foreground Luis Morones, the head and front of Revolutionary Labor in Mexico. Morones was the father of the political labor movement in the Republic. He had been given a post of great importance in the Calles Cabinet, and had been one of the most active members of the Calles ad-

ministration. But he and Obregon had clashed openly and violently. For months before the killing of Obregon, it had been growing more and more obvious that the Revolution could not hope to contain them both. At Obregon's monster demonstration in Mexico City following his nominal election, there had been loud and significant cries of "Death to Morones!" Instead, a few days later, death eliminated Obregon. Soto y Gama promptly demanded the elimination of Morones, whom he charged with the intellectual authorship of the assassination.

But, while these two personalities gyrated and shouted so conspicuously in the spotlight, there stood in the background the dark, silent little figure of an Indian warrior, Joaquin Amaro, Minister of War in the Calles Cabinet. Only a few years earlier, this swarthy Red Man, barefoot and with rings in his ears, had been the chieftain of a roving band in western Mexico. By sheer ability, determination, and assiduous study, he had raised himself in the Revolutionary ranks to the grade of General of Division and the post of Minister of War, the most important in the Cabinet. Step by step, he had prepared himself for the ascent. The half-naked Indian of earlier years had become a feared and respected warrior of parts. More than that, he had learned the customs of the white man. Polo and golf became essentials features of his life. A trained valet contributed a share to the making of a soldierly man of the world.

To the Army, with Joaquin Amaro at its head, Plutarco Calles turned when the first wild waves of rage and fierce disappointment threatened to engulf his Government. Ignoring the politicians of Agrarianism and Labor, he addressed his vital appeal for support directly to the soldiers of the Nation, hoping that they would be loyal to the hand that had so thoughtfully fed them. The Army, he knew, cared little for political agitators, were they Agrarians or Laborites. A loyal Army, he felt certain, guaranteed the maintenance of the authority of the Central Government, no matter how violently raged the political storm.

As this is written, the Army remains steadfast, and Calles still stands. With characteristic intensity of purpose, he bends to the task of saving from self-destruction the Revolution that raised him alone to supreme authority, the sole survivor of its chieftains. Other figures flit into the spotlight in bewildering succession, only to pass out again into the shadows; but Calles works on. And all the while, at home in Mexico and abroad, the conviction grows that the choice is Calles or chaos.

The Drama of "Dryness"

By A. F. Van Bibber, M.D.

The President of the Harford County Medical Association portrays the Comedy, the Tragedy and the Farce of Prohibition as it is practised in rural Maryland

I—The Comedy of It

Mr. S——, an elderly and likeable Irishman, walked into my office, faking a cough. "Uh—*huh!* Uh—*huh!* Doctor, I think I must 've caught the epizootic! I'm all shtopped up with a cold, and I've come to see if you won't give me a preschription for a pint of whiskey!"

I said "Sit down, Mr. S——, and let me look you over." And when I put my stethoscope to his chest I quickly discovered three things: first, that he had no cold at all; second, that his breath was reeking with alcohol; and third and most important by far, that the old man's heart was fibrillating badly. Without comment, I drew up to my desk and wrote a prescription for digitalis.

"Now I want you to go home and go to bed and take this medicine according to directions," I said; "your heart action is bad and you've got to be pretty careful for a while."

"All right, Doctor, I'll do what you say," he answered, without the least appearance of interest in my advice; "and now, about the prescription for whiskey?"

"I'm very sorry, Mr. S——," I replied, "but I can't let you have it. It would be very bad for you."

"Oh, now, Doctor! don't say that! I came specially to get it!" and the old fellow displayed some agitation for the first time.

"I know you did, and I'm very sorry," I said; "but it just won't do. Tell me, when did you have a drink of whiskey last?"

"Why, I haven't touched a drop for a week!" and he looked as innocent and candid as a small boy answering his mother that he has not been in the pantry. That shameless lie provoked me somewhat, so I took a rather mean revenge. "I'm glad to hear that," I said, "because, although it *might* be a question whether you ought to stop your whiskey short off if you were drinking now, I'm perfectly sure you mustn't start it, since you haven't had a drink for a week!"

The old fellow looked aghast. He saw he had said the wrong thing, and it was too late to change it. "Oh, come now, Doctor!" he begged, "please do write me a prescription! If your father was here he'd say, 'Go on, Armfield, let him have it!'"

"That's a pretty hard plea to deny, Mr. S——," I said regretfully, "but I can't do it, I'm sorry to say. In the condition of your heart it would be very dangerous, and it would be an act of malpractice on my part."

"Now listen, Doctor!" — this was his last desperate plea — "if you say it would be bad for me, I will pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman that *I won't touch it*, but just give it to me anyhow!"

II — The Tragedy of It

ONE afternoon, as I was sitting in my office with a patient, my doorbell rang so violently that I went to the door myself. A stranger said; "Doctor, we've got a man in the car and we want you to see if he's dead!"

I found a big, powerful automobile standing across the street, surrounded by five hard looking characters. On the back seat was the corpse of a young farmer. A moment's examination showed that he had been shot through the body. The spokesman for the party merely told me that they had "found him in the woods!"

I didn't like the appearance of things at all, and so I called up the State's Attorney. He questioned the men and learned that they were Prohibition officers who had been raiding a still. It was the celebrated Wenger case. The papers were full of it, and it is unnecessary to go into the story. Poor Wenger, unarmed and helpless, died in the woods, drilled through by a rifle ball. The Prohibition officers denied killing him, although they were forced to admit that they had been shooting their guns wildly while pursuing three men who ran from them. Their story was that they just happened to find Wenger, dying, in the woods, when they were on their way back to their car, after smashing the still. They had no idea how he got hurt! They were perfectly certain that *they* didn't do it! The State's Attorney questioned them separately and found discrepancies in their stories, so he sent them to jail. Then the mighty Government of the United States bestirred itself in behalf of its minions. The agents were quickly snatched from the Harford County jail and released on *habeas corpus* and *put back to work at their noble trade!* Then entered "the law's delay". The Maryland Free State pluckily opposed its puny power against the Federal Colossus. The Attorney-General of Maryland carried the case to the Supreme Court.

Naturally, when the shouting and the tumult died and the final curtain came down, the agents were triumphantly acquitted and vindicated.

But Wenger, inoffensive citizen of Harford County, is just as dead as though the bullet that entered his back as he ran had come from a German rifle during the late unpleasantness.

III — The Farce of It

ONE night, shortly after Christmas, I came downstairs at a patient's house. "Mother and baby were doing well," and the time had come for the doctor to go home and get a little sleep before breakfast time. The newly-made grandfather shook my hand enthusiastically, and asked me if I ever took a drink? I admitted the soft impeachment, and he led me out to the dining room and with ostentatious pride opened the door of his sideboard and proceeded to extract bottles and set them out until there stood ranged before me the following

items, to wit: One quart of pre-war rye (I can testify to its excellence, for this is the bottle I sampled), two quarts of Scotch, two quarts of gin, one of rum, one of three star Hennessy, four bottles of wine, including a magnum of champagne, and two or three liqueurs.

"Now take your pick, Doctor!" he said, swelling with pride. "What do you think of that collection? Where do you think I got it? That's a Christmas present!"

"What! all of it?" I asked.

"Yes, all of it! It's a little Christmas present from a friend of mine — a *Prohibition Agent!*"

I don't think any comment is necessary.

* * * * *

I have reached into the reservoir of my memory and selected offhand these three anecdotes to illustrate the three main divisions of the drama. Under each head I could relate plenty more. The word that best describes the whole Prohibition situation among us in good old Harford County is "squalid."

THIS has always been a law abiding, conservative community. Serious crimes have been rare in our history, and as for offenses against the Federal Government, they were almost unheard of before the great Moral Revolution of 1919. At long intervals, some misguided and unfortunate youth might break into a rural post-office and steal a few postage stamps; for him Nemesis was swift and sure, and the penitentiary engulfed him. There was a feeling akin to superstition among the criminally inclined that it was in the highest degree unhealthy to monkey with Uncle Sam. As for "moonshining", that was a far off, romantic business, as alien as Indian *thuggee;* one read about "blockaders", "revinooers" and "moonshiners" in Charles Egbert Craddock's novels of the Tennessee mountains.

THEN two things happened. First, there came an inpouring of strangers from the mountain counties of North Carolina — Wilkes, Ashe and Allegheny. These people came into Harford County, suddenly, in droves. Many of them bought farms, other less affluent fellows found employment on the farms of others. And among them of course were many hereditary moonshiners, veterans at the business. One of the first arrivals of those mountaineers was asked by a curious native if he knew anything about moonshine liquor? "Why, sho' suh! I ben makin' it all my life. Would you like to have some whiskey? Let's see, I reckon I got ev'thing else I need; if you'll supply me with about twelve foot of copper tubin' and a Winchester rifle, I'll make you all you want!"

The second thing that happened was, of course, Prohibition. Immediately the hereditary moonshiners all went to work, and they found many an apt and willing pupil among the natives. Now, there are stills all over the place, and "corn" is very plentiful and cheap, and usually as vile a beverage as the world can offer. Not but what if, as sometimes happens, it is honestly made and allowed at least six months to age in charred wood, it begins to approach the state of being a civilized drink. I have tasted illicit "corn" that equalled the "Bourbon" my father used to fancy in a happier day. But in most cases it is drunk "hot from the still", and is only fit for those who feel like the China-

man who said, "Me no drinkee for drinkee, me drinkee for drunkee!" Even so, I would much rather force down the acrid, nauseous stuff, reeking with aldehydes (I have done it, out of courtesy to my patients, more than once), than take a chance with some of the more pretentious wares the bootleggers often vend; "Scotch", built up from de-denaturized spirits. The good old "corn" at least is innocent of wood alcohol.

DRUNKENNESS is quite prevalent and is increasing and, worst of all, it involves all ranks of society, all ages and both sexes. A North Carolinian told me the following prodigious story, with the open eyes of wonder. He said that he happened to be at the home of a neighbor of his, also a Tar Heel. Several others were present, when a native Harford County farmer drove in on some business. His host, with true Southern hospitality, asked him if he would take a drink of whiskey. He admitted that he might be persuaded to do so, and the host said to his son, "Bill, git some liquor!" Bill went out and returned with an ordinary water tumbler level full to the brim with "corn", and handed it to the guest, whom we will call Smith. At that point the *mores* of Maryland and North Carolina clashed. The local rule of conduct in such case made and provided is simple. It may be summed up thus: "When you get a chance at some liquor, take all you can, because God knows when you will get any more!" The Tar Heels, who all make it and always have it on hand, do not need to be so hoggish; on the other hand, they are a primitive folk and do not possess much household gear. A supply of whiskey glasses to hand around, for example, would be unheard of. Consequently, they pass the beaker from hand to hand, like a loving cup. That was what they all expected on the present occasion when the glass was handed to Smith first, as the guest of honor. But he accepted it, said, "Well, gentlemen, here's luck!" and poured it down his capacious maw, to the last drop! "Doctor," said my awe-struck informant, "he jist histed hit, give two swallers, and sat down the glass empty!" The company were dashed and disappointed, but too polite, of course, to comment on Smith's curious behavior, and presently he arose to depart. His host, courteous to the last, said "Won't you take another drink before you go, Mr. Smith?" Well, perhaps he *would*, so again the fiat went forth, "Bill, git some more whiskey!" As the latter went out Smith called after him, "Don't fill it quite so full, this time!" But Bill, hoping against hope that perhaps this time there might be some left for the others, again brought the glass level full to the brim, and presented it to Smith, who said; "Here's looking at you!" and sent that half pint after the first!

"DOCTOR," asked the puzzled Tar Heel, "what do you reckon the linin' of his stomach was like after puttin' down a pint of corn likker one week old an' about a hundred and ten proof without ary water at all?"

"Perfectly raw!" was my guess.

"That thar's my notion," he replied, "anyway, he never got home. They done found him in the fence corner next mornin'!"

A curious and illogical distinction is made by the great moralists who direct our lives and dictate our private

habits. The still for the confection of "corn" is outlawed and destroyed whenever found, but the ciderpress is left in peace. Both beverages are produced in great quantities in Harford County, and I assert as a physician with thirty years' experience that there is little choice between them as agencies of drunkenness. Quantity for quantity, the distillate, of course, packs a wickeder punch; but it is as easy to procure and to imbibe a quart of cider as a pint of corn, and I have frequently encountered cider a quart of which would do as much execution as a pint of any corn liquor that ever dripped out of a worm.

ONE day I was driving along a country road with a professional colleague. We approached a mill, and my friend suggested that we pay the miller a call, explaining that he usually had some good cider. So we went in and I was introduced to a lean, solemn individual with a long, serious horse face. The doctor explained our visit by saying that he had told me he thought we might get a drink of cider. "Well, yes," said the miller, after a long, anxious wait, "I've got some cider. I made it yesterday." Long pause. Then, "and I've got some a little bit older." Another long pause. "And I've got some that's *still* older." Pause. "And some that's a great *deal* older! Now, which would you like to try?" I said that for my part, I thought I'd prefer the cider a great *deal* older, my friend the other doctor felt the same way, and so the miller broached a keg that had been sealed up for a whole year; and I will state here and now that it was a noble drink!

One very serious consequence of the present régime, of course, is the breaking down of respect for law in general on the part of the young and the unthinking, and the loosening in particular of regard for property rights, in other words, for common honesty. It is certainly not safe or wise to allow valuable property to be stolen with impunity because by an arbitrary law that form of property is outlawed.

ONE evening a large truck full of bootleg whiskey broke down on the road in Harford County. The two men in charge asked permission of a farmer to store their truck in his barn. It took them all the next day to make repairs to the truck, which had to spend another night in the barn. At midnight, while the two tired custodians slept, the farmer, who had smelt a rat, sneaked out, got the truck open and stole several cases of whiskey which he hid in the hay mow. Bright and early next morning the unsuspecting truckmen, having paid the farmer well for his hospitality, went on their way. It happened that the farmer's wife had the misfortune that evening to fall and break her leg, and her husband had to take her to Baltimore to a hospital. He was afraid of leaving his loot where it lay in the hay mow, so he confided in his closest friend, another farmer, asking him to remove the whiskey that night to a safer place. The friend did so! He removed it to his own house and hid it safely, and defied the man who first stole it to try to get it back! He told him that he kept a loaded gun by his bed, that he was a light sleeper and that a trespasser would be in danger of his life! The second thief finally watered and sold the whiskey, clearing several hundred dollars by his treach-

ery and dishonesty. The first thief had to suffer in silence.

When the people who have always been respectable and honest, not from any integrity of character but from the fear of public opinion and the law — (they are, I am afraid, a larger proportion of the population than we like to think) — when they find those restraining influences removed in the matter of a special form of property, they will, of course, immediately turn thief, and from stealing whiskey it is a short step to stealing other things.

MY FIRST story had to do with whiskey prescriptions. To a self respecting physician who honors his profession, this aspect of Prohibition is the hardest to endure with patience. The insolence that presumes to limit my right to prescribe what in my judgment my patient needs, I can never forgive. To dictate to a doctor who is responsible for a human life just how much alcohol he may be permitted to exhibit, to tell him that he may not give more than a pint in ten days to any one patient *under any circumstances*, because, forsooth, the doctor or his patient might divert a larger quantity to beverage purposes — this is grossly to insult the medical profession! And were the limit respected, many cases of pneumonia, typhoid and septicæmia that are saved by the liberal use of whiskey would be sacrificed.

PROHIBITIONISTS who read this article will, of course, place me in one of two categories. They will know that either (a) I am hired by the Liquor Interests, or (b) I am a slave to the appetite for alcohol. Merely for the sake of the record, — for Prohibitionists, of course, will not believe me, — I assert (a) that I am not hired by the Liquor Interests, and (b) while I am not a total abstainer, I am one of the most abstemious men I know. It is no credit to me; I simply have little desire for alcohol, and if I never tasted it again, it would not matter to me.

I am totally opposed to Prohibition, because I try to be a patriotic American and a Christian. Prohibition is equally abhorrent to the genius of this free nation and to Christianity.

Tin Can Paradise

By Don Knowlton

Who does not recall boyhood adventures like these in that glamorous No Man's Land where Nature makes her final stand against the encroaching city?

It is your city gamin who finds "books in the running brooks". Your street urchin may not know the names of flowers, but he picks them and takes them home. He may stone birds, but he is curious as to their varieties and their habits. He ruins trees and despoils shrubs, but not so much in the spirit of destruction as in that of experimentation. He pokes his nose into every growing thing, to see what will happen. How deep is this muckhole? Can you whittle this branch easily? What sort of flowers are these? What kind of a bug is this? Do spiders really bite? Will this ice break through? So city boys of each generation discover nature anew, and forthwith pursue the thrills of exploration.

Those writers who, in the easy comfort of their steam heated apartments, apostrophize the barefoot boy on the dear old farm, should be sentenced to be such a boy for a period of one year. They would learn that the farm boy has less leisure than any other type of boy under the sun. They would find, too, that after he has chopped the wood, fed the chickens, the pigs and the calves, cleaned out the stables, weeded the garden, turned the churn, helped his mother with the washing, picked the beans and watered the horses, his leisure, if any, is spent more in wishing he were a city boy and in dreaming about the city, than in wiggling his toes in the traditional mud or watching the dear little butterfly. What time the farm boy does have for himself, he must perforce spend within an environment as familiar to him as is your own living room to you. He knows the trees, the flowers, the brook and the pasture, because they are a part of the family workshop. He accepts the glorious out-of-doors as casually as your boy accepts electric lights. His vegetable world is divided into crops and weeds, his animal world into domestic, game and incidental. Beauty, to him, is signified by a movie sign or an asphalt pavement.

No, it is the city lad who is your true disciple of Thoreau. He makes a Walden Pond of a puddle, and a Mount Katahdin of a sandbank. His wilderness is that strange bad land of broken bottles and goldenrod, the city dump.

When our town is small, we ignore our ravines. As it grows, we avoid them; the builders of the better residences seek districts where the land is politely level. But hovels spread to their edges, overhang their slopes. Soon the city flows around and about them. Anon a railway utilizes their easy grades, and factories and mills spring up on their erstwhile marshy bottoms.

But upon their hillsides, and within their corners, nature remains patiently firm. Here she digs into the trenches, and makes her last dogged stand against that peculiar phenomenon which we label civic progress. And in the sector between the tenements and the sycamores, between the sidewalk and the swamp, we find a No Man's Land.

Nature loses. Inch by inch, yard by yard, the dumps close in upon the valleys, the streams are confined within concrete tubes. At last the ravines are completely filled, and houses and shops rise where once waved the tops of the cottonwoods. But nature never surrenders. She merely retreats, and the perpetual battle goes on and on. The ashmen lay down their barrage, and fling their tin cans into the trenches; nature strangles the cans with vines and hides the ashes beneath willows. An avalanche of gravel buries the willows and the vines; dock and yarrow and ragweed spring into the breach, and the sunflower waves a brave banner. But a few feet have been lost. Nature is gallant, but the ashman conquers.

Meanwhile small boys colonize the dump, as if they were a little people native to its terrain.

Stand, with me, upon a broken washboiler, and look down through the smoke. A narrow ravine, extending to our right, opens below us upon a river valley. At our feet is a slide of cinders, like a talus slope beneath a canyon cliff. Beyond, all is light green, to the railroad track. Further, lies a gray waste, out of which rise scraggly skeletons of trees; it is cold slag. Smell the sulphur! There is the furnace, away off yonder — see, where the dull red glow flares angrily, even at midday? Smoke, orange, blue, and gray, twists above it. Stacks and cupolas, their bases invisible, float in a sea of grimy mist. If you will put your hand upon the washboiler, you will find, beside dirt and rust and soot, fine glass-like particles that scratch. They settle from the steel mill smoke. That other smell — that is the garbage disposal plant. Up the ravine, beneath the perpetual hood of smoke, lies foliage of a darker green. Woods!

In the "flats", across the railroad tracks (where only the big boys go), there is a bottom land called the "bluebells". It is beyond the blast furnace. There is a fence around it, and a man with a club guards the fence. To get inside, two of you start through the fence hole next to the river. When the man with the club chases you, the rest of the "gang" run in through the fence hole by the railroad signal tower. Then the man chases *them*. They hide in the slag heaps, or in the buckeye trees. Then the two "teasers" can sneak in. You all meet down next to the river's edge, out of sight of the furnace, around the bend. When the man with the club gives up the chase and goes back to guard the fence, you can pick flowers.

There are groves of buckeye trees,

their light green leaves fully unfolded, though the other trees are yet in bud. And bluebells! Wild hyacinths, some call them. Broad lush leaves, and clusters of bell shaped, purple and lavender flowers. Addertongue leaves everywhere, and now and then a blossom — white! The ones you sometimes find on the hillsides, up the gully, are yellow. And the purple violets! You could pick all day. But every blossom is flecked with white specks. The blast furnace does that. Pull up that bunch of grass — you didn't know they were wild onions, did you? Leeks, they call them. Wash them off in the river and eat them — they're good!

The buckeyes and the bluebells, the addertongues and the elderberries, are bounded by a line as definite as a sea shore. Across this line, all is gray and hard. It is slag. It slopes from the spur track of the railroad down toward the "bluebells". Every year it grows wider. Soon the "bluebells" will be gone. The cold slag still shows the tortuous twistings of its slow flow. There are bubbles and queer glass-like slivers. In some places the surface is cracked into thousands of little squares. It is still hot, over there by that dead elm tree.

A "HOT tamale" train rumbles out from the furnace yard. It consists of a switch engine and six giant kettles. It stops. The men begin to turn great levers, round and round. Slowly the first kettle tips — its seething red-hot burden bulges the "skin" on its surface, breaks through, pours over the edge in a tinkling, sizzling stream. It roars, foams, crackles, smokes, gains headway, comes hurrying over the cold slag like a slow waterfall. Nasty little flames, of all colors, play upon it. See the "heat" in the air! The molten stuff flows on, to the edge of the cold slag, on over the edge, upon the violets, around the trunks of the buckeye trees. They snap and steam and burst into flame. That is what volcanoes do. The flow stops, hardens, glows — turns gray, while you watch. Tomorrow it will be hard enough to walk upon, but you must run to keep from burning your shoes.

WHAT's new on the dump today? Old daffodil bulbs from the greenhouse — take them home and plant them, they'll come up next year. No, let's save them for a fight. They squash on a fellow's head. Those shell-like imprints on that crushed stone are fossils; a man who knows told me. Come on, jump on these bed springs! Here's a barrel — how far can you walk on a barrel? We'll take it up to the sidewalk. No, let's see how far down the hill it will roll. Bet I can smash a bottle on that rock before you can. An inner tube — slingshots! Here's a busted umbrella. Save the ribs, they're swell to shoot paper wads with. Hey, come back with that old tire pump! We can squirt water with it.

Some boys scavenge to destroy still further all that they find; some, merely because of normal curiosity; but certain youngsters there are who haunt the dumps because of a perverse thriftiness, and gain a mean joy at getting something for nothing. They collect the old iron, and tote it home to sell to the rag man; they gather broken dolls, "busted" toys, planks, bottles, a vast assortment of junk, which they guard jealously, and over which they gloat with a peculiar pride. The fathers of these boys count the

number of matches in a box; their mothers save string. Such a boy, in later years, develops into that melancholy individual who recommends to the office manager that the scrub women save all the used clips and rubber bands that they find on the floor. These lads are not popular on the dump. To most boys, the bigger the bottle, the louder the crash.

On the ridges that lead down from the dump to the bottom land there is a tangle cut with a thousand paths. It thickens as Autumn advances. Syringa has run wild here, and makes splashes of fragrant white, in June. Sumach, the thorns, elder, scrub willow and blackberries survive. Ailanthus here and there supplants dying oak and ash. Vines run riot, looping across paths, bridging washouts, climbing far up on the dump itself; woodbine, bittersweet, poison ivy, matrimony vine, and that annual which is the pest of our gardens, the "wild cucumber" — from the seed pods of which may be extracted tiny "pairs of pants".

By midsummer the harsh slopes of the dump are thick with greenery. Bouncing Bet, that hardy coarse perennial imported from the gardens of Old England, loves to go a-slumming, and covers whole hillsides of cinders with its dirty-lavender blossoms. The wild morning glory flaunts its trumpets upon the steepest slopes of trash. Tomato plants grow rank amid empty tomato cans. Sunflowers rise eight feet tall above barrel hoops and scraps of wallpaper. But the most valiant of the warriors are burdock and yarrow. Burrs may be used to make toy baskets, but are much more productive of results if stuck in little girls' hair.

Under the sumach, on the ridge, the entrance to a cave may be artfully concealed. Tin cans, torn open and flattened, serve as shovels. Three boys working after school for two weeks can dig a hole five feet deep and four feet square. Cover this with rotten planks, poles, sod and tin, and batten it with mud and grass. Leave one hole for the entrance, and another for the chimney — you'll find an old stovepipe on the dump. There's the place to read *Kidnapped* or *Treasure Island!*

But real adventure waits in the swamp below. It spreads from the foot of the hill to the railroad, a quarter of a mile away. From the top of the dump, you look down upon a waving pattern of varying shades of green — the dark green of the cattails, the light green of the sedge grass that cuts bare legs like a knife, the shiny deep green, tinged with bronze, of the tall swamp grass. The wind scuttles through it; swells traverse it in rythmic sequence. It shows, from that distance, not a mark of human spoilation.

Go down to the swamp's edge, however, and its deception becomes visible. Half hidden in those acres of ooze lies an assortment of refuse which it would require a volume to inventory. The swamp is traversed by paths of definite objective — one to the "gully", one to the "bluebell", one to the railroad track, used by the furnace hands, one to the swimming hole in the canal, and a dozen more. Each path consists of a succession of objects half-protruding from the black water, upon which a second's foothold may be had — a big tin can, a stone, a plank, a stump, an iron wheel, a wire mesh, a railroad tie, a cement block, a

chair back, a log, an auto fender, a nail keg. This is precarious going; only by practice can the adventurer escape dry shod, and a boy's prestige depends upon how few "wet feet" he gets in making the crossing. The term "wet foot" is purely technical. No one ever comes home from the swamp with dry feet. But that does not matter. It "doesn't count" unless you go in over the shoe top.

HERE and there narrow channels of black water wind through the swamp. Here are minnows, called "trout", which may be captured with a net. In the brackish warm pools by the swamp's edge, black pollywogs waggle into the deeper water as soon as they see your shadow. If you are quick, you can catch one and watch it flop in your palm. Oval black-silver bugs whirl and whirl upon the water's surface. Reach down into the cattail roots, and bring up tiny snails with spiral shells. They will live in the goldfish bowl, if you give them plenty of drug store "seaweed". In the middle of the swamp there are ponds bordered by buttonbush and arrow leaf, and there frogs lie on the water's surface, in the warm summer nights, and say, "B-r-r-r-o-o-m!" If you are brave, take a flashlight, after dark, slide down the dump path, leave your shoes and stockings and trousers at the swamp's edge, work your way inch by inch out through the swamp, feeling carefully with your bare toes, for there are nails and bits of iron and rusty cans and pieces of glass in that swamp muck. Hear that "big boy" booming just ahead? Steady — there he is! His eyes are as big as shoe buttons, and his throat yellow as a daffodil. "B-r-r-r-o-o-m!" Easy, there — sneak up on him. Keep the flash right in his eyes — nearer — one swift grab with the right hand — you've got him! He's a beauty! His hind legs are as big as drumsticks. Skin him whole. Mother will raise the very deuce, but she'll fry him for breakfast.

In May, there are golden buttercups lying low in the edge of the swamp, and white cress blooming in the grassy places. Watercress, in the channels where the little streams run free, goes well with bread crusts. Among the cattails, away out there, waves the dainty swamp iris. Who'll wade out and get it? In the stagnant pockets the water is green with algæ — "frog spit", in the language of "down the hill". Cattails, dried and then soaked in kerosene, make torches for a parade. In the fall, when you are gathering frost tinted leaves for the first school party, stay up on the hill, among the scarlet scrub oak and the yellow bittersweet with its crimson berries. Do not go out into the swamp, to pick the spreading red-purple foliage of that queer shrub. It is poison sumach. Your arms will swell up like balloons and itch for a month, if you touch it.

IN SUMMERS of drouth, sometimes the whole swamp becomes as dry as tinder, and as inflammable. The ground beneath the cattails consists of a matted down deposit of vegetable material, not quite so compact as peat. Set fire to it, and the very ground itself will burn to the water level, leaving a great hole filled with blue-grey ashes. It may smolder for a month, eating its way inch by inch through the swamp.

But in flood time, the very tops of the cattails disappear. Sometimes, in the winter, when the river has over-

flowed its banks, a sudden freeze fixes a coating of ice five or six feet above the ground level. Come on, skaters! Will it hold us? Look down through the ice — you see the cattails beneath, and the tops of the buttonbushes. Don't let Elmer try it, he's too fat, he'll break through, and that will spoil it for everybody. Here's "rubber ice". Skate fast, or it won't hold you. Feel it sink as you skim over!

When the water "goes out", such an ice coating remains firmly supported by the tops of the alder bushes. Chop a hole, and drop through. You are in a cavern with an ice roof. The light is dim and green. All is familiar — the paths, with their stones and tin cans and logs, the bushes, the channels of black water. Familiar, and yet unreal, beneath the ice.

On up the hillside stretches the blanket of snow; concealing, softening, lending even to the dump itself the purity of a country landscape. Only tiny round balls of soot, on the top of the snow, are evidence of the city. Coasters crowd the hills. The runners of a thousand sleds have worn paths smooth as a dance floor. Bobs bound down, holding ten or twelve at a time; the steersman misjudges, and they hurtle over a bank. What, haven't you a sled? Dig up a big tin can, that universal implement of the dump; split it, pound it out flat. Sit on it, toes tucked in, head down, and down you go, whirling round and round, borne on an erratic journey, like a chip in a riffle.

When the thaw comes, the round balls of soot spread into a uniform sticky dirtiness. Bottles, staves, old brooms, broken handlebars, emerge from the snow. Soon the blanket has melted completely, and the dump lies naked, the supreme instance of urban ugliness.

Yet, within the month, appear the first blades of green, shooting up through the soiled tangles of last year's grass. There is a song sparrow in the bittersweet. A whole flock of juncoes converse on the ash heap. As spring progresses, come kildeers, catbirds, orioles, bobolinks, thrushes, oven birds — even a few warblers. Crows caw solemnly as they fly in single file over the tops of the furnace cupolas. Robins dispute the rights of the English sparrows. And in the swamp, arrives the familiar summer resident who nests in cattails and rises so jubilantly above them, proclaiming his "ocharee" — the red winged blackbird.

There are two recollections of "down the hill" which I treasure above all others.

Beyond the swamp, across the freight yards, over the trestle and past the coke pile, is a stretch of the canal along which neither dump truck nor slag kettle have left their tracks. Here, cottonwoods, sycamores and willows still flourish. It is late September; school will start within the week. It is a time for somber reflection. I peel off my clothes meditatively, and shove off upon the oily surface of the muddy water, which tastes of chemicals, muck, and refuse unspeakable. I lie on my back, kicking lazily, and "steamboat" up and down the canal. Along the banks, pink hibiscus flaunts its showy simple blossoms. Behind are massed ironweed, goldenrod, boneset, and teasel. Across the path lean evening primroses, their delicate yellow blossoms set on the coarsest of stalks, like artificial flowers poorly made.

Above me the leaves of an overhanging cottonwood lazily rattle in every breath of wind.

THE second picture is that of a clear November morning, before sunrise. I am to "try out" for the high school debating team, and run to the dump that I may rehearse in safety. Up and down a narrow ridge path I stride, declaiming, gesturing, puffing my chest in feigned confidence. But my subject is forgotten, my oratory is hushed in reverence. This is a fairy country! All is transformed. Jack Frost has been here with his magic paint pot. He has made of the dock a crystal piece; and of the dying goldenrod, a shred of Irish lace. He has traced ferns upon the bottles, mosaics upon the tin cans. Every grass stalk has become an elfin wand. Titania has her bower under yon bale of torn chicken wire — who else would inhabit that exquisite labyrinth of hoar frost? Here is sheer witchery — blue asters, their live petals fringed with jewel dust. Upon the fallen dull red sumach leaves are painted arabesques. So I stand, transported, until the red round sun peeps over the top of the blast furnace.

The Perils of Literacy

By Maria Moravsky

"Reading," quoth Bacon, "maketh a full man." But what, pertinently inquires the author of "The Fire Bird," if it makes Americans so full as to cause mental indigestion and to suppress thought?

I came to America with the firm belief that the more newspapers, magazines and books there are in a country, the more intelligent its people are. For the last few years, this belief has been slowly disintegrating.

In Russia, we were always starved for reading matter. I remember the peasant boys running alongside the train which passed slowly by some non-stop station, and crying:

"Little lady, give us old papers!"

Russian laborers used to pool their savings, ten kopeks each, to buy one new book for a rouble, to be read in turn. Libraries were few and far between. Revolutionary propagandists used to say that "the lack of enlightenment" was chiefly due to the lack of reading. Literacy seemed salvation.

Having heard about your many newspapers and — wonder of wonders! — a free library in every larger town, I expected the masses here to be far more intelligent than in Russia. This preconceived notion was so strong that it took me ten years to realize that it is not so.

The truth is, as I see it now, that an average American is no more intelligent than an average Russian. Perhaps, even, in matters requiring independent thinking, in philosophy and religion, he is less intelligent. The army intelligence tests, unfair as they were to the poor bewildered private, support this opinion. Although I never believed in that "intelligence of a twelve year old" and "the nation of morons" libel, I must admit that the official intelligence tests injected into me a generous dose of doubt. I pondered over this matter until I realized that Americans are not as intelligent as they should be, because they read too much. (And that is a dangerous admission for a novelist to make.)

You see, you have more words than you can possibly use. The poorest and the richest in culture, Americans are too verbose; except, of course, Mr. Coolidge. You also have more ideas than you could arrive at independently. Newspapers see to that. Brains like gums shrink and degenerate from too much predigested food. Not being called on to work for a long time, they refuse to function.

How to make an average man think,

if he is given all his opinions ready-made? I do not know. Presenting problems to him is of no avail. There are debates especially staged for the problem-hounds, with all the *pros* and *contras* neatly presented for their choice. General opinion to the contrary, those debates do not promote thinking as much as solitary pondering over a problem would. The best proof of it is that hermits, voluntary or forced, have ideas more original although fewer of them than gregarious people attending many debates.

HAVING an insatiable curiosity about people, I went out of my way many a time to meet different kinds of them, and I have found that the American farmer, especially of the smaller communities, has been doing more thinking than an average city man. To be sure, he has fewer ideas, but they are better tested by his own mind. Perhaps this is why he is more stubborn, less open to persuasion. It is not conservatism so much as the feeling of ownership. When you get your idea second-hand, you deal with it as with unearned money: easy come, easy go. This is why city people are more open to persuasion. It is not always because they are more broad-minded, but because changing ideas is as easy for them as changing clothes; tomorrow they will have more of them; papers, books, debates will cram them full of thoughts "given away".

Not so with a backwoods farmer; ideas do not come so easily to him. He reads less, listens less to the radios; he has to work for his ideas, gather them with an effort as he does his harvest. This is why, once having arrived at a conviction, he is not easily dislodged from his mental property.

The Russian peasant is even more stubborn than the American farmer. He has still fewer ideas, but they are very genuine. During the long winter months, there are hours when he has nothing to do but think. When some problem, to which tradition has no answer, presents itself, he has to solve it himself, because he is illiterate.

His fellow villagers are in the same boat. This is the reason why Russians are so talkative. Having nobody, in the small village, to stage a debate conducted by professional intellectuals, the Russian *moujik* gets together with other men and talks himself hoarse. And when he talks he actually thinks. He has to, because even now, with all the Soviet propaganda, comparatively few printed words reach him to tell him what to think.

WITH Americans it is different. There are about thirty books published every day, so my publisher tells me. The Sunday paper alone contains enough words and — yes — ideas to forestall an average person's thinking for a week ahead. No sooner a question arises in his mind than it is answered by a professional writer. Facts, ideas and words, words, words, are poured into his brain as steadily as tropical rain, until the soil of his intellect is so waterlogged that it can produce nothing.

I wonder how many people realize this. If they did, they would go on a reading diet. It seems to me that the saying about little education being a dangerous thing should be changed now-a-days. In America, it is too much education which is, indeed, a dangerous thing.

To be sure, this is more or less true

the world over. We stagger under the burden of ideas hurled at us since we learned how to read. We are swamped with science until we lose all our childish originality. It is mostly children of the pre-school age who express original thoughts at times, the thoughts which their fond mothers term as "cute". Later on, in adolescence, the brightest students are just like well trained parrots. They may astonish the teachers by their ability to memorize facts and even discuss them intelligently, but all those high school and college discussions are imitative. This explains why so many precocious children grow into rather commonplace individuals. At school age they were swamped with formal education, and any grains of originality they might have possessed were washed out by the flood of things they learned.

THIS state of things grows worse as knowledge progresses. Every generation has to learn more history, more astronomy, more literature. No average brain can withstand this avalanche of science and retain all its freshness. Some people dig themselves out of that landslide of knowledge and build up their own personality; those lucky individuals, after passing the aping age of adolescence, blossom out as individual thinkers. But they are few and they are usually especially talented ones. Only a genius can swallow all that the teachers offer him without getting mental indigestion which impairs him for life and makes his brain function only with the help of patent medicine ideas. It is only natural that we lose our originality as we grow up. Seldom there is second childhood, seldom we are born anew to be ourselves.

Some people, especially those engaged in creative work, realize this and safeguard themselves artifically by not learning much. I know many writers who would not read other men's books for fear of being influenced by their style.

I CALL those people who always live on borrowed ideas "human-likes", because they are talking almost like humans, especially when well educated; but you must not be deceived; they are just human-likes, automata of thought, well wound in school and re-wound from time to time by the latest book.

America is full of those human-likes who have all the earmarks of real, live thinking persons, so much so that I have been deceived for years. Listening to them, one might think that those people are intelligent, until one comes upon some five foot shelf from which they gleaned their knowledge and moved it bodily to their mental shelves without even dusting the old facts and ideas. There is not even a spiritual *ex libris* on those books they read aloud to you thinking them to be their own creation.

The art of public speaking, which is so widespread here, helps to create the illusion of intelligence. For years, when I listened to your wonderful speakers, I really believed that when any one of them began a sentence with "I think", he meant it! Only lately I realized that he usually means: "I agree with the book which says so and so." But they seldom give the credit to the author they learned things from, because they are blissfully unconscious of any plagiarism. They honestly think that they think. They are intelligent enough to agree

with a reasonable opinion and pass it for their own, but they lack creative intelligence.

THIS is true of the glib speakers and easy "learners" in every country. But in other countries the peril of literacy is not as widespread as in America, because you have far more books, magazines, libraries and speakers' platforms than any other country in the world, not excluding present-day Russia.

This peril of literacy which produces such amazingly intelligent parrots, can be well illuminated by the works of those youthful authors who had so many books published lately. I remember a book on "The New Generation" and a book of poems, one written by a girl of thirteen, whom I happen to know personally, the other by a somewhat younger child. I am not naming them, because I believe that publicity harms children, and they have received too much of it already.

Both those books are intelligently written, and if one did not know the ages of the authors, one might believe that grown-ups had written them. Although literally this is not true, it is so, figuratively speaking.

My little friend who has written so audaciously about the new generation, has been listening to discussions in her mother's home for years, since she was a baby gifted with an amazingly retentive memory. Some of the sentences she liked most she incorporated bodily into her book; others she changed slightly, with the help of her mother and her publisher. Although there are quite a number of sound ideas in the book, you can trace each one to its original source. The child, brilliant as she is, did not express so far a single thought of her own.

The same thing is true about the child poet who has written several volumes of verses, aping every conceivable school of poetry. She is almost as marvellous as the newly discovered finch which knows three hundred sounds, although it is only as large as a thumb. She is as those parrots found in Africa, which could speak the language of an extinct tribe. Even if they understood what they were saying, it would not be their own parrot language.

America is full of precocious children, grown up. An average American can discuss all things he reads about in his paper, and discuss them with seeming intelligence. But that intelligence is deceiving. It is not creative, but passive. Try to deprive him of his newspaper for a few weeks, and he would lose a great deal of his ability to discuss things about which he did not read a single editorial comment.

NOTHING can be done about it, except realizing it. People overfed intellectually must not think that they are rich because they have many ideas. Those ideas are seldom used. They are like money in the safe-deposit vault. They pay no dividend. Many a well educated person here could get along as well with a three hundred word vocabulary as a truck driver does (I beg the pardon of the truck drivers' profession; it was picked at random). In fact, many a college boy reverts to the three hundred word vocabulary soon after he leaves college. (Judging by the college stories one reads in the magazines, he never

uses even as many as that.) For private use, he needs no more.

Even the crossword puzzle craze, in which some of us saw educational value, added but few words to the active vocabulary of the average person. He knows those words, but he has no use for them. And he, at least, is honest about it. He does not use what is not his, he leaves alone the wealth he did not earn. His mind refuses to be a scarecrow clothed in vast garments several sizes too large for it. He modestly subsides on his few dozen everyday expressions seasoned with slang.

It is the well educated professionals, especially popular writers, who represent the real peril of literacy. Judging by the stories they write, they have no more original ideas than their readers. But they do love to dress their skinny brain children in flowing robes of eloquence. An author of that kind needs seven to ten thousand words to narrate a story which illustrates the somewhat illusory belief that honesty is the best policy, or that collaboration between capital and labor is a desirable thing. His characterization of a villain spread over a thousand words, says just that the man was an average, everyday villain. The author might just as well have said only "the man was bad". His description of a charming young girl never varies in essence; only the color of her eyes and the dresses she wears are different at times.

There are pages in popular magazines which are good literature. There are gem sentences in which the meaning and the way of expressing it are neatly balanced. Economy of words clothes fullness of ideas. But those gems are found not in the stories but on the advertising pages, artfully joined by fiction.

Since the space is expensive there, the authors of advertisements have to be thrifty. They do not waste words. They aim well before shooting. They shoot at your attention to pierce it surely, to stop it from wandering. But the ideas they express, though admirably presented, are negligible. It is hardly an achievement to tell you, be it even with the rarest felicity of expression, that your children should eat hot cereal for breakfast. Still, from the viewpoint of style, it is better reading than the elaborately presented platitudinous fiction.

Professional intellectuals, as well as the average literate people of America, both suffer from intellectual obesity. They are given more nutrition than their minds can assimilate. And this means that they are poor in creative intelligence. This fact has to be realized previously to finding a cure.

Of course, there are exceptions. All great intellects the world over are exceptions. But everyday people here are doing less independent thinking and creating than illiterate masses of peasants in less fortunate countries.

Speaking about creating; it is a well known fact that backward countries have some sort of primitive art in which everybody indulges. A little peasant girl of fifteen, in Russia, Poland, and, I am told, in some provinces of France and Austria, can compose a song for any occasion. Peasant boys can paint and make wonderful toys. Here — toys are too cheap to go to the trouble of making them. As to poems and stories, too many professionals make them for you.

Spontaneous acting, community songs created on the spur of the moment, are unheard of in your small towns; you can go to the movies or vaudeville. Spontaneous music making — why, there is the radio. If once in a while some ambitious young man does take up the saxophone, he plays popular songs made for him and all other students of that particular correspondence school of music. Again the peril of literacy is manifest, an enemy of any original endeavor.

Of course, in due time all this will readjust itself. Like the waters of some beneficial flood which sweep away the stored food of many individual efforts, to repay the nation in time by fertilizing the very land they aimed to destroy, the flood of knowledge, dangerously strong, will in time help new ideas to grow. At present, you are too inundated with ready made culture. You are like the dwellers near the Nile, the most productive flood river in the world, which brings disaster before bringing wealth. Just at present, the banks of your Nile are overflowing, and the sooner you realize it the better.

Having so many words and ideas, people will be tempted sooner or later to play with them. They do play with them now, answering questionnaires, trying to win nation wide contests advertising some trivial commodity. They will, by and by, find vital bodies for those many splendid garments of words which they now keep in mental storage, and replace with them the dummy ideas. But they can not accomplish this until they realize that they are overeducated but not intelligent.

Too much education is, in this case, a dangerous thing. It would be worth while to keep in mind not only the blessings but also the perils of literacy.

Our Blighted Landscape

By Struthers Burt

"Why not do something about this billboard nuisance?" asks an inveterate Conservationist, revealing breezily what he himself has done to wipe out America's roadside eyesores

There are not many things that can't be done, if enough people want them done, and about the only unassailable discovery I have made in some forty-odd years of life is the discovery that no single man discovers anything. There is nothing more astonishing than to cherish what you think is an exceptional feeling, only to find when you make it public that all you have done is to make public what others have been thinking silently.

Until about eight months ago I imagined that I was one of the few persons in the United States who really hated road signs, not to mention hot dog stands and gasoline stations as they exist today; all the absurd and hideous excrescences that have grown up, and are growing up, along the magnificent highways that the nation, the States and the counties are building. At least, I imagined that I was one of the few persons who hated these abuses sufficiently to be willing to do something about them. I knew that Joseph Pennell had waged ineffectual war against them, and every now and then I came across a protesting editorial or cartoon, but for the most part the country seemed content to wallow in the increasing ugliness. And then, quite suddenly and adventitiously, I discovered that I wasn't original at all. I was only one of millions of people, and everywhere organizations, local and national, were forming to combat an increasing nuisance. Indeed, since making my discovery I haven't found anyone who likes road signs. I dare say those who put them up like them, but otherwise they are about as generally an unpopular feature of modern life as can well be imagined. In short, I found myself suddenly in the van of a nation-wide movement.

My knowledge of all this came about in an exciting and consoling way. Unlike a good many of my craft, I cherish no illusions, as I have already hinted, about solitary singularity. I know that singularity can consist only in method, in technique, that is to say, and that fundamentals are invariably the same. The only fundamental difference between man and man is that each man is an indi-

vidual, and so slightly different from every other individual who has ever been born or will be born. But that after all is again no more than a difference in technique. Each man approaches every problem of intellect or feeling a little differently from his fellows, but the problems are similar and eternal. Whenever you discover yourself wishing anything with sufficient passion, it is safe to wager that thousands of others are beginning to do the same. Therefore it does not injure my vanity when I find that people agree with me, and it particularly does not injure my vanity when these people are just the ones I thought would not.

For a while I must be concretely personal.

For two decades now I have been mixed up with Conservation in its larger terms, with forest preservation, game preservation, and the National Parks. There are two sides to this form of Conservation, as there are to all forms of Conservation; one definitely material and businesslike, the other æsthetic. It is definitely good business to conserve your forests and natural resources, and recently it has been recognized as definitely good business to reserve certain portions of the country so that people can go to them and find the quiet, rest and illumination which can come only from nature left more or less alone. You don't have to argue with people about these truths any more, although twenty years ago you did. Even the lumbermen agree, and in the ranks of the lumbermen you will find some of the most earnest Conservationists. But the majority of convinced Conservationists go further. The majority of convinced Conservationists are born not made. They have a peculiar form of patriotism. They regard their country, everywhere, throughout, as an entity, an individual, with rights of its own, one of the rights, naturally, being a right to comeliness. They do not agree that you have a right, even on your own property, wantonly to make this country obscene; to treat it as a pimp treats his woman, extracting money from her regardless of her morals, beauty or personality; to treat it as a dump heap or a gold mine. Nor do they think this in the least necessary. To the contrary, they believe that beauty and neatness are also business assets, and that there is no human occupation which cannot be made fairly seemly and unobtrusive if someone will spend a little money, exert a little patience and use a little time. Money, patience and time that will pay not only cash dividends, but dividends in far more important human values.

In other words, the convinced Conservationist believes not only in distant Conservation but also in what might for lack of a better term be called backyard Conservation, neighborhood Conservation. He believes not only in saving mountains, forests and lakes, but also in saving his own highways, woodlots and adjacent meadows.

This is a more subtle idea than the first. It is always easier to be kind to something at a distance than it is to be kind to something close at hand, and so, of course, this idea developed later; but it is developing, and rapidly. Once it has thoroughly emerged, in American fashion it will sweep the country. It is even possible to predict

that in twenty years a man who maintains a dirty lawn, an ugly business building, or a destroying coal mine, will be regarded as the same kind of casual fool as the man who now slashes a tract of forest or throws newspapers out along a highway. Slowly but surely people are learning that decency is profitable and that use and beauty are seldom, if ever, incompatible. Indeed, as I have said, use *plus* beauty pays six per cent. instead of five.

Personally, I would not have the majority of people approach this problem in any other way. If you involve a man's pocketbook, you involve his continued interest. And that is fair enough. Long ago I learned, fighting for forests, game and National Parks, that only the very rich can afford to be completely altruistic. The others have to earn a living. You must couch your arguments in terms of that living. Not a bad thing for the Conservationist, either. The reconciliation of beauty and good business makes the Conservationist think, and that humanly. There is today no more dangerous man to the cause of Conservation than the rich fanatic — unless it be the poor fanatic.

MEANWHILE, you will have noticed everywhere factories building beautiful new buildings and setting out lawns and flowers, railroad companies beautifying their stations and rights of way, little towns cleaning up and decorating themselves, big towns talking of boulevards, parks and fountains, and, perhaps most significant fact of all, since they touch so much the lives of everyone, motor cars steadily improving their lines and their adornments. It looks as if for the first time in our history of three hundred years and more we were actually beginning to appreciate the fact that the sense of sight is of equal importance with the other four senses of smell, touch, taste and hearing. Heretofore, most Americans have been visually numb.

NO DOUBT, in all fairness, we must to a large extent thank the automobile for this change of attitude, despite the new problems the automobile itself has presented, not a few of them Conservational. The automobile destroyed isolation, and too much isolation is the mother of shiftlessness. It is all very well to be dirty and slatternly when you've only yourself and a few not-much-thought-of neighbors to consider, but dirt and carelessness are different things when every day the world looks at them. Furthermore, many of the problems the automobile has introduced, among them the state of our highways, have become so pressing that something has to be done about them. The world does move, but as a general rule only when somebody kicks it.

For another thing, the automobile tourist has been steadily educating himself. If you live in the Far West you will appreciate this fact. He has become a good camper, and so, it goes without saying, a clean camper. Nowadays when he travels he wants to see something; he is becoming increasingly tired of slovenly towns and debased scenery.

As for myself, however, I did not approach backyard, neighborhood Conservation in quite such a roundabout fashion. I did approach it to be sure by the way of forests, game, mountains and lakes, but in my case these distant forests, lakes, mountains

and animals were my closest neighbors. For twenty years now I have been a citizen of Wyoming, and in the part of Wyoming where I live you are either a Conservationist or you're not. There is no halfway position. So, whenever I find myself anywhere I look upon that anywhere with the eye of a Conservationist. I find myself continually wondering why man makes himself so unnecessarily uncomfortable when it would be comparatively simple not to do so.

Two years ago I bought an old house in North Carolina near a small and pleasant town, remodelled it, and decided to spend my winters there. I did this because now I am more of a writer than a rancher, and so, for part of the year, have to be fairly near New York. This winter residence does not, of course, affect in the slightest way my attitude toward Wyoming or my status there. I would never be anything else but a citizen of Wyoming. Wyoming is the most fascinating State in the Union of which to be a citizen. But, being a convinced Conservationist, what might be called a mountain bred Conservationist, I had no sooner settled in my new winter home than I began to look about me with the deep Conservational contempt for the continual killing of the goose that lays the golden eggs — the favorite American form of big game hunting — and the Conservational anger at the insolent disregard of the rights of others that is still, visually, an American characteristic. I was a property owner. By what possible right could anyone — especially a distant corporation — depreciate the value of my property and offend my eye, when already it had been recognized by law that neither neighbor nor corporation could offend my nose? No man, no corporation, could put up an adjacent tannery, therefore why should any man, any corporation, who so wanted, be allowed to put up any number of disfiguring and damaging signs? What was the difference between the eye and the nose? And was there no peace or decency short of the Wyoming which, temporarily, I had left?

I had not far to look for a peg on which to hang my increasing disgust. In the State of North Carolina an interesting condition was presented.

Within the last six years North Carolina has performed a miracle. From having no roads at all, it has reached the point where today, not as yet in actual mileage but in potential mileage and in the condition and management of the roads already built, it has the finest road system in the United States. Also, in Mr. Frank Page, it has the finest Road Commissioner. North Carolina is proud of its magnificent roads; they are perhaps North Carolina's greatest asset. But not even North Carolina, nor even Mr. Page, has as yet reached the point where it or he appreciates the folly of building these roads and then permitting them to be partially ruined by a parasitical business; a business that pays not one cent of direct taxes, that utilizes these roads, built and maintained by my gasoline taxes, and yours, free of charge, and that has not the slightest consideration for our comfort, safety or enjoyment.

Think that over. Here is a business that lives because of us, and yet returns us not one cent in value, financially or spiritually; which, in fact,

does us harm. We pay to be injured; an odd turn of affairs.

There they are, thousands of miles of splendid highways, new miles being built every day, reaching out through a State that for scenery — mountain, central plateau and coastal — is second to none. A State, also, which yearly is becoming more and more of a tourist State, and to which, therefore, scenery is of paramount importance, and a State sufficiently aware of this fact to have set aside recently a great tract of country for a National Park — the Great Smoky National Park. All this, and yet a State, like most other States, permitting these highways to be turned without protest almost immediately into visual nuisances.

Put that together and make common sense out of it.

A good road is a commercial asset, no matter what happens to its immediate surroundings; but in these days of touring citizens and constant movement, the roadbed is only seventy per cent. of the whole. The remaining thirty per cent., a per cent. steadily increasing, lies in the adjacent scenery and in the character of the towns through which the roadbed runs. Why build something and then throw away thirty per cent. of your possible profits?

And, incidentally, don't allow yourself to be beguiled by the present internal campaign among the outdoor advertisers for what they call "a cleaning up"; in other words, a campaign for "bigger and better signs". That merely means a little unnecessary trellis-work here and there and more striking and better posters. A sign is a sign. There is a place for everything. Nothing in its place is bad; everything out of place is absurd. An alligator in a southern stream may be fascinating and an object of interest, but you wouldn't take it to bed with you. The countryside is the countryside and not an art gallery, even if "the young masters" have in mind the ennobling purpose of selling you a tire, a sock, or a collar.

Feeling thus, when I took up my winter residence in North Carolina, I was nevertheless convinced that nobody else bothered much about road signs. Nor were road signs my end of Conservation. All I knew about them were various rumors I had heard, one of which was that if you attacked them, at once, from all parts of the country, famous lawyers gathered to show you just how wrong you were. I had been given to understand that in every State the outdoor advertisers maintained a formidable lobby.

Opportunity, none the less, usually comes to those who cultivate deep enough indignations. Mine came in the shape of an invitation to speak before the annual dinner of the local Chamber of Commerce. I spoke reluctantly and caustically and without hope. Not only do I detest speeches, but I am afraid of a Chamber of Commerce. Possibly the latter state of mind is due to some extent to the fact that in my youth I read *The American Mercury*. Let me whisper something to you confidentially. *The American Mercury* is written mostly by people who've never had dust in their throats, therefore most of it isn't true. It's clever, it is often an excellent irritant, but it isn't true. If a horse has colic you can get him to his feet by putting turpentine on his belly, but the turpentine is neither the

whole truth about the horse, nor an actual cure for the colic. Chambers of Commerce aren't so bad; nor is the average man. The ordinary man, unless his selfish interests are directly involved, is usually in favor of what is decent and comely, once his attention is attracted to what is indecent and uncomely. The secret lies in attacting his attention without, at the same time, insulting him. Most people insult him. Hence the hopelessness of most reformers and the reason for at least half the existing ugliness and inertia. As far as that goes, all the average reformer has to do anyway to be insulting is just to exist.

HOWEVER that may be, I made my speech, and it was greeted with cheers. Astonishment number one. Within a week I was asked to become a director of the Chamber of Commerce. Astonishment number two. Within two weeks I found myself chairman of a small, active and vindictive committee appointed to go out and take road signs down if that could be done. Astonishment number three. Astonishment number four arrived when this committee discovered how easy this seemingly impossible task was. The Goliath wasn't such a Goliath after all.

Perhaps our experience will be of value. Any small town can clean itself up, and its neighboring highways — that is, can clean up three-fourths of the mess — with very little expenditure of time and effort, and, by joining the national movement, both as a town and as individuals, can help mightily toward an eventual entire cleaning up.

Road signs are divided into two classes: those of the national advertisers, those of the local advertisers. The highways are pretty evenly divided between the two. Each class presents a separate problem. The first class can be reached only by State and national persuasion and legislation; the second class is open to direct local persuasion and action, as I will show. To aid in the national fight, you should join, and at once, — it won't cost you much, — the National Committee. Its address is, The National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, 119 East 19th Street, New York City. The local fight is up to you. But do not forget this; every local action aids national action, and if there is sufficient local action, national action and State and national legislation will follow.

ROAD advertising is not only divided between national and local advertisers, but there are three other distinct factors in connection with it: the land owner, the advertisers, and the advertising agency. These, also, present separate problems. In order to put up a road sign you must first have an advertiser desirous of advertising in such a fashion; next, you must have an agency to print and erect the sign; and lastly, you must have a land owner willing to rent his land for such purposes. At present the most recalcitrant factor is the outdoor advertising agency. It is these outdoor advertising agencies who must be convinced of the folly of their procedure, and, if this is impossible, be controlled by legislation. But there is increasing hope that the latter course will not be necessary except to make formal and to perpetuate public opinion, and to provide for those few agencies so obstinate and stupid as not to be able to read the

clear handwriting on the wall. Most outdoor advertising agencies are run by clever men; there are indications that before long they may be among the most enthusiastic supporters of a clean countryside and the restriction of outdoor advertising to commercial districts.

I DO not mean, of course, that there should not be legislation. There should be, else the question will never be settled. But this legislation, like all good legislation, should follow public sentiment and not anticipate it. Good legislation merely cleans up in the wake of public sentiment and puts into statutes the will of the intelligent majority. And this will, in regard to outdoor advertising, is rapidly becoming so obvious that the alert outdoor advertiser will meet it and submit to it before it does him harm. Moreover, there is a curious condition existent in outdoor advertising. It is being attacked from within. There is what might be called sabotage. The outdoor advertising agency is confronted not only by a disgusted public, but by a steadily growing defection among the national advertisers and the landowners upon whose lands road signs are erected.

Within the last two years The National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising has been able to persuade two hundred and twenty-seven national advertisers and eighteen national advertising agencies to pledge themselves to abandon all further outdoor advertising except in commercial districts, and new national advertisers and national advertising agencies are joining this movement every month. Many of these national advertisers have abandoned outdoor advertising entirely; a sufficient proof in itself that there is something wrong with outdoor advertising.

The reasons for this are simple when explained. The arguments against outdoor advertising as now conducted are so cogent that they cannot be combatted. Some of these arguments I have already mentioned, but I will repeat them and add others. I will call attention to only the more important and more obvious arguments.

OUTDOOR advertising is anachronistic. It is based on a fundamental misconception of modern travel. It harks back to the days of buggies and liver pills. Traffic, both railroad and automobile, now travels at a rate of between forty and fifty-five miles an hour. Furthermore, the road sign has so multiplied itself that one sign kills another. The traveller — and this is especially true of the motorist, although it applies even to the traveller on railways — retains no especial impression of any single product, but, for the most part, merely an irritated impression of a succession of shouting posters.

There are amusing examples of this deadening of reaction and lack of time to read on the part of the travelling public. There is one company that erects huge signs giving a brief history of the towns you are entering. This company regards itself as a public benefactor. It is much more of a public benefactor than a private one, although it would be still more of a public benefactor if its signs were small, artistic and not advertisements. As it is now, the majority of motorists, as you will discover upon investigation, if they read anything at all,

read the histories — a most dangerous procedure — and remain totally ignorant of the name of this advertising company and its products.

I say "dangerous procedure", and so it is. Here is the dilemma. Most road signs make no impression on the motorist whatsoever, but if they are striking enough to make an impression, then they are dangerous. A fact beginning to be so well recognized that several States are attempting to legislate against road signs on this score, especially against road signs on curves.

For another thing, road signs have back of them no guarantee, as have advertisements in any reputable newspaper or magazine. The motoring public is not only becoming satiated, it is also becoming educated. It is becoming educated in two ways: it not only desires clean roads, clean towns and some degree of pleasure in its expeditions, but it also no longer believes in road signs. A striking example of this is the hotel road sign. Laying aside all other arguments against the use of road signs on the part of hotels, there remains the plain fact that if, for twenty miles, or a hundred miles, or more, you lead and coax a man to your door, you must be prepared, when he gets there, to do more than live up to your promises or else fail utterly. Average performance will not suffice. You have boasted, therefore you have put the newcomer in the state of mind of the man from Missouri. One of the cleverest hotel men I know told me that his company had abandoned all outdoor advertising solely for this reason. If the average hotel would put into food and service what it wastes in road signs, it would be more prosperous; if the average small town would spend the money it spends telling the public how fine it is, in beautifying itself and making itself clean, it would be longer remembered.

Nowadays the motorist sees so many towns that he remembers only the exceptional ones.

Here then is a business that less and less will be able to fulfil its purposes. That is the negative side, and has to do with advertisers and advertising agencies. But there is a positive side that has to do not only with the motoring public but also the general public. Road signs have been over done, road signs are dangerous, road signs are failing in their purpose, road signs are building up against themselves a growing resentment, — what might be called a trade resistance, — while, on the other hand, partly due to this growing resentment, road signs are depreciating rural real estate and injuring the reputation of the small town and the large one. What, for instance, is your impression of a farmer whose land is covered with signs? Do you think his credit or the value of his farm are good? Do you admire his intelligence when, for the few dollars a year outdoor advertising contracts will bring him, he sacrifices his reputation for neatness and the potential selling value of his place?

All these arguments and others can be used in your local fight against road signs, and so let us see what the small town kind enough to elect me to the Board of Directors of its Chamber of Commerce has done, and is doing. It is a charming and foresightful town and its name ought to be mentioned. It is the town of Southern Pines, North Carolina.

The first thing the committee did was to get the Chamber of Commerce to pass a resolution, stating its objections and arguments against road signs. This resolution was sent to the Governor of the State, to neighboring Chambers of Commerce, to both bodies of the Legislature, and to the State motor club. The last, incidentally, immediately swung into line, as all motor clubs will if properly approached. After all, as we have seen, it is the motorist who is largely responsible for the change in sentiment regarding outdoor advertising. This having been done, the local Kiwanis Club and the local Woman's Club were induced to pass similar resolutions and, in the first case, to forward the resolution to all State Kiwanis Clubs and, in the latter, to all State Womens' Clubs. The Kiwanis Club also appointed a committee to coöperate actively with the committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Back of these resolutions, which achieved immediate publicity, not only in the State but outside, was a courageous and intelligent local paper run by a courageous and intelligent editor.

This initial work over, the active work began. The main committees of the Chamber of Commerce and the Kiwanis Club were divided into sub-committees of two men each. These sub-committees had charge of certain sections of the roads running out of the town, north, south, east and west, and it was the job of each sub-committee to remove every sign it could along these sections. In order to spread the work, a letter was sent to each neighboring town asking it to meet us halfway along these roads and then, in turn, to write a letter to the town beyond, and so on, and so on. Whether this endless chain system will work or not I do not know. It will break, of course, at the first weak link. But it is a good idea, and one well worth trying.

The first duty of each sub-committee was to list and segregate the signs along its section of road, and then to concentrate on those signs possible of elimination. To begin with, each landowner was seen, and, without exception, every landowner consented to the removal of signs once the arguments against them were stated and pride and common sense were aroused. It was astonishing to discover how many signs had been put up without the consent of the landowner, or, if this consent had been given, how often it had been given through carelessness or lack of thought. Only a few signs of national advertisers where rental contracts had been made remained, and for the most part the landowners promised not to renew these contracts when the present leases expired. But that, of course, was not enough. As in everything, other peoples' feelings must be taken into consideration. The advertisers, too, had to be approached. I am speaking of local advertisers. Beyond arousing the pride of landowners, national advertisers must be combatted in other ways as I have indicated, but, where the landowner has consented and no contract has been made, national advertising signs can be taken down without further question. In such cases, tact is not necessary as it is when dealing with local advertisers. With the local advertiser, if tactful argument has no effect, direct action is possible, and it has been used in

many communities, notably in Hawaii; first, by a gentle boycott of goods until the obstinate advertiser comes to his senses; second, if the consent of the landowner has been given, and there is no contract, by taking the obstinate advertiser's signs down anyway. But these are fairly harsh methods and should be used only as a last resort. For the most part local advertisers are even more sensitive to local opinion than local landowners, and they are, of course, equally intelligent.

THE work is not hard and it is interesting. In fact, it is just as exciting as that other form of big game hunting, killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, and it is considerably more sensible. I doubt if any of the sub-committees have so far spent over ten hours all told on the roads, and yet what already has been accomplished is astonishing. Everywhere interest and coöperation have been met with. Garage men, merchants, farmers and real estate men have joined in the enterprise. As to the first, we have hit upon another idea to help beautify and keep decent the highways — we are going to offer an annual prize of a hundred dollars to the gas station, or hot dog stand, within a radius of five miles, which maintains the best planted and most attractive station or stand, and the one with the least possible number of signs. There is a second prize of fifty dollars. This is worth trying, too.

We have been given the most beautiful and varied land in the world. It is about time that we owned up, like men, that we have abused this gift filthily. I am glad to say that it is beginning to look as if a good many of us, like men, were on the point of owning up.

The Danger Line in the Far East

By Owen Lattimore

An explorer of the Black Gobi's age-old caravan routes discovers there the secrets of Russia's advantages in the international rivalry for Chinese trade

For seven years I had been working in a business firm in China, when I gave up my job and started out on a journey from which I have just returned, one which I had been warned in the first place not to attempt. I made the journey. It took me from China through Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, and ended eighteen months later in Kashmir. I had been advised not to make the attempt because anti-foreign feeling was running high, especially in the far interior, and civil wars and banditry made travelling additionally unsafe. A big scientific expedition which intended to explore part of the country through which I passed, failed even to get started, though it was lavishly financed and backed up by everything that "influence" means.

I got through because I spoke the same language and travelled in the same manner as the caravan men I met along the road. On that journey I learned things about the trade of China, and the economic values of China's foreign relations, that could never have been learned in any office in a Treaty Port. I learned them from carters and caravan masters, soldiers and vagabonds, as well as from merchants and officials.

At the city of Kuei-hua, near the end of the railway from Peking to the southern borders of Mongolia, from which begin many of the most important caravan roads that lead into the far interior, I found myself forced to take a route hitherto unknown to explorers.

I could not go through Outer Mongolia because the tribes there had broken away from China and become affiliated with Soviet Russia. The Russians, realizing that the Chinese would never be able to bring Outer Mongolia under their rule again unless they were able to control the wealth and commerce of the country, prompted the Mongols to lay an embargo on Chinese trade. The other known roads leading toward Central Asia pass through Shensi and Kansu, the northwestern Provinces of China, and follow one or another of the lines of communication which have been in use since the primitive beginnings of trade. All of these routes, because they are by origin the easiest lines of travel, have been swamped

by armies ebbing and flowing in the destructive tide of civil war.

THE only way left open to me, the unknown road, was one which had been worked out by the caravan traders in their long, losing struggle against the decline of order and civil security in China. It goes through Inner Mongolia, which has remained under Chinese domination because it is isolated by desert barriers from independent Outer Mongolia. Yet even on this almost secret road, laid out intentionally through the most inaccessible deserts, trade is being sought out and destroyed. Tax-farmers have found their way to it from Kansu and have begun to choke trade by collecting tolls which are not based on any theory of public revenue, but are simply intended for the rapid enrichment of a few individuals.

What are the inferences to be drawn from this gradual shutting off of the trade between the coast of China and the far interior? It may seem a startling assertion, but it is demonstrably true, that this caravan trade, carried on in the manner of centuries long forgotten by the changing West, marked not even by railway stations, but by flickering camp fires in unmapped deserts, is of the utmost importance to the foreign relations of China. It is hard to realize this, because China's advance guard, the men who debate the terms of her international relations with us, are men who, at Washington, Versailles or Pekin, can split hairs over the technical points of international obligations in impeccable French or English.

All trade in the interior of China is handled by the Chinese themselves. Middlemen's profits and profits on transportation all go to the Chinese; beside which, the stimulus to production given by her foreign trade benefits the country at large. Nevertheless the main impetus to the trade as a whole is in the energy and enterprise of foreign merchants at the Treaty Ports. Most of the profits are retained by the Chinese, except for the buying and selling commission of the foreign merchants who ship goods from the Treaty Ports to ports abroad. Yet the growth of the trade has been due to the way in which the foreign merchants have fostered the demand from abroad for Chinese products.

The difficulties of trade in China at the present time cannot be properly understood unless we bear in mind that the general tone of business depends on the export of raw materials. The ports of America, Great Britain and Germany cannot ship piece goods, electrical supplies and machinery to China until Shanghai and Tientsin have shipped out wool, cotton, hides, hemp, wood oil and so forth. Europe and America can use these supplies much faster than China in return can absorb machinery and machine made articles, the use of which the Chinese are only beginning to learn.

AMERICA, alone, buys great quantities of Chinese cotton. It is of a rougher texture than our own, suitable for mixing with wool to make cheap blankets. America is also the most important buyer of Mongolian and Tibetan wools, which come to us through China. They are cheaper than our own, well suited to carpet manufacture, and leave us free to use our own wool for the clothing trade. The enormous growth of the carpet industry in China itself since the War is

also due entirely to the American demand.

ANOTHER article of which we are the leading buyers is wood oil, which is used in the manufacture of paints and varnishes. Still others are casings and bristles. The list is a long one. It is important to our merchants and our national trade, though our general public knows little of it. If we can obtain these articles from China, credits are established which enable the Chinese to buy such things as electrical plants, rails, locomotives, rolling stock, and machinery for cotton mills and flour mills. In every class of trade America, whenever conditions in China approach the normal, is moving steadily toward the lead.

A civil war in China does not put a stop to our demand for the products of China, but it does put a stop to the market in China for our manufactures. Therefore, if trade is to have a healthy continuity, it is absolutely necessary to keep open the trade routes by which raw materials are sent down from the far interior to the coastal ports. The demand for exports has gone so far inland that the supplies on which a port like Tientsin depends for its foreign trade are not to be found at the wharf where the steamers moor. They are not even at the farthest rail heads, but at the ends of routes almost unknown to the foreign merchants themselves, routes over which carts bump and caravans plod for half a year or so. The length of these primitive routes, and the ease with which they are thrown out of gear by civil wars and bandit disorders, are the chief danger to the trade of nations friendly to China.

The pace at which the conditions of trade are changing increases fast enough from normal causes alone. In addition, external influences in recent years have been operating to confuse economic values with political questions. The resulting confusion is equally important to those who have a business interest in Chinese affairs, and to those whose interest is only theoretical. It is not as if trade were subject only to stoppages of a few weeks or a few months at a time. It is complicated by the appearance of a new commercial factor, and the commercial factor implies also a political interest.

THAT factor is the Russian State Monopoly firms. Russia, on the north, is the only nation with an easy approach to China across a long land frontier. The Russian lines of approach run at right angles to the long-established routes which supply the Treaty Ports on the coast. In the past, competition between the Russians, trading by land, and the other nations, which trade by sea, has not been in strong contrast, because Russian influence was kept at a distance by the Provinces of Chinese Turkestan and Mongolia, which acted as buffer territories. It is only in recent years that the competition has become plain, since the Soviet power has overflowed Outer Mongolia, and Chinese Turkestan has been isolated from the rest of China by civil wars in the interior provinces.

Our view of the modern Russian interest in China has been distorted. Most of our observers, in the Treaty Ports, have given an exaggerated value to the political news and to reports of Communist activity. The commercial problem, with its political

reactions, has never been credited with its proper importance. The plain fact which needs to be pointed out is that the revival of Russian trade depends on the decrease of the Chinese foreign trade in the interior, where the interests of the other foreigners and of the Chinese themselves are bound up together.

ECONOMIC reconstruction in Russia, ever since the Communist party finally gained control, has been hindered by the distrust which the Third International aroused in other countries, causing them to place a check on the flow of supplies. Russia needs raw materials, but her weakened purchasing power cannot compete in any open market. She could not even hold her own in China, commercially, unless the normal channels of trade were blocked, limiting competition.

What makes the entry of Russia into the markets of interior China a danger to the peace of the Far East rather than an extra incentive to the general development of trade, is that the conditions which benefit Russia most are against the true interests of the Chinese themselves. The dealings of the Chinese involve those of all other nationals. They are all bound to suffer from every fresh outbreak of civil war. The Russians alone stand to benefit. Civil wars affect only the routes from the interior to the Treaty Ports, while the routes toward Russia continue to function freely. Reports of Communists being turned out by one Chinese party, or invited in by another, have no great importance. What benefits Russia is not the score of the political game which we see on the surface, but the mere fact that disorder continues to increase.

I travelled from edge to edge of the Far East, right through the heart of the Asiatic continent, and the plainest and most important thing I saw was the new tendency of trade to swing over toward Russia. The Chinese merchants, who are the first people concerned with this new development, would not in the least complain of the arrival of the Russians as buyers. Their only complaint — but it is a universal complaint in Northern and Northwestern China — is that owing to the hindrances on every road down to the coast of China, there is no competition. They are left helpless, to deal as best they can with the prices dictated to them by the Russian State Monopoly firms.

THERE is only one way in which open competition could be established once more in the interior markets which are accessible to Russia. That would be by constructing a railway into Kansu Province, either by completing the present branch line from the Pekin-Hankow line through Shensi, or by continuing the Pekin-Suiyuan line, which now stops at the Yellow River, up past Ninghsia to Lanchow. Chinese prosperity and foreign trade both depend on free communications. Unfortunately, railway construction in China for the immediate future is at a deadlock. On the foreign side, investors have no confidence. On the Chinese side, there is a widespread suspicion that railway loans are one of the most insidious weapons of foreign "imperialism".

The Russians are free from such prejudices. They know perfectly well what can be done with railways. Russia has an open land frontier in the Far East of about three thousand

miles. It stretches from the Pamirs, in the remotest part of Asia, to Vladivostok on the sea. Along part of the frontier, the future division of power will be between Russia and China. On another part, it will be divided among Russia, China and Japan. All along the frontier, white race and yellow races are bound, in the future, to meet. The advantage will lie with the nation which is the first to make sure of its railway approaches.

NOT so long ago, competition for the control of railways was one of the chief causes leading to the Russo-Japanese war. In our own generation, the Russians are pushing on the construction of railways as fast as possible, in order to consolidate Russian power in Central Asia, and aid in the regeneration of Russia under the Soviets.

Further to the East, in Manchuria, competition for the control of strategic railways is once more in evidence, just as it was prior to the Russo-Japanese war. This time, however, the contest is three-cornered. In 1905, Russia and Japan fought out their battles on Chinese territory without the slightest regard for China. In the present manœuvring for advantage, though the military value of China is still doubtful, the weight of Chinese opinion — the difference between hostility and friendship on the part of the Chinese — is of first-class importance.

THE special status in Manchuria to which Japan is making a claim, is a bold move of which the world will not realize the potential results until Russia makes her countermove. Viewed from one point, the Japanese policy may be estimated as a desperate surgical measure, designed to isolate the still undamaged and immensely wealthy Province of Manchuria from the chaotic Provinces of China proper. Viewed from another point, it may be regarded as an overt restatement of the challenge that lay like a gage of battle between Japan and Russia in the years that led up to the Russo-Japanese war.

The truth is ironical. There can be no unity in China until the country is knit together by improved communications, enabling the people of the far-separated provinces to realize their country as a whole. Yet the danger line of the Far East is the railway line.

¶ *"Snow Trapped in Dead Mongol Pass." Next month Mr. Lattimore describes his personal adventures during the daring caravan journey across "the Land of the Three Don't Cares", from which he has drawn the foregoing political conclusions.*

The Archangel and the Bird

By Stewart Edward White

In an engaging fantasy Soupy Whiskers guides his profoundly scientific master into a realization that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy

I have been asked if I ever had any occult experiences. I am a scientist, and I do not think so. But I have had one experience which I do not wish to analyze down to any scientific probabilities. I prefer to keep it as it is. Perhaps it was occult. You may judge for yourselves.

I like to walk in the open. Back of my laboratory is a wooded cañon winding up into the heart of the hills. There are no windows in the laboratory on that side, for I felt that windows could not but bring distraction. Distraction is fatal to the closely applied research in which I am engaged. When I work, I work, as hard as I know how. When I can work profitably no longer, I like to whistle up Soupy Whiskers and walk up the bed of the cañon to its shallow ending below the skyline. From there I can either cut across open downs; or I can proceed up the Pass Road into the higher mountains. Soupy Whiskers prefers the downs on account of the ground squirrels: I prefer the highway because shortly it leads me to a bold outfling where a red cliff overlooks purple depths and milk blue distances. It is a good place to rest, because I have found that for some reason or another my mind goes absolutely blank after I have stared out into this space for a few moments.

The afternoon of which I am going to tell I was especially in need of rest. My mind buzzed and ached. For a month I had been working at a certain problem connected with the properties of light. You would neither understand nor be interested if I tried to tell you about it; but the point is that I had item by item built up a synthesis which proved by experiment, but which left me with a half dozen elements of the situation which to save me I could not combine. I ate, slept, walked and drank that problem. Or rather I attempted to sleep. My deliberate efforts to think of something else for a change were entirely useless. No matter how remote from my subject was the distraction I selected, it invariably within a minute or so brought up a cue word that suggested my difficulties, and before I realized it, there I was back painfully adjusting and readjusting the ele-

ments of the problem again. It was like a fever.

And I could not keep away from it. Usually when I have finished what I consider my day's work, I can set it aside and do something else. But a restlessness dragged me back to my laboratory. I even got to breaking my invariable rule never to work evenings.

This went on for a week, and I was no further along. Then Soupy Whiskers took matters into his own hands and insisted for my own good that I should take a walk. He did this by barking persistently at my laboratory window. After he had done this for five minutes I naturally went out to slay him. Instantly I appeared, however, he did a number of things in such rapid succession as to render it impossible for me to murder him. He sat up and held both paws high over his head in order that I might see they were clean; he produced a tennis ball which by a flirt of the head invented by himself he caused to bounce up and down at my feet; he raced madly thrice in a wide circle; he rolled over as many times; and finally he lay flat on his back, all four legs outspread, as though to offer me a fair kick if my mind still harbored murder. Finally, as I did not take advantage of the opportunity, he ran to the beginning of the garden trail and barked sharply a number of times.

I saw he was right about it, so I got my hat.

* * * * *

Usually I walk up the cañon trail slowly, with an eye for its manifold small glimpses and perfumes. Today I almost ran. Probably I should have run if my wind had been good enough. I knew if I paused for an instant my thoughts would overtake me and fill my head again with all those buzzing details that would not be ordered into a pattern. This suited Soupy Whiskers, who detests dawdling. I arrived at the Pass Road with absolutely no other impressions than of being hot and somewhat out of breath.

The first thing that penetrated at all aroused my indignation. On one of the rounded boulders near the edge of the road, the paintpot pest had been busy. In neat black lettering against a white background were the words:

WATCH AND PRAY

A little further along another fine old rock had been disfigured to advise:

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD

Such things ought to be prohibited by law. I had no patience with the type of fanaticism that can imagine such fragmentary admonitions could reach even the most primitive religious emotion, or do any good if they did; nor with the degree of stupidity that cannot feel the desecration of natural beauty. I strode on breathing fire, and indulging in a vengeful hope that some day I might encounter the perpetrator of these outrages. Somebody must paint the things; but I had never heard of anybody who had ever caught him in the act.

My wish was almost immediately answered. I rounded the bend of the road to come in sight of my beautiful red cliff. Across its face ran letters two feet high to the effect:

GOD IS LOVE

A man dressed in a long white smock, paint pot in hand, was just rounding off the final period. My anger boiled over, and I covered the distance between us in ten strides.

"Hey, you!" I cried wrathfully. "What are you doing there? What do you mean by this outrage?"

HE TURNED to face me, his paint pot in one hand, his brush in the other. At sight of him somehow the flame of my anger died. His was a tranquil face, with a clear blue gaze, and something childlike and trusting in it that ridiculously reminded me of Soupy Whiskers exposing his unprotected underside to anyone mean enough to kick him in the stomach. Only, of course, there is no one mean enough.

"Look here, man," I continued more reasonably, "don't you see you're just ruining the landscape?"

"Oh, here you are," said he. "I've been expecting you."

"Expecting me!" I echoed blankly. "What are you talking about?"

"I knew you'd be along."

"Expecting *me?*"

"Sooner or later. Of course you've been in a pretty thick fog. It was the dog that helped."

Soupy Whiskers, who usually mortifies me by his insulting remarks and demeanor to all strangers, had drawn near and was gazing intently at the stranger. At the last words he wagged his tail. The man smiled at Soupy Whiskers companionably, and his face lighted almost as with a radiance. Crazy as a March hare! Of course! I should have known better than to have thought, even for a moment, of these text painters as anything but mad. But such people ought to be shut up out of the way of doing harm, even if the harm is only to the boulders and cliffs of our landscape.

"Let's talk it over," he was saying.

I do not remember quite how it happened, but I found myself following him to my favorite resting spot overlooking the wide spaces, and half reclining on the grass while he sat on a flat rock just above me, and Soupy Whiskers — the renegade! — curled adoringly at his, not my, feet.

"You see," said the motto man, "I made the same mistake once myself, so I know how it is. That's the reason I was expecting you: I thought I might be able to help a little. Of course, having made the mistake, I *must* help when somebody else is in the same fix."

HE SMILED at me, and again I got that effect as of almost a radiance. A queer sense of unreality was invading me. The wide, peaceful, distant landscape had seized me with its usual soothing, blanking effect. Rather more suddenly than usual, and more completely; possibly because my mind had been so overstrained, and now had reacted to this accustomed influence with unwonted promptitude. At any rate I found myself quiescent, taking things for granted, accepting a bizarre situation without question as entirely the natural thing. I cannot explain this, except that I was overtired and had in reaction snapped back beyond my own mental control.

"You've been going at things wrongly," he continued. "You have been puzzling too much."

"How do you know that?" I murmured, stretching back in a really delicious relaxation. "I never saw you before in my life."

"No," he agreed, "but I know."

Strangely enough the point seemed unimportant. I let it go by.

"I know," he went on, "because, as I said, I made the same mistake my-

self. It leads nowhere: it accomplishes nothing."

With an effort I aroused myself. This was ridiculous.

"WHAT mistake are you talking about?" I demanded more briskly. For an instant I was back in my normal state of mind. Here above me was a crazy fanatic engaged in a reprehensible if not illegal practice of daubing paint all over a defenseless landscape. Here was I, a scientist of some attainment, doing nothing about it. Then the lassitude stole over me again. I could not rouse myself. The sun was warm and grateful, the air soft; bees murmured in the sage flowers, gathering nectar. I half closed my eyes, drowsily.

"That I cannot tell you, save in parable. You could not understand, nor are there words to clothe it. Some day —

"But I will make you a magic, I will tell to you a tale. For the telling of a tale is the gathering of what never was into a thing that will endure. And if that be not a magic, what is?"

The motto man sat between me and the westering sun. I was amusing myself looking at him through the lashes of my half closed eyes. The light was broken into rainbow colors which palpitated, expanding and contracting as I tensed or relaxed my eye muscles. I could by this means surround the silhouette of the motto man with a wonderful colored nimbus, or aureole. It seemed, too, to expand him, so that he loomed large and still and a little portentous, in his long white smock, like some figure I had seen in Gustave Doré — my mind slipped off in quest of that figure — it must have been in *Paradise Lost* — some great dominating angel atop the heavens. These things cradled my mind idly, so that it was only after an appreciable time that the words the motto man had used registered deeply enough to startle me with their unusual form and content.

But before I could comment, he had resumed his speaking. I lay back drowsily. Somehow incongruity or the unexpected did not seem to matter. For the moment I was simply accepting. The motto man's voice was soothing, too; and engaging of attention for itself, like the rainbow aureole. It was low and sweet, and yet it rumbled underneath after the manner of a big organ. My mind's surface flickered lazily and unquestioningly back and forth between the visible and the audible; between the light-encompassed figure on the rock and exquisite appreciation of the mere quality of the sounds it was making. The words themselves did not touch this forefront of my mind. At the moment their meaning hardly seemed to register, yet that meaning was clear to me and sank quietly to what I might call a depth of perception. I am careful to explain all this because otherwise the situation is inconceivable.

"IT HAPPENED," the motto man resumed, after a pause that almost uncannily matched my adjustment into the conditions just described, "It happened in the days of the first legend of all, when God made the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and all that in them is. On His seventh day, His day of rest, He called unto Him the greatest of His Archangels, who had stood at His right hand while He fashioned the wonders of His creation. And He said to that Archangel:

"'Lo! here are My creatures who live; but who know not the destinies to which they are called. Thou hast stood at My right hand, and thou hast knowledge of that which I purpose. Go thou, and thy brethren with thee; go unto each and every creature, great and small, and to him impart that knowledge which thou hast of Me as to the means by which he shall fulfill his destiny.'"

THE voice seemed to me more and more like an organ. The motto man's figure became more and more indistinct and light haloed. My muscles lost their tension deliciously, and I stretched them in a luxury of relaxation. It did not seem to me to matter what the man was saying. Sounded like Bible stuff. That's the kind of thing he would talk, of course. But it had a roll and swing to it as told in that ever-swelling organ voice — I must be drifting into a doze: I did not care. I hardly gathered the sense of the words, and yet they must have reached me, for as you see I can to this day repeat them literally.

"And," the motto man went on, "the Archangels descended to the earth, undertaking this instruction. And it was as God had said. There each creature existed according to its kind, but numb and dumb and unaware.

"So this Archangel of whom I speak called to him one of the creatures of God's fashioning, and he said to him:

"'Lo, here am I, by command, to teach thee that which thou must know in order to function thyself according to the purposes of God.'

"And they sat them down together."

At this point I suddenly noticed that the aureole I had constructed by means of the westering sun and my eyelashes also included Soupy Whiskers, who lay at the motto man's feet. This diverted my somnolent mind hugely, which indulged in what only afterwards I realized was a fantastic speculation on whether archangels had dogs, and how Soupy Whiskers had managed to acquire so much grace unbeknown to me. As though he had followed perfectly this excursion of my fancy, the Teller of Tales waited until I had finished my speculation.

"At first the Archangel taught concerning cunning things, showing how levers act, conveying power, through the angles of their mechanism. Thus ended the first week.

"And then the Archangel took up the lengthening and shortening of muscular fibres, and the application of will to move them. There ended the second week.

"After which he explained very carefully the opposition of forces, how one working against another at a given angle produced a third extending between the two. And thus ended the third week.

"NEXT he brought forward the principles of gravitation, showing in beautiful mathematical formulas how particles attract each other, and in what proportion to their masses. Which ended still another week.

"Nor was the instruction yet quite ended, for the laws of equilibrium were to be fully explained. And there ended the last week.

"And the creature with whom the Archangel thus labored studied these things and knew them; because it was the will of God, and most certainly for no other reason."

He ended the last sentence with a low chuckle at the sound of which Soupy Whiskers rapped his tail. Soupy Whiskers was now in the shadow, but the sun had moved completely behind the motto man. As viewed through my half-closed lids he loomed gigantic, a figure bathed in a glory of light, his painter's smock falling in the long classic lines of a robe. I knew that if I opened my eyes fully all this illusion would vanish. But I did not wish to open my eyes.

"THEN," continued the motto man, "the Archangel, having finished his task, said to the creature:

"'The time has come; thou hast full knowledge of thy structure and thy capabilities. Proceed to function!'

"But the creature looked upon the Archangel in puzzlement, knowing not what next to do.

"Now at this moment God, resting from His labors, looked out upon the creation He had made, and He found it still numb, and dumb and unaware. So He descended in the Spirit of Wisdom; and He asked:

"'Lo! these many weeks have passed by, and still this one of My creatures stirs not toward his appointed destiny.'

"And the Archangel answered:

"'Lo! I have given of all necessary knowledge, and still here sits this creature Thou hast made, fixed to earth! I have urged him, but still he will not fly!'

"With that word a strange and wonderful thing happened. Up from the earth and into the air sprang the bird. Up into the air he circled, beating his wings. He swung down his long free arc; he turned short up against the breeze. With rapid wings he hovered over one place. At the last, straight as an arrow up into the blue he shot until, a mere speck in the sky, he was almost lost to view. Long time he was gone, but at length, in wild free flight, straight back to earth he came, and with a rush of air through outspread pinions he dropped once more beside the Archangel. And the Archangel reproached him, saying:

"'Why, when you had learned so well, did you not obey?'

"And the bird said to him:

"'I obeyed when you told me the purpose of God's intention.'

"And the Archangel said:

"'The things you have learned of me you have learned well.'

"BUT the Spirit of Wisdom descended into that bird, and he spake to the Archangel with the voice of God:

"'The thing I learned of you, you knew not that you taught. And the Word I learned from you, you did not utter until the last. All the knowledge which has so delayed the beginning of God's purpose was to me a forgotten thing when I mounted toward the heavens. You need have told me but simple things. It would have been enough to have made me know that I had wings, that the sky is above, and to have pointed to the sun.'

"So the Archangel's heart was humbled within him, and he said:

"'Our labor has been in vain!'

"'Not so,' said the Spirit of Wisdom within the bird. 'It will all be very interesting to think about — when I am on the ground.'"

The sun had lowered to touch the western hills. It rimmed them into a gold line; and the motto man, silhouetted like them against the light, was also rimmed in gold. Below them

twilight was already trailing the purple gauze of its garments in the deepest cañons.

"WE ARE all birds, and we have within call the Archangels of Knowledge," added the motto man gently, after a moment. "From them we can never learn to fly. Through them alone we should never become aware, but should sit numb and dumb, as in the days of the old legend. From the Spirit of Wisdom we must learn only a few and simple things: the Purpose, the wings, and the air that shall sustain our flight. The creature must have knowledge of its equipment; it must have knowledge of its field and direction of endeavor. That is all. Then it must be told the Intention: Fly! Sing! Live!"

I was so interested watching, as the thin wire line of gold darkened and crept upward as the sun sank, that I could find in myself no comment; only somehow a great peace and contentment.

"You have been puzzling too much," said the motto man. "Rest in your attainment. I have come to tell you this, because I too made the same mistake; and so I must help you."

"How is that?" I manage to murmur.

"I am the Archangel of the tale," said he.

Somehow this seemed right to my somnolent reasoning powers. The gold line had risen until it outlined only his head, and the last rays of the sun radiated from behind it, far flung across the heavens. The lower part of him was in the august shadow of rising night. So might some great master have placed him in paint or marble, steadfast and still against glory. Then, away back in my brain, some ridiculous little habit of reason stirred.

"But it didn't come about that way — creation," I heard myself objecting; though strangely enough I do not remember at all the sound of my voice.

"It came about thus, but I must speak in parables," was his slow calm reply. "My words shall not be lost to you. Ponder them."

What he said did not seem to matter just then. I allowed his words to reach my consciousness: that was all. What seemed to matter was, what would become of his splendor — splendor was the word to me then — when the sun should have lifted his golden halo; and this I watched with the strained expectation as of an irremediable catastrophe. Of course my condition was by now wholly abnormal; but that is the way it took me. As the moment approached when the shadow must seize him, I experienced almost an anguish. But slowly he arose to his feet and the golden radiance once more bathed his shoulders. And somehow the act of rising seemed to have magnified him, so that he filled the world, and my ears seemed to catch the rustlings of mighty wings; though that of course was probably only the night wind rising in the sage.

"BE CALM; be tranquil; consider the Intention. Life is a wave. The thing that is made of vibrations moves within the limits of its being, and also carries forward the wave.

"Waves lift and fall as well as move forward; and the particles of which they are made also are elevated and depressed, as well as carrying through themselves the forward movement. The rise and fall is rhythmic and harmonious. Without it no forward

movement is possible. This is a universal law, applying to the mighty and on-sweeping tide of cosmic evolution and alike to the little ripples in the tiny pools that make up individual affairs. The drop of water that exults upward on the shoulder of the rising wave, too often, instead of falling in glory of grandeur into the trough, plunges from its height, darkened with despair; because it has not the vision to see nor the perception to feel the mighty, slow-gathering force that will lift it again to another moment of high-tossing, sun-glinted height.

"KNOW that: understand that," went on the mighty voice—for it seemed to have become a mighty voice filling all the sunset-pointed hollow of heaven and the twilight-filmed hollow of earth. "Accept the recession into the quiet hollows, into the slow-sucking trough, as part of the great rhythm, without which there would be stagnation. Learn to take it as the repose period, the gathering period, the period in which the mighty forces that lift the wave upward are quietly, powerfully coming in. If you could only once feel this, visualize it, never again could you be uneasy, depressed, low-spirited, discouraged, merely because of the natural, inevitable, necessary ebb after the flow. Never again would you worry because in this or that your powers of today are not your powers of yesterday, that your wings are folded, that a darkness seems to have closed you about. Accept the quietude, accept the ebb: enjoy it, as all harmonious things should be enjoyed. Rest in confidence with your folded wings; knowing that it is the Law; that soon beneath your breast the stir of gathering forces must be felt, sure that in the progress that the law ordains you *must* once more be swept upward to the glittering crest, whence all horizons are far, and the whistling winds of eternity tempt again your outspread wings.

"This is a universal law. By it you can measure your smallest moods. By it you can measure your greatest griefs and despairs. Carry its acknowledgment always with you, for its fitting is to all occasion."

The golden brilliance had once more lifted until now only the head was enhaloed. In another moment it would be darkened, for the sun dips with incredible swiftness once it has touched the horizon's rim. It seemed to me, poignantly, that I could not bear it — I closed my eyes —

It appeared to me that I almost instantly opened them again, but a considerable time must have elapsed. The world was dark, and the eastern sky held that great portentous phantom known as the shadow of the earth. A cold wind was blowing up the cañons, and Soupy Whiskers was whining. The flat rock was empty.

* * * * *

NOW that was my experience, plus two other little things. When I came to go home I found that there were no mottoes painted on either the cliffs or the rocks; and when next I picked up my data in the laboratory the solution of my problem stood out before me as plain as a pikestaff. I seemed to myself stupid that I had not seen it before.

As I said at the beginning, I do not want to analyze this experience too closely: I prefer to keep it. For one thing, it has been very valuable to me

in my work. I have learned not to try to work at details so much, but to let them come along of their own accord; as they do, provided I keep my ultimate major intention in mind. And other things which I shall not elaborate here, but which I have taken to heart. But I cannot help wondering about certain things.

For instance, if it was all a vision, a dream; that dream must have begun long before I encountered the motto man — or Archangel. I saw those mottoes painted on the rocks. And if there was an Archangel, why did he select this silly manner of approach? I imagine it was his only way of breaking through the crust of my purely mental preoccupation. He led me back into my appreciation of beauty by outraging it. Now I'm talking as if there *was* an Archangel, which is foolish from the scientific standpoint. The whole thing may be referred to the subconscious. Except sometimes just at sunset. Then Soupy Whiskers and I occasionally sit together and have our doubts.

October

By Margaret Sherwood

All about the house
Flows a river of gold;
Maple leaf and poplar,
Birch leaves grown old,
Spraying the windows,
Rippling past the door
In the blue October weather, —
Flowing toward what shore?
The wind comes to whisper
Its secret untold;
All about the house
Flow the years, turning gold.

Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

"Let Observation with extensive View
Survey Mankind, from China to Peru."

Campaigning in the Air

This year for the first time our Presidential candidates are literally "up in the air". Dependence is had largely if not chiefly upon the radio for the publishing of arguments and appeals. To those whose memories are a generation long, this seems revolutionary. Beginning with the phenomenon of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" of eighty-eight years ago, and following with the "Wide Awakes", stump speaking, otherwise known as "spell-binding", formed the horse, foot and dragoons of the partisan army. There was a Speakers' Bureau, which drafted into service all who could speak and many who could not. There was a training school for orators, which in a twinkling transformed the tongue-tied novice into an eloquent "spell-binder". There was even a *Spellbinder* magazine which for years enjoyed a circulation which many another might well envy. And from Broadway to Main Street, from Madison Square Garden to the little red schoolhouse at Squedunk, the land was alive with mass meetings and resonant with oratory. Now, speeches are few, speakers are fewer, mass meetings are fewest; though listeners may be more numerous than ever before. A select company of men at broadcasting stations read speeches into microphones, trusting to unseen and distant myriads to "listen in".

The result should obviously be a more than usually thoughtful campaign. Voters who hear the radioed speeches in the seclusion of their own homes will be influenced much as were those who stayed away from mass meetings and read the speeches in the morning papers. They will not be moved by the "magnetic personality" of the orator or by the contagious enthusiasm of the multitude. The appeal will be to reason rather than to emotion. And that should be great gain. Of course, there is the danger that men will not "listen in" as much as the political leaders hope. Many men went to mass meetings out of curiosity to see the candidates or the eminent speakers, or because their friends were going, or for love of being in a crowd, who will not now in cold-blooded solitariness turn on the radio and listen attentively to speeches by men whom they cannot see. There will be opportunity for ten times more people to hear the speeches of the campaign than ever before. But will

they do it? There will be opportunity for the most thoughtful and deliberate choice ever made by the national electorate. But will such a one be made?

Signing the Treaty

It was eminently fitting that Mr. Kellogg's peace treaty should be signed at Paris, seeing how largely the making of it was due to the initiative of M. Briand. Perhaps we might mention another reason, to wit, the identity of the place. Hitherto great irenic conventions have chiefly been made at neutral capitals — The Hague, or Geneva. But here is the greatest instrument of the kind in human history, signed at the capital of that Great Power which has above all others in modern times been looked upon as militant if not at least potentially militaristic. Will a treaty signed at Paris command more serious regard than those of 1899 and 1907 at The Hague? It could certainly not be more flagrantly violated.

The maladroit intimations that at the signing of the treaty France would raise the question of debt remission and Germany that of an abatement of reparations were of course unfounded. It was inconceivable that either of those nations would so grossly pervert the whole intent and significance of the occasion. Such action by them would have been tantamount to declaring that they were ready to go to war rather than fulfil their present obligations. It was left to Soviet Russia, with more malice than ingenuity, to attempt to inject discord into the proceedings. We might pardon the demand to be permitted to sign a treaty in which it had not been invited to participate, as merely a clumsy effort to extort from America the recognition which this country has consistently and logically withheld. But the further demand that what was to be a mere signing of an instrument which had been completed and fully agreed upon in advance should be transformed into a free-for-all debate, in which the treaty should be rewritten with changes dictated by Bolshevist Commissars — that really went beyond the limits of endurance. In no way could Russian unfitness for participation have been more convincingly demonstrated.

Gestion or Gesture?

The treaty is signed. Doubtless it will be ratified. But what then? Will it prove to be a mere gesture, a "pious aspiration", or a concrete achievement? In the words of *The Mikado*, it all depends; and it should be clear to the simplest understanding that it depends upon something much more than either the letter or the spirit of the instrument itself. If anybody expects the Powers practically to "condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another" simply because their diplomatic representatives have signed and their Senates have ratified a convention to that effect, I should advise him to plant a large field of cucumbers for the propagation of sunbeams. It would be as rational to expect every person in America instantly to become a teetotaller because three-fourths of the State Legislatures ratified the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. We all know that Constitutional provisions do not enforce themselves, but require legisla-

tion by the Congress; and in this particular case we very keenly know that such legislation must be supported by a favorable and aggressive public sentiment, else it will be a very minor tinkling cymbal. Precisely so is it and so will it be with irenic treaties. They must be made effective by concrete national action, just as a treaty providing for the payment of an indemnity must be supplemented with an appropriation act. Beyond that, national opinion and the national will must be educated to their support. That, in the last analysis, is the *sine qua non* in this democratic age. If a nation desires peace, not merely passively but actively, it will have it in spite of all the belligerent intrigues of politicians. If it wants war, it will have it in spite of all the treaties in the world.

Brutum Fulmen

There have been some fulminations against the treaty and its author, quite reminiscent of the "wild and whirling words" which we used to hear in the Senate whenever the simplest act of arbitration was proposed. Perhaps Mr. Kellogg will find consolation in the record of one of the greatest of American diplomats, who a century and a third ago negotiated one of the most important and on the whole most beneficent conventions in our history. But because that treaty contained a provision — for the first time in the world — that a certain dispute over a boundary line should be submitted to arbitration, the populace attempted to lynch its author and he was compelled to flee into hiding for his life, while the dead walls and hoardings of New York blossomed as the rose with such inscriptions as "Damn John Jay! Damn anybody who won't damn John Jay! Damn anybody who won't sit up all night to damn John Jay!" But the name of Jay is today held in honor only a little below that of Washington himself; and we have not yet heard that Mr. Kellogg has been hanged or burned in effigy.

Perhaps, by the way, some of the hot gospellers of the opposition might do well to read the text of the treaty, and then to consult their dictionaries as to the respective meanings of "renouncing" and "outlawing".

League and Non-League

The decision of the Council of the League of Nations to abandon the attempt to settle the Ruman-Hungarian dispute is rightly characterized by even so earnest an advocate of the League as *The Spectator* of London as "deplorable" and as calculated to bring "contempt upon the League". Without being censorious or Pharisaical, we may be permitted to contrast this with the course of America, the chief non-League nation, in patiently persisting in benevolent efforts to compose the controversy between Peru and Chili — to such effect that both those Powers have recently expressed their grateful appreciation and their recognition of the substantial improvement in their relations that has been effected. Such consideration is the more pertinent because both cases turn upon arbitration. The duty which the League Council has repudiated was that of appointing an arbitrator in place of the one withdrawn by Rumania; and the function of the United States was to supply an arbitrator between Peru and Chili, and to prevail upon them to abide by

the award. It would not be unjust to attribute the difference between the two courses to the fact that the United States is entirely devoid of political preference or partiality between the South American republics, while it would be extravagant to assume such disinterestedness on the part of all League Powers toward European States.

The Mexican Tragedy

The one palliating if not redeeming feature of the murder of General Obregon was the steadfast serenity with which Mexico regarded it. There was no panic, no crisis, no wild craze for reprisals; but an orderly administration of deliberate and discriminating justice, which spoke volumes for the self-control of which that sometimes excitable country is capable in a supreme emergency. Our own record of Presidential assassinations is too long to permit any censorious or reproachful sentiments toward our neighbor, or any save those of sincere sympathy in a bereavement caused by a crime as abhorrent and as irresponsibly causeless as one of those from which we ourselves have suffered.

Chinese Recognition

American *de facto* recognition of the Chinese Government was in accord with the principles enunciated by Jefferson more than a century and a third ago, with the consistent practice of this country ever since, and with the obvious facts and circumstances of the case. That it is having a beneficent effect upon China's feeling toward this country and also upon the attitude of other Powers toward China, is apparent. It was coupled with a recognition of China's right to fix her own tariff schedules, the importance of which is being by some both over- and under-estimated. It does not, of course, mean that in practice we are ready to accept any tariff rates that China may levy against our commerce, because we still maintain that "most favored nation" principle which "Count" — as President Tyler called him in his credentials — Caleb Cushing embodied in his famous treaty with China of eighty-four years ago, the precursor of the "open door and equality of opportunity" which John Hay established in our own time. So long as China, therefore, submits to tariff dictation from other Powers, we shall of course enjoy the rates thus established. But on the other hand it does not follow that such recognition of China's right is empty and valueless, because it is impossible to doubt that it will have an important effect in bringing other Powers to take the same just stand, until by common consent China shall be permitted to manage her own affairs as independently as any other nation.

The Passing of Confucius

The one detail in the Chinese situation which provokes in serious minds most apprehensive speculation is the extraordinary course of the Government in excluding the teachings of Confucius from the schools. That would in any case be a strange performance. It looms most ominous and menacing, at least potentially, when we consider the part that Confucius has played in the national life of China for two thousand years. His teachings have been the one effective basis of Chinese unity, the one potent bond that for all these centuries has

held the vast agglomeration of tribes and peoples together under a common head. They have meant in that respect to China more than Christianity has meant to any European empire. The abandonment and even prohibition of such a unifying force must have portentous results. It is inconceivable that any effective substitute for it has been found and accepted by the people. Yet without such a bond, we should consider Chinese unity to be most seriously endangered.

Giolitti

Signor Giolitti was the last of the important old-time political leaders of Italy, dating back to the era of Crispi and even of Garibaldi. In years and length and eminence of service — he was five times Prime Minister — he was entitled to be called, as he often was, the Grand Old Man of Roman politics. History will probably decide, however, that his title to supreme greatness was impaired by his incorrigible Opportunism and his lack of resolution if not at times of sincerity. At the outbreak of the World War he strove to "carry water on both shoulders" and to keep Italy neutral; in which he was happily defeated by an overwhelming demonstration of the popular will. At the end of the war he weakly permitted the Communist insurgents to seize the factories and to aim at establishing a proletariat dictatorship. Similarly he temporized with the rise of Fascism, only to oppose it mildly at a later date. His gentleness and tolerance were admirable, but they were not the only qualities needed in a ruler of Italy. It is as true there as elsewhere that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs. And Giolitti was more expert in sucking than in smashing them.

Germany and Austria

The mutual desire of Germany and Austria for political union is too well known to permit surprise at almost any manifestation of it; even at the transformation of the Schubert centenary into an annexationist demonstration. But we cannot repress regret as well as surprise at the amazing subordination of Austrian to German interest. The demonstration, we are told, was almost as purely German as though it had been held in Berlin instead of Vienna. The throngs of people were vocal with *Die Wacht am Rhein* and *Deutschland ueber Alles*, but with never a single note of Haydn's immortal Austrian hymn, though it must be accounted the finest of them all. It was, in fact, a demonstration in favor not of the union of two equal States, but rather of the annexation of an inferior to a superior. It presented a striking contrast to the days of old, when the Viennese used to sing "There is but one Kaiser city!" and when all Austria looked down with condescension and patronage upon Prussia and indeed most of Germany, save perhaps Bavaria. Politically it is no longer the *felix Austria* of Charles V. It would be regrettable to see the Habsburg remnant lose its individuality as a mere member of the German Reich; but undoubtedly a union of the two German-speaking nations would be for the good of both.

Worse than Tragedy

Tragic as was the physical outcome of the Nobile Polar flight, we must if possible even more lament what we may term its moral and psychological

débâcle. The insinuations, the sordid accusations, the infamous recriminations, that have abounded concerning the conduct of members of the expedition, must make us hang our heads for very shame at humanity. Hitherto one of the great values of Polar adventure has been its development of the noblest qualities of manhood and of heroism. We recall one instance in which the starving castaways gave larger rations to the weaker members of the company, because the stronger men were better able to endure the pangs of hunger and had more reserve to draw upon; another, in which one hopelessly crippled man voluntarily walked out into a storm and died, so that his comrades might not be encumbered with him and might thus have a better chance of saving themselves; and another, in which the leader of a stricken party, rescued when at almost the last gasp, feebly murmured: "Here we are, all that are left of us; did what we came for, and dying like men." That is the spirit which the world has been accustomed to see in Arctic voyagers, and to attribute to them. We should be bereaved indeed if we were compelled to think differently of any in our own day.

"Nolo Archiepiscopari"

The unprecedented has happened in the very land of precedent. For the first time in a history of many centuries, since St. Augustine, an Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England has resigned his office. Randall Cantuar, as Dr. Davison was officially known, was the ninety-first or ninety-fourth or ninety-sixth of the line, for authorities strangely differ; he had served as Primate for twenty years, or longer than any other for nearly four centuries, and longer than any other in all time save nine; and he was eighty years old. One might say, he had earned retirement. But it was not for any such cause that he resigned. Rather it was because he was heartsick at the defeat of his life's ambition, to revise the Prayer Book and thus to unify the Established Church. The final rejection of the revision by Parliament decided him that his work, though incomplete, was ended. A believer in omens might well perceive in this breaking of a hitherto unbroken rule of many centuries a most formidable portent for the Church.

Three Easters

Hard upon the rejection of the revised Prayer Book came Parliament's adoption of a semi-fixed date for Easter, to supplant the "movable feast" based on the date of the Passover. The result will be three separate Easters, all celebrated in England itself and to some extent in other parts of the world. There will be the official Easter of the British Government, observed by the Established Church and by the courts and other offices. There will be the old Easter, as now determined, observed by the Roman Catholic Church and by all churches and peoples not subject to British rule. There will be the Easter of the Greek Church, reckoned according to the old style calendar. And these generally will be days or even weeks apart. Thus next year we in this country shall be celebrating Easter on March 31, while England officially will not do so until April 14. Not the least significant feature of the case is that this arbitrary change of the most

solemn and holy of all the observances of the Christian Church has been made by a secular authority, confessedly for the sake of pecuniary profits in trade. The effect upon the already much divided and distracted Established Church is scarcely likely to be favorable.

"Flooding" the Sahara

Although it is an exaggeration to describe it as "flooding" the Sahara, the proposal of an American engineer which is being seriously considered by the French Government has a strong appeal to the imagination and is provocative of much speculation as to its possible results. The plan is to construct several canals from the Gulf of Gabes some two hundred and fifty miles inland to the dry beds of what were formerly salt lakes, lying below sea level, and let in the waters of the Mediterranean to fill them. It is estimated that there can thus be formed an inland sea about ten thousand square miles in extent — something less than half the size of Lake Michigan, or a little larger than Lake Erie. As the Sahara comprises more than three and a half million square miles, the thought that this body of water may materially modify the climate of the whole region is obviously idle, though it may increase the local rainfall; and as it will be salt water, we can scarcely expect it to promote vegetation and fertility. It will, however, provide a means of travel and transportation which may have an important effect upon the further development and even the partial reclamation of what has long been considered one of the most hopelessly sterile and hostile regions of the earth's surface.

Reason in India

One of the most encouraging items of news that have recently come from India is to the effect that the Legislative Council of Bengal has by a decisive majority defeated the Swarajists and resolved to coöperate with the British Commission which is considering the organization of a constitutional Government for the Indian Empire, and has appointed a Provincial Committee for that purpose. It is significant that this policy was strongly advocated by the Mohammedan members, and also by the leader of the Labor Party, the representatives of the most progressive elements of the Indian peoples.

Manhood in Scholarship

The entrance at Oxford of another company of Rhodes Scholars from the United States this year has provoked another of the periodical outbreaks of chiefly ill-advised criticism to which we have been accustomed during most of the more than score of years since that great foundation was established. With the crazy flubdub of the "Big Bill" Thompson type, about the devilish conspiracy thus to pervert into disloyal Anglomaniacs the flower of American youth, we need not concern ourselves. There is ancient authority for not answering fools in any fashion. But of serious import is the complaint that the Rhodes Scholars do not seem to be distinguishing themselves above all others in literature, science and the arts. The best and indeed a convincing answer is that these scholarships are not and were never intended to be bestowed chiefly for purely intellectual ability or attainments, but more for those moral

and social qualities which we comprehend under the name of Manhood. Let us recall Rhodes's own words. He said:

> My desire being that the students who shall be elected to the Scholarship shall not be merely bookworms, I direct that in the election of a student to a Scholarship regard shall be had to (i) his literary and scholastic attainments, (ii) his fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports such as cricket, football, and the like, (iii) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship, and (iv) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates, for those latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aims.

In that authoritative view of the case, it may well be maintained that the operations of the Rhodes Trust have been generally satisfactory; to which we may add that something of the spirit of the Scholarships might profitably be imparted, to a larger degree than at present, to our own entire college and university life.

Partitioning China?

Memories of Poland invest the word "partition" with odious significance, yet the Thesaurus provides no preferable synonym, nor any word that seems more fitting to describe the process in which Japan is potentially engaged in Manchuria. The Nationalist Government at Nanking may or may not be the best possible authority for China. That is a matter for China itself to determine, and not for any alien Power to dictate. In the intestine struggle between conflicting sections of the Chinese Empire, if other countries had no right to intervene, save for the protection of their own citizens, much less has any a right now to intervene to prevent reunion of the lately distracted and dismembered realm. To say that a Province shall not adhere to the central Government is to separate it from Chinese authority, to deprive it of local autonomy, and to make it subject to alien rule. That would be true even if Manchuria were in a detached and *quasi* independent status, apart from China Proper, because then it ought to be free to make such an alliance with China, or to place itself in such suzerain relations, as might be mutually acceptable between them. But we must regard it as an integral part of China, no less than Chiang-Su itself; an integration effected nearly three centuries ago in the Manchurian Conquest. From the historical point of view, nothing could be more absurd than to say that the conquering Province should be denied the right of attachment to its subject territory. It is, incidentally, one of the ironies of fate that the conqueror should now be threatened with conquest. We have recalled the Partition of Poland. Perhaps the case of Korea is even more pertinent. Yet — in good faith and without a touch of cynicism — we cannot help wondering how the whole business is to be reconciled with that provision in "the very heart" of the Covenant of the League of Nations under which Japan undertakes "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence" of China. Will it prove to be another of those awkward international complications with which, for its own ease and comfort, the League considers itself not to be concerned?

The Broken Balance

The troubles in Jugoslavia, which seem to be really serious, recall what was perhaps the most useful function of the old Dual Realm of the Habsburgs. It served as a balance wheel to the complicated machinery of the great congeries of diverse tribes and peoples in Southeastern Europe. No doubt it was a usurping and oppressive Power. But at least it maintained peace among the subject States; and it even caused them, through their common antipathy toward it, to cherish a certain comradeship among themselves. A common hatred is sometimes a strong bond of union. With the disappearance of the object of hatred, however, the union is impaired. The States, no longer having Austria-Hungary to complain of and to inveigh against, now pick flaws in each other, and find fault with each other, and seek for supremacy among themselves. Once Belgrade and Zagreb both looked to Vienna and Budapest as the enemy. Now they eye each other askant. It should be said for King Alexander that he has acted with fine impartiality and discretion, and deserves success in holding together the discordant elements of his triplicate realm. But it is a difficult task. The ingrained, inherited spirit of revolt is not easily nor speedily to be eliminated. We shall expect to see it overcome, and the integrity of the kingdom maintained. But we fear that the road, like many another, will be *per aspera ad astra.*

Polar Obession

We honor heroism. We admire adventure, even for its own sake. We pay full tribute to that indomitable spirit which counts nothing done until all things are achieved. Yet we are not prepared wholly to abjure discrimination, or, in spite of the godlike Daniel, to refrain from "the miserable interrogatory, 'What is all this worth?'" And we cannot help wondering whether it is really worth while to spend the valuable time and risk the invaluable life of Commander Byrd in so barren a quest as that which is now being undertaken. It is scarcely to be conceded that any substantial benefit will be conferred upon mankind by a demonstration of the conditions under which human life can be maintained in a region which is never to be permanently or numerously inhabited and which there is not the slightest need of ever inhabiting at all. Nor is it conceivable that any essential additions to human knowledge can be made through observations of the meteorology and of the amazingly meagre flora and fauna of the most remote, inaccessible and forbidding portion of the earth's surface.

For character, courage, resourcefulness and all the elements of manly greatness, Commander Byrd stands highly apart among the multitudes of his fellows, and his companions in this undertaking are worthy of his leadership. But could not he, and they, and the costly equipment at their disposal, be elsewhere engaged in a service more profitable to humanity than the mere struggle against the adversities of inclement nature upon an Antarctic ice cap? With the example — *absit omen!* — of Nobile and Amundsen poignantly in mind, to whose superb though sadly futile exploit a worthy tribute is elsewhere paid in this Review, we

wish this expedition safety and all possible good fortune; but we cannot repress another wish that the splendor of its spirit had been directed to some quarter and some task perhaps not less arduous but certainly less gratuitously perilous and more potentially profitable in its results to the world.

Olympic Grudgings

One thing alone has marred, from the American point of view, the latest Olympic Games. There was no lack of attendance or of enthusiasm, or yet of scenic splendor in the vast amphitheatre. The massed standards of the nations enchanted the eye, and the sonorous strains of their anthems ravished the ear and thrilled the heart. The games were cleanly and gallantly contested, with an average of high achievement. There was indeed everything to appeal most favorably to the finest sentiments of pure sportsmanship. But, alas! the notes of *Vart Land* were heard more frequently and more triumphantly than those of *The Star Spangled Banner!* And therefore for the American press and public the whole affair was seemingly of minor interest. We say *seemingly*, for we are not willing to believe that at heart American sportsmanship is of so poor a stuff that it cannot endure defeat. We should of course have exulted to record American success in every contest, and it was to be assumed that the American participants would, as they did, make every honorable effort to win. But after all the playing of the game is greater than the mere winning of it. We cannot therefore repress a feeling of regret that the true spirit of American sportsmanship was not more popularly displayed in acclaiming the well-won honors of our gallant and victorious rivals. Happily, that unintended infelicity cannot detract from the incalculable service which the Games render to that international good feeling and comradeship upon which the best interests of humanity depend.

George Harvey

He whose untimely passing we lament is remembered personally as a most attractive and engaging comrade. By this Review he is remembered as having been its Editor for a considerably longer time than any other in all its history, and as having invested it with a more intense personality and a greater political influence than it ever possessed before. In the journalistic and political world he will be remembered as one of the brightest wits, one of the readiest and keenest controversialists, and one of the most studious, far-seeing and sagacious counsellors, of his time. Nationally and internationally, he deserves to be remembered as the knight-errant champion of the Monroe Doctrine against the League of Nations. And this last characterization suggests the super-dominant feature of his entire career. That was, his passionate love of country. He was American nationality incarnate and inspired. Webster himself could never say more truly or with deeper feeling: "I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American." That provides the interpretation of all the phases of his manifold public activities, in both his friendships and his feuds. It forms the loftiest tribute that can be paid to an American citizen, as such; and it is a tribute that can be paid to none more justly and deservedly than to George Harvey.

November

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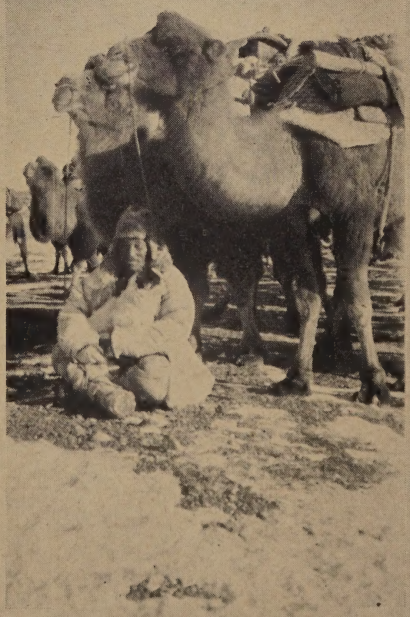
BELOW, A lady of rank of Inner Mongolia in her festal headgear of coral, turquoise and wrought silver

AT THE gate of Kuei-hua, on the frontiers of Mongolia; a city that for centuries has sent out caravans to Central Asia over mysterious desert routes hitherto unknown to Occidental explorers



ABOVE, Mohammedan subjects of China in Central Asia: oasis dwellers of the remote city of Faizabad

(At right) A veteran of the caravan routes of Mongolia

Illustrating Owen Lattimore's "Beyond the Black Gobi", page 621

THE ELUSIVE LEADER

"Though his shy smile vanishes from his lips almost before it touches them, its very evanescence gives it an engaging quality."

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Is Hoover Human?

BY RAY T. TUCKER

Charming to intimates and children, with a shyness appealing to women, the nominee's much discussed personality is interpreted by a Washington journalist who has been much in the Hoover entourage

"WELL", remarked Herbert Hoover, in an ironic aside to a friend standing near him as he concluded his address accepting the Republican nomination for the Presidency, "I wonder if this speech will help to live down my reputation as an engineer."

Thus, after painful months of silence, the Republican nominee disclosed his mingled resentment and amusement at the popular suspicion that he lacks certain warm and human qualities which, despite a seeming satisfaction with Calvin Coolidge's era and eccentricities, the populace likes and looks for in those it calls great and near-great. For some time, it appears, Hoover has suffered keenly from the reaction of certain of his countrymen to services which have induced foreign Ambassadors bearing badges and decorations to hail him as "humanity's healer", but not until the very moment of his political triumph did he blurt it out. Whether he meant it as a moan or a gloat is difficult to determine.

By this human admission, however, more than by the speech in which he recounted the number of radios, automobiles, electric lights and washing machines purchased under Republican rule, did he most effectively answer those who have dubbed him a "rosy-cheeked Coolidge." No man can feel so sensitively about his place in public esteem and remain altogether impervious to his fellows, or his fellows' opinions. Nor can Hoover, in this instance at least, be charged with supersensitiveness; he can hardly be blamed for his ejaculation. Rather is it to be wondered at that he concealed his feelings so well and so long. Rarely in American history, perhaps, has there

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been such an undecipherable figure as Herbert Hoover, and not in many years has the popular judgment of an individual contained so much of the paradoxical.

HERE is a man whose last fourteen years have been dedicated to public service. For four of them he served without financial remuneration, and his personal outlay for the more efficient discharge of his Cabinet duties has exceeded his official salary. From feeding Belgium and piling up food on the wharves for our warriors overseas, he turned to the task of saving Central Europe from post-war starvation.

Subsequently, as a member of the Cabinet, he became America's jack-of-all-trades; two Presidents called on him for aid and advice more often than on all the other members of their official households combined. His jobs ranged from mopping up after Mississippi and Vermont floods to protecting owners of mortgaged flivvers from British rubber monopolists. In the pre-normalcy period he sat by the bedside of every ailing industry; he midwived many others born of changing conditions. In his spare moments he has acted as President of the American Child Hygiene Association, and supervised a study designed to make America's streets safe for pedestrians. In short, his labors these many years, including the official and unofficial, the paid-for and those credited to his account with Angel Gabriel, have touched such sacred things as stomachs, street traffic and trade. Only the weather reports have appeared on front pages oftener than accounts of his achievements. The Hoover dynasty, beside enduring for six years longer than the traditional two terms of our Presidents, has shed its benign influence among groups which know not the name of the Chief Executive except when they memorize it so that they or their *kinder* may pass the naturalization examination. These are only a few of the things which may be listed under the heading of "Lest We Forget."

Such have been some of his accomplishments for the greater glory and good of the greatest number; and yet he stands accused of being mechanical and materialistic, of being indifferent to the human considerations that loom so large in the normal man's existence. He has been belittled as the arch-representative of a standardized society and the apostle of cold-blooded efficiency. His enemies have assailed him as one who would reduce life and government to the ruthless routine of a factory shop wherein each worker pirouettes on a dime and exercises God-given faculties in fabricating or polishing a minute piece of machinery. Some profess alarm at the thought of an engineer controlling the destinies of this democracy. And though these fears and characterizations find inspiration only in his philosophy as reflected in his public career, the man himself is held by many to be cold, ambitious, self-centered and self-willed.

WHY this mystery or misunderstanding about a man who has been constantly in the public eye and whose name became a household word during the war because so many of his activities were directed kitchenward? Why does Hoover himself remain a rather legendary figure? The answer, perhaps, is that the public, having heard and read so much of his genius

for organization, his reputation as an engineer, his amazing and unbelievable rise from obscurity to world fame, his part in reorganizing industry and trade, his preachments on specialization and standardization, has quite naturally associated him with other manifestations of the mad but mechanical age which has followed the war period. Rightly or wrongly, it has chosen to regard him as the champion of an industrialized and commercialized era in which government no longer belongs so much to the governed as to the governors. Hoover, the engineer, is a reality; Hoover, the man, is a figure as misty as Olympian gods to which troubled tribes of ancient days offered up prayers and incense taxes.

UNFORTUNATELY for himself, Hoover has done nothing to dispel this belief. If he stands in the mists and shadows, it is because he has chosen to take his place there; the mists and shadows are of his own making. He has deliberately avoided the spotlight; in fact, he may be said to have smashed the spotlight whenever its beneficent beams fell upon him. The lack of human interest stories about his personality, the scarcity of revelatory biographies, is significant; so are his experiences with biographies and biographers. Years ago he is said to have bought and destroyed the plates of a certain book because he thought it portrayed him in too romantic a rôle. He coöperated in the preparation of a campaign life, but he is understood to have barred all attempts to picture him in an appealing light. Though a more recent work by William Hard, personal friend and sympathetic Boswell, struck off Hoover quite felicitously and recreated the atmosphere and spirit in which he has built his amazing career, Hoover accepted with enthusiasm the author's dedication of the biography to him as "its victim" rather than "hero".

His hatred of heroics is innate. It is, perhaps, compounded of his Quaker origin, his natural shyness and an environment which for years kept him in the silent and shunned places of the earth. Though a "hound for publicity," as irreverential Washington correspondents call him, the tons of stories emanating from his offices since he entered public life have been concerned with his work rather than himself. In the campaign there has been almost no effort to dramatize him for the voters; his political speeches and publicity have been confined to an elucidation of his views on public questions.

ALL the wiles of correspondents and photographers could not persuade Herbert Hoover to pose for pictures such as are commonly taken of campaigners. His one vice is smoking a pipe, that symbol of kinship with the common man, but he declined to be photographed with it. "There are times when a man has a right to privacy," he responded humorously, "and one is when he is smoking his favorite pipe." To requests that he kiss an attractive baby lifted up to his train platform, he replied: "I will kiss no babies for publication." The only photograph approximating conventional shots of office-seekers was of him and the engine crew that piloted his train over the Wyoming plateau. He had sent for them to question them about the operation of the train, the details of the slackening in speed from 75 miles on the plain to 25 on the

slope, and he failed to protest when asked to line up before the camera with his engineering colleagues. He also stood for a picture of himself holding an ear of Iowa corn at his birthplace, but he grasped the ear too awkwardly for one seeking to catch farm votes, and too gingerly for one contemplating a bite of the succulent vegetable that has brought fame to the State and trouble to the Republican party. All through the campaign he has been the most elusive figure veteran press men and photographers have ever pursued.

OF CLOSE contacts between candidate and chroniclers there were only a few, and yet these were sufficient to increase their wonder at his disinclination to mingle more frequently with folks. Liking humanity in little lumps rather than wholesale lots, Hoover can be a delightful companion in a small group. His usually stolid countenance mirrors his transitory thoughts, whether grave or gay, and though his shy smile vanishes from his lips almost before it touches them, its very character of evanescence gives it an engaging quality.

As is true of most great men, his eyes are his most expressive feature, and for that very reason, perhaps, he rarely permits a glimpse into them; those windows from which, one guesses, he looks out on life with some cynicism and amusement, he keeps clouded or averted.

Even those who do not like him grant that he can be a charming conversationalist in a friendly atmosphere. His talk turns to homely and simple things, or shifts with startling suddenness to stirring events and illustrious personalities of a decade or more ago. This man who has spent most of his days in the midst of international affairs since the Boer War can, if he cares, become a loquacious and enchanting encyclopædia of latter-day romance. All his life, even during the turbulent days of the World War, he seems to have passed from adventure to adventure with an eye for the oddities of places, persons and policies. Despite his participation in great events, he appears never to have lost the perspective of the observer, and therefore his reminiscences possess the truly fascinating quality of objectiveness. A book of memoirs by Hoover might not precipitate another World War, but it might conceivably lead certain great nations and many great men to throw up either their hats or their hands. It would be more than a best seller; it would be a knock-out.

ON THE stump or in his casual contacts he takes refuge behind a thick wall of natural and protective reserve, but in these intimate talks he is a revealing figure; he is, moreover, simplicity itself. There was, for instance, a reminiscent glow in his gray eyes and an amused smile on his lips as he recalled for the writer the unwild and unwoolly days he spent as boss of the Carlyle mine thirty years ago on the frontier in New Mexico — his first managerial job.

"My most abiding recollection of those days," mused Hoover, "is of a very efficient sheriff who once used two of my mine shafts as a hoosegow. It was the frontier, but it was not wild, and in my year there I never carried a gun. But the sheriff had arrested more hard characters this night than he had room for in his jail, and

he asked me to suggest a place of incarceration.

"When I mentioned the mine shafts, he jumped at it. They were eighty to one hundred feet deep, and they certainly provided a place of safe keeping. To make sure there would be no jailbreak, the sheriff threw the ropes down on the prisoners' heads after they had been carried to their cell in the shaft bucket. I think I suggested that method of locking the door."

Some men of high estate prefer to forget their days of poverty. Not so Hoover. Voluntarily he vouchsafed that he would carry with him, perhaps into the White House, "another abiding recollection" of those early days. With a smile and the trace of a sigh, he added:

"Yes, I remember the Chinese cook. His food was excellent."

Almost with a smacking of the lips he dwelt on the rude dishes prepared by the Oriental chow boy of the gold-and-silver mine near Lordsburg, N. M. But there was a boyishly wistful note in his voice as the candidate for the most exalted elective office in the world explained why the food had tasted so good.

"You see," he said simply, "I was always hungry then."

With children Hoover is never aloof nor ill at ease; they do not affright nor embarrass him. In fact, he seeks their company. Some intangible tie seems to attract this shy man to children, and them to him. It may be that his wistfulness appeals to them, as it does to recently enfranchised voters among their mothers — for a wistful touch is a great asset in love or politics where the women are concerned. Or it may be that he charms children because he treats them as equals; he does not talk down to them, he talks with them. He enjoys shaking hands with them "because of the kick the kids get out of it." While awaiting a train in a Western city, he was surrounded by a group of men and women who brushed the "kids" aside. Straightway he stepped to the outer ring, and began a conversation with the tiptoeing youngsters. Upon learning that they were Boy Scouts, and that three were "pilot scouts", he asked them to guide him to his train. And the great Olympian Hoover's escort across the tracks was a barefooted, dirty-faced, raggedy squad of urchins squirmingly alive to their responsibilities.

Such flashes illuminating the unknown Hoover are rare or reserved for his intimates. Many men carry away from meetings with him distinctly disappointing impressions of the force or attractiveness of his personality, and in this group may be numbered business leaders as well as politicians. The reasons are obvious. In such conferences Hoover withdraws into himself. More often than not, he assumes the rôle of listener so enthusiastically and so successfully that it becomes exasperating and embarrassing. Thus it is that emissaries with conflicting ideas to sell him may depart convinced of the success of their diverse missions. But when they meet later at the club and boast of their conquests of Hoover, also disclosing the head-on nature of their respective propositions, they are inclined to charge him with deception instead of blaming themselves for precipitate conclusions. Hoover also has a disconcerting habit of making

meaningless marks on note paper while talking with callers, due no doubt to shyness. A distinguished Washington correspondent, having noted that these drawings consist of circles with spokes sketched in, says he knows it is time to leave as soon as the last of the radii has been pencilled.

HOOVER undoubtedly recognizes his limitations in this respect, but he cannot or will not overcome them. He has indulged in no attempt to be the good fellow in this campaign; it is quite evident that running for office, with its hurly-burly, its hand-shaking and its back-slapping, is distasteful to him. How could it be otherwise to one whose dislike of crowds and love of solitude assume the proportions of a philosophy? For Hoover does not like crowds; he is uncomfortable in them; he distrusts mob psychology, even though he may be the temporary object of its favor or flattery. A tumultuous, wild-eyed, arm-waving audience does not thrill or stimulate him, as it did Wilson and Roosevelt. Great masses of people act too slowly, too indirectly, too unintelligently for him — and he moves in a world of speed, directness and intelligence. Crowds connote Socialism and Sovietism, for which he has a deep and almost personal prejudice. Crowds consist of dreamers, not doers.

"Acts and deeds that lead to progress," he writes in his volume entitled *American Individualism*, "are born out of the womb of the individual mind, not out of the mind of the crowd. The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own which can plan.

"The crowd is credulous, it destroys, it hates and it dreams — but it never builds. It is one of the most profound of exact psychological truths that man in the mass does not think, but only feels."

Viewed in this light, Hoover's aloofness appears to possess a philosophical as well as social basis. His abhorrence of crowds and such mass movements as Bolshevism may account for his deep dependence on the individual and his conviction that progress comes, not through legislative or political blocs or bodies, but through impulses furnished society by "rare individuals" gifted with qualities of leadership. In any event, he has worked through the medium of small groups in all his enterprises, and among these he has always singled out individuals for responsible posts. As a scientist seizes on a specimen before he grasps at generalizations, so Hoover labors with individuals before he unfolds his programme to the larger group involved. That has been his method of obtaining legislation from Congress, and it will be his practice should he become President.

STRANGE as it may seem, Hoover in the White House would undoubtedly resemble Roosevelt in respect to the latter's flair for entertaining athletes, Ambassadors, educators, philosophers, authors, explorers and others who excited his interest or imagination. Once again the Executive Mansion might become the residence of an American Mæcenas. Shy and formal Hoover may be in his public and official relations, but he seems to have a dread of loneliness. When he has dashed through a day of Hooverish activity, he is ready for an evening of conversation with a few friends or authorities on subjects that appeal to him. Often there are neighborhood

guests at the Hoover home for breakfast, and almost always for dinner. Frequently of an evening, or of a late afternoon at his office, he summons somebody to talk with him — somebody he knows well and with whom he can be at ease, somebody whose ideas he considers worth while. With little urging or questioning, Hoover will indulge in reminiscences for hours about his experiences if the mood be on him; like Coolidge, who often belies his reputation for taciturnity, Hoover rambles on with all the enjoyment of a small boy allowed to stay up late with "company".

When his visitors have departed, he reaches for his mystery novel, and reads himself to drowsiness; detective stories are his nightly soporific. He takes them in large doses, for he cannot contain himself while awaiting the next week's or next month's installment.

LIKE the man he hopes to succeed in the White House, Hoover has never learned to play. Fishing is his one diversion, but his love of rod and stream is so deeply rooted in his aversion to a jazz civilization that it can hardly be called play. It is, literally, no more than recreation.

"I like fishing," he explains, "because it carries you away from crowds. It gives you solitude such as nothing else can. You can't get by yourself at the country or mountain or shore; jazz will follow you there. But a noise maker is not wanted along a shady stream. The farther you stand apart, the more silent you are, the better friends you are. That is one time when it is not a sign of boorishness or idiosyncrasy to keep away from and say nothing to your friends."

He also enjoys fishing expeditions because of their comforting aimlessness. Whereas an ordinary automobile trip connotes a definite destination, with speed and direction and desire, a search for a trout pool or brook may end anywhere or nowhere. To the restless being who has moved so many years in a maze of international turmoil, this has a peace that the world cannot give. If necessary, he will battle for the quiet he seeks. When the United States Forestry Service tried to install a telephone in his fishing camp during his vacation in the redwood country of California, he served notice on the district chief that he had motored 1,000 miles to escape such inhuman indignities. His indignation was magnified by the fact that he hates bells — trolley bells, door bells, telephone bells; they signify for him the claque of the crowd, the clamor of civilization.

YOUR Freudian, perhaps, would have a ready analysis of the somewhat complex Hoover. There may be room for such an explanation, in view of the fact that his favorite song is that battlecry of the gregarious — "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" Moreover, he was well pleased when his son and newspaper correspondents struck up such a strong friendship that first names were quickly in use. The father may have reflected, rather ruefully, that few call him "Herbert", still fewer call him "Bert", and nobody knows him as "Herb".

It may be, after all, that the Hoover whom the public sees only faintly is a fanciful, frustrated figure. It may be that he would prefer to be a people's idol — a rollicking Roosevelt, say, rather than a chubbier Coolidge.

Cheating Our Children

By Judge George C. Appell
President, New York State Association of Children's Court Judges

"Riding circuit" over a large county to carry juvenile court benefits to small towns, the author finds a nationally neglected problem of child welfare

I am thinking of a little girl of thirteen who appeared before me in court the other day. She stood there trembling, wistful, frightened. We had done all we could to comfort her, for a Children's Court is a place of refuge, not of punishment. But little Mary was too bewildered to accept solace. It was all so strange; she was so utterly lost in this incomprehensible world. Her eyes were red with weeping. Her past had been tragic; she knew not what the future held — she was so alone!

"Do you mean your stepmother actually drove you out of the house?" I asked her.

The child bowed her head, with a cringing glance toward the woman at her side. The latter broke in harshly:

"I did not!" She was a slovenly woman with a hard mouth. "I told Mary she could stay home if she'd earn her keep. That girl's too lazy to live, Your Honor. She just lays on the bed half the time. I can't get her to do nothing around the house —"

It was easy to see that Mary's was a case for clinic and hospital, not for a court. My heart went out to her as she bravely sought to suppress her sobs while a kindly welfare worker took her in charge. Clinging to the thought of the home that had been no home to her, terrorized by the unknown into which she was being led, she didn't realize that now for the first time in her sad little life she was going to have a real chance to live.

Mary symbolizes to me the problem of America's neglected children. Society, like some stupid stepmother, still lets many of its little ones suffer or run wild — out of sheer indifference, permits them to fall into delinquency. When Mary was examined by our clinic she was found to be a victim of diseased tonsils, a bad heart and malnutrition. Today she is gaining strength in a hospital; when she is strong enough she will go into a pleasant adoptive home, where she won't have to earn her keep. Over the length and breadth of our land, thousands of children — there is no way of telling how many — require the help we were able to give Mary, but receive it not. They are slipping from waywardness into crime, they

are being neglected by brutal or stupid parents, they are dull in school and objects of derision among their classmates; they are suffering from physical handicaps that will wreck their lives. They cannot help themselves — and there is nobody to help them.

To the sheltered reader in a comfortable home this may seem like sentimentality and overstatement. Haven't we had juvenile courts for twenty-five years? Yes, we have. We have had them in a few, a relatively few, places. And those who have worked in them know that the problems of childhood arising there cannot be overstated. Where Children's Courts have been organized, it is all they can do to function properly because of the pressing calls upon them. But still more important is the stark, glaring fact that the majority of American children live in communities where no truly efficient and scientifically modern juvenile court can reach them.

FAR and wide, we have heard the fame of the great pioneer courts, in Chicago, for instance, and in Denver and New York. We know vaguely that many other cities now have similar institutions. But after all, what do we know of the degree in which these existing courts are able to cope with their work? How many of them have up-to-date clinical facilities, skilled psychiatrists, adequate staffs, and all that intricate coöperation among judge, public schools, churches, welfare agencies, police and parents, without which no Children's Court merits the name? Because we have heard of the splendid achievements in certain places, we are apt to sit back complacently and feel assured that the delinquent or neglected child is at last in expert hands.

True, it is — here and there. But of the fifteen thousand communities in the United States having a population of 25,000 or more, the last Children's Bureau survey shows *only 147* to which a modern Children's Court is available. Steps are being taken to remedy this, but it is still safe to say that barely one per cent. of our small towns enjoy the advantages of an efficient juvenile court. Furthermore, more than a hundred of our larger cities have, even now, no modern juvenile courts organized in accordance with minimum standards of social efficiency.

That is why I charge that we are cheating our children. We are cheating those who are most helpless and most in need. We are cheating them out of the benefits of a practical and scientific knowledge that has been won through a quarter of a century of juvenile court experience.

We know how to prevent a great deal of juvenile delinquency. We know how to alleviate much of the misery of neglected children in broken homes. We know how to convert backward, sullen and wayward youngsters into bright and useful citizens. And we apply our knowledge to a mere handful of cases!

I DON'T want to paint too black a picture. When history looks back upon our time it will name it the century of the child; more than to all our scientific, industrial and economic progress, it will pay tribute to our aroused consciousness of child problems and to our halting but constantly improving methods of giving the child — and

hence the race — its true birthright at last.

But does not the very fact that we realize now our responsibility to children call upon us for renewed efforts to discharge that responsibility? Consider the phase of child welfare which is nearest my own work. Laws providing for Children's Courts have been nobly passed in nearly all of the States — and have largely rested on the passing. In many enterprising cities, such courts are functioning admirably; in other cities, in small towns and in rural areas, they hardly function at all. But rural districts breed delinquency, afford cases of neglect, in much the same proportion as the crowded cities. In my own county-wide jurisdiction, on the outskirts of New York City, I have had in one year a child's case for every 597 inhabitants of seven communities of over 12,000 population. Seven villages of under 5,000 population afforded a child's case for every 473 inhabitants. This larger proportion in the villages is sufficient answer to those who think that the tragedy of child delinquency is a by-product only of city slums.

BEFORE our court in Westchester County, N. Y., was organized, children of the county who fell foul of the law were taken before ninety-seven different magistrates. That meant ninety-seven different varieties of treatment. Clinics were lacking, probation was inadequate, little of the modern knowledge of dealing with the child was applied. The conditions in Westchester then, only a few years ago, were typical of conditions that still prevail in numerous areas. Now in Westchester County we have a modern court that might be duplicated in any populous county. Our court travels a weekly circuit the year round. Its sessions are held when necessary in more than a dozen different cities and villages. The staff is constantly moving about the county. Instead of summoning children from the country districts to the county seat in White Plains, the court goes to them. Thus we have proved that a single juvenile court can cover an area of more than 450 square miles and serve an extremely diversified population of half a million.

MANY people have a wrong conception of the methods and aims of the Children's Court. While other courts are concerned solely with the determination of the truth or falsehood of a charge, dismissing the defendant or meting out the appropriate penalty, the aim of the Children's Court is to get at the *cause* of the trouble and correct or remove it, so that the delinquent child may become an asset to himself, to his family, and to the community, and not a future liability.

Three classes come under the supervision of this court: the delinquent child, the neglected child, and the adult who contributes to the neglect or delinquency.

In the case of a child who has broken into a house and stolen some goods we are concerned not with the question of proving that he really did the deed, but with discovering the reason why he did it, and what we can do to lessen the chances of his doing such a thing again. We get as complete a picture as we can of all the previous activities of the child, so that we may throw light upon his anti-social act which will give us a clue by which we may help him back to normalcy.

The factors contributing mainly to delinquency are mental deficiency, some physical handicap, or improper home conditions. Let me cite the case of a girl of fifteen — a truant — who, upon examination, was found to have defective vision and a diseased throat. She was sent first to a hospital for treatment. After she was perfectly well, her delinquencies ceased. Every time we send a youngster to a penal institution it is an admission that we are defeated.

THROUGHOUT the entire range of research regarding the child and anti-social behavior, we are confronted with the complexity of the problem. This means calling upon the parents, the schools, and the entire community for active coöperation with and support of the juvenile courts. Delinquency is not merely a problem of these courts; it is a problem of the community of which that child has been a maladjusted unit. The Children's Court is only a central nucleus through which all child welfare agencies may work. But where there is no such court, the work of other agencies is at best inadequate. To say that such work cannot be unified in scattered rural districts where the need exists is merely to admit that we are too busy or too parsimonious to organize there a Children's Circuit Court along modern lines.

As to modern principles of the juvenile court, let me quote from one of the most experienced authorities, Judge Charles W. Hoffman, of Cincinnati, who says:

> The belief is common that an offending child is the arbiter of his own destiny and he is disposed of in many courts and in many schools in accordance with this doctrine. The freedom of the will on the part of children who have failed to keep step with the herd is seldom considered in the light of a qualified determinism, with the result that force and the infliction of physical pain have been invoked, always without success, to bring about readjustment . . . The greatest obstacle that for years, and even now, stands in our way in the treatment of children is the notion of punishment.

And he quotes Dr. Thomas W. Salmon as saying:

> Delinquency is a disease that destroys more children than many of the most prevalent diseases of children known to physicians.

The simple fact is that the only known means of crime prevention is to catch the potential criminal young — in the pre-delinquent stage — and then not to *punish*, but to cure. Now the delinquent child in the rural districts or small towns is not fundamentally different from his prototype in the crowded city. Small town boys run away, play hookey, steal automobiles, organize gangs, commit petty thefts, and otherwise go in search of adventure that enters the domain of lawlessness. Boy is boy everywhere. Or, according to Dr. Charles Platt in his book, *The Riddle of Society:* "A small boy is first monkey, then a wild Indian, and then, but only after puberty, a more or less civilized man."

REMEMBER also that life in rural districts is not all roses and sunshine and fresh air. Such factors as poverty, quarrelsome or drunken parents, evil companionship, mental deficiency and other sources of delinquency are not exclusively of metropolitan origin.

Some causes for child delinquency in rural communities may be set down briefly as follows:

1 — Lack of supervised community playgrounds and of suitable meeting places for boys and girls.

2 — Failure of many small churches to provide a social programme attractive to the younger generation.

3 — The practice of issuing "junior" automobile licenses, which enables youngsters to drive to the nearest town in search of the excitement they naturally crave.

4 — The encroachment of commercialized dance halls, which have spread out from the cities with the increase of evening and week-end motoring.

5 — Lack of well-organized welfare work by competent social agencies.

Obviously these failures are not serious in every rural community; but the consensus of expert opinion is that they are found in a very large proportion of our country districts.

A YEAR or two ago the world was horrified at the graphic description of child marriages in India. "Horrible!" we said. "What a country to live in! Something should be done about it." But India is far away. How about turning some of this horrified interest to conditions nearer home? Statistics show that in backwoods rural communities, child marriages average ten per cent. of the licenses issued!

In other words, there are manifold pitfalls for childhood even in the wholesome countryside. "The rural community must be on guard," says William Lewis Butcher, Chairman of the New York State Crime Commission. In a recent report he makes the following recommendations:

(1) *Community Responsibility.* In rural counties there is not sufficient recognition of the social problem of the community by leaders who could and should develop resources, not only to care for cases of neglect and need, but to do preventive work through group action by providing supervised recreation through the modern type of boys' and girls' clubs. These clubs should have trained leadership.

(2) *The Church.* Without question the churches could contribute much more to the important task of crime prevention if they would frankly face the fact that large groups of children as well as adults are outside the influences of the church. And too often religious instruction is not adapted to the everyday life of the people.

(3) *Parents.* The major responsibility for preventive work lies with the parents. These should be helped and educated to coöperate with the organized agencies, and to help their children to meet the problems of life with safety.

(4) *Schools.* Educational authorities should provide for clinics and other machinery for the study of the physical and mental condition of children in the schools, with the view to an early determination of certain tendencies which may result in crime; and the schools should "vitalize" the curriculum.

Finally a Children's Court in every rural community should work in close and friendly association with every one of the community movements. It should become a social agent in the widest sense.

AS TO the importance of all this, let us remember that while there is no single panacea for crime, at the same time many "professionals" in crime have developed through a series of minor offenses, and that if they had been dealt with properly in the earlier stages, their later menace to society would have been obviated. The burglars of 1938 are now stealing from fruit stands.

"If you ever want to be of real use in the world," says David Starr Jordan, "do something for children." Because society is already doing "something" for them, it has come to think that enough is being done. We are cheating our children so long as we fail to extend to all children the benefits now reserved for a few.

The Morals of Tammany

By Louis Seibold

Has New York's notorious Tiger been permanently tamed? A leading political writer reveals some salient facts about the Manhattan machine and its relation to Governor Smith

Considering the long, picturesque and disreputable record of Tammany Hall, the nomination of its present dictator has been as audacious a bid for power as any in our political history. Less than a generation ago the mere suggestion that the party of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland and Wilson might accept as its Presidential candidate a professional politician, tutored solely in the Tammany school, would have been contemptuously rejected.

In the closing weeks of the campaign it has become apparent that the Republicans estimated more accurately than their opponents the damaging possibilities to Democracy of the Tammany trademark on the Smith bandwagon. Hence, regardless of the outcome of the election, Tammany's morals will remain for a time in the focus of greater national curiosity than most political machines, no matter how hardened, would care to endure. Wherefore, two pertinent questions are these: What caused the change in Democratic appraisal of Tammany as a handicap in a national campaign? And to what extent can Tammany's claim to reform be accepted?

A fair answer, perhaps, is that public opinion, of which Governor Smith is a keenly responsive student, has in fact compelled Tammany to discard the more flagrant practices of former years. Whether Tammany has fundamentally mended its ways, or whether the reformation is no more than a veneer over the same old black and yellow stripes, remains to be seen; but there is little reason at present to reject the claim of Tammany's defenders that the outwardly visible improvement in its morals is genuine.

The crude looting of the city, the unrestrained preying on commercialized vice, which flourished only a few years ago, now figure only remotely in the Tammany system. The open bartering of public franchises and the illegal award of municipal favors to corporations dealing directly with Tammany bosses have either been discontinued or are negotiated with such subtlety as to evade public scrutiny.

True, recent disclosures still reveal

sporadic graft and the padding of payrolls as in the days of Tweed and Croker. Collusion between corrupt officials and dishonest contractors still exists. Whether these forms of municipal immorality are more general or offensive under Tammany than in Republican-governed Philadelphia and Chicago is uncertain. Any difference is probably a matter of degree. New York City's vast size and wealth offer greater opportunities for exploitation.

Yet both New York City and State have been apparently fairly well satisfied with the sort of government that Mr. Smith has provided for the State and that which the Tammany organization, over which he exercises tremendous if not absolute power, has recently given the City. The average New Yorker doesn't seem to mind what sort of government he gets as long as he is permitted to live the way he wants and is allowed the maximum of personal liberty.

THE recent career of Mr. Smith has reflected a sincere determination to relegate the old standards of Tammany to the scrap heap and to chart a course of loftier ideals for both himself and the Tammany organization. He has provided convincing proof that he is capable of doing his own thinking, formulating his own policies, and that he is not lacking in courage, aggressiveness and political sagacity. But before he won his Presidential plumes Mr. Smith was just a plain, ordinary "Tammany man". He played the game with faithful regard for its rules and was generally servile to his bosses from whom he accepted and obeyed orders without question. If he had not done so his political career would have been short-lived. In breaking away from the influences of his early tutors he has won for himself greater respect than was ever achieved by the men who preceded him in the higher councils of Tammany.

INDEED, in the hundred and thirty-nine years since Tammany was organized as a "benevolent, patriotic and charitable" enterprise, very few of its leaders except Governor Smith could be characterized as either benevolent or patriotic. Incidentally, these avowed purposes of the Tammany Society have permitted an amusing camouflage, to the confusion of public opinion. For instance, during a recent session of the committee of the United States Senate charged with the investigation of Presidential primary expenditures, George W. Olvany, Tammany's titular though not actual leader, testified that "Tammany is not in politics". The honorable Senators, presumably possessing little knowledge of political distinctions in New York, appeared to be satisfied with this disingenuous explanation. They had directed their inquiry solely into the affairs of the "Tammany Society or Columbian Order", and Mr. Olvany replied in kind. He did not think it worth while to define the difference between the Tammany Society of lofty and patriotic pretensions and the rigidly disciplined army which goes by the same name.

Any political correspondent could have pointed out the difference in an instant. The "Society of Tammany or Columbian Order" has a membership of around 800. The Tammany political organization has a voting strength of approximately 1,000,000 in the five boroughs of New York City, subject

to control under a sort of gentlemen's agreement between the leaders of the borough clans, and dependent entirely upon the satisfactory distribution of municipal patronage.

The political Tammany, appreciating the sentimental value of its relation to the Tammany Society, uses the latter for window-dressing purposes on the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions. But less than one per cent. of the members of the Tammany political organization are Sachems, or members of the Tammany Society. The political Tammany maintains branches in every one of the sixty-three Assembly Districts of the greater city. Most of these institutions are styled "Tammany Clubs". In the boroughs outside of Manhattan these clubs are designated as "Democratic". The difference is in name only, because the Tammany machine of Manhattan virtually controls the other borough organizations after the fashion of a holding company. In former days quarrels among the leaders of borough clans were the rule. Now the systematic distribution of patronage and other gratuities keeps the borough satellites in line.

WHILE this system is satisfactory to Tammany it is rather expensive to the taxpayers who merely desire good, clean government and are not interested in the distribution of municipal spoils. The present annual cost of the city government is $474,000,000 — an increase of $75,000,000, by the way, during the last two years. This is about one-sixth of the cost of conducting the business of the United States Government, including the Army and Navy. The cost of the New York State Government last year was $219,000,000.

The perfectly natural explanation of the high cost of Tammanyism in State and City is that its professional adherents have to be cared for. There are approximately 115,000 persons carried on the city payroll. It is quite unnecessary to say that 99 per cent. of these persons are Tammany men. It also goes without saying that a great many of these Tammany men were appointed largely for political reasons and that some of them render service of dubious value.

THIS policy of caring for its own is one of the most ancient and binding of Tammany traditions. The men who get out the vote for Tammany are rewarded at the expense of the city in proportion to their political skill. The practice differs from that of other city machines perhaps chiefly in its long-standing efficiency. In the old days friends of Tammany bosses secured fat jobs or contracts without being called upon to return any actual service beyond sharing their profits with their patrons. At present most of the Tammany men on the municipal payroll undoubtedly do some sort of work. A recent survey estimated that this class approximated 65 per cent. Roughly translated this means that about forty thousand of the servants of the city render little, if any, service for their salaries.

Richard Croker, boss of Tammany twenty-five years ago, brazenly told a legislative investigating committee that he "worked for his own pocket all the time". The district leaders who fought their way to supremacy in those days with clubs and brass knuckles were permitted to prey upon commercialized vice, maintaining a profitable partnership with the police.

The district leaders wielded such tremendous power in their respective spheres of influence that the supreme Tammany boss was virtually at their mercy.

THOSE were the most colorful and fascinating days of Tammany rule. The district leaders were a jovial, rollicking lot who kept saloons, gambling houses, and other resorts. They were generally illiterate, but were shrewdly skilled in the art of ward politics. They consumed vast quantities of French champagne but really liked lager beer better. Some of them made immense sums of money by means that would not be countenanced today and spent it with lavish hands.

"Big Tom" Foley, the "political godfather" of Governor Smith, was one of them. "Whispering Larry" Delmour was another one, The McManus a third, "Dry Dollar" Sullivan a fourth, and "Uncle George" Plunkett, the defender of "honest graft", another. Plunkett gained wide fame by frankly admitting that he had grown very rich because he "seen his opportunities and took 'em". Most of these men were personally rather likable, ruthlessly partisan, and frankly predatory.

During the reigns of Fernando Wood, William M. Tweed — member of the "Forty Thieves" Board of Aldermen, which outraged public sentiment by openly selling public franchises — and Richard Croker, such district leaders wielded a much greater power than those of the present day. The district leaders of the so-called "New" Tammany are not nearly so important as their illustrious predecessors, some of whom are named above. Few district leaders now are known outside of the bailiwicks for which they are held responsible. They are still accorded membership in the Executive Committee and participate in the fiction of selecting the leader, or boss, but under the Murphy régime and since the ascendancy of Governor Smith they merely ratify decisions. On the other hand, they are held strictly accountable for political conditions in their respective districts and are really a hard working lot of men, because Tammany does business 365 days in the year and doesn't indulge in any holidays when it comes to the matter of recruiting.

THE present day district leaders for obvious reasons do not enjoy anything like the privileges and perquisites of their predecessors. They are not only political organizers but neighborhood advisers, counsellors, and Samaritans. Some of them actually maintain plots in local cemeteries of various denominations to save many unfortunate constituents from the ignominy of the potter's field. They frequently treat their constituents to picnics and chowder parties, get them jobs, lend them money and perform many other friendly offices. In return, of course, they demand and get loyalty and votes.

It is of more than passing interest that Governor Smith was one of the most tireless of these workers in the Tammany organization while he was winning his spurs. Mr. Smith is credited by some of the old-timers as having gotten more jobs for charwomen, janitors, inspectors, bartenders, waiters, and others in humble callings than "any young fellow" in the Second Assembly District where his patron, Foley, wielded the power of boss.

As already said, the emoluments of district leaders of the "New" Tammany are far below the scale in effect a quarter of a century ago. Most of the money raised for political campaigns is now turned over to a finance committee which presumably keeps books for its own information but doesn't impart any of it to the public.

IN THE good old days of Tweed, Kelly and Croker, a "Wiskinkie" was one of the most important officials in the Tammany organization. It was his job to go around and collect money wherever he could get it and split it up among the district leaders. He rendered such accounting as his conscience dictated. Under present conditions the method of raising money has been reduced to a more systematic basis. The finance committee decides how much money shall be spent in each Assembly District. It sets aside a "Dough Day" four or five days before an election contest. The District leaders go to Tammany Hall and receive the amounts that in the judgment of the finance committee are necessary to get out the vote.

Another more refined method of doing business adopted by the "New" Tammany governs the award of municipal favors. Individuals and institutions seeking privileges fringing the law now employ lawyers instead of depending on the district leaders. They usually know the right lawyer to retain for such service. This method minimizes the possibility of a scandal and leaves the way open for the employment of helpful legal technicalities.

It is quite possible, of course, that some of the old methods of preying upon the unfortunate still survive; but the resultant graft is inconsequential as compared to the profits of former days. Murphy, through whose favor Mr. Smith was nominated for Governor, once sadly declared that "you can't keep everybody honest". If this lamented human frailty still serves to enrich district leaders and their henchmen, the fact is at least fairly well concealed from inquisitive eyes.

The "New" Tammany, then, is undoubtedly putting its best foot forward and doing what it can to assist the country to forget the record of Tweed, Wood, Kelly and Croker. One of the most remarkable achievements credited to Mr. Smith is that he has compelled this apparent reformation of Tammany's morals with far less destruction of the Tammany morale than might have been expected. Indeed, Tammany has lately increased its voting strength far beyond its normal proportion. This can be accounted for by its opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law. Another reason for the increased popularity of Tammany is its tolerance of personal liberty in general. There is little question that gambling provides diversion for a great many New Yorkers without interference, while betting on the races is openly conducted despite the fact that a State law prohibits it.

DURING the last twenty-five years Tammany has been defeated but twice in municipal campaigns, though two Republican candidates for President, Harding and Coolidge, carried the city. Mr. Harding piled up an impressive majority of 414,000 over Mr. Cox in 1920. Mr. Coolidge carried the five boroughs of the city by

139,000 four years ago. In the latter contest Governor Smith polled 519,000 votes more than his gubernatorial rival, young Theodore Roosevelt, in the same city districts. These figures are cited to make clear the distinction which the voters of New York City in the past have made between National contests on the one hand and State and municipal campaigns on the other.

One of the most serious political charges brought against Tammany is that it has frequently been disloyal to the Presidential nominees of the Democratic Party, selected in opposition to its wishes. Tammany opposed the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden and Grover Cleveland, both New Yorkers. Tammany also opposed the nomination of William Jennings Bryan, Woodrow Wilson, and James M. Cox.

Mr. Bryan fully appreciated the mutually unfavorable opinion that prevailed between Tammany and himself. He once described it as a "predatory band of corruptionists, more interested in profits than in principles"; on another occasion he declared that Tammany was "a stench in the nostrils of decent Democracy".

If, in the present campaign, the "New" Tammany has been heart and soul for Smith, it must be remembered that even before Smith Tammany is for Tammany. So long as Smith can show Tammany how to keep in power, Tammany will be his servant. But Tammany will be the first to desert him in defeat. By the old-timers he is tolerated as a vote getter, but mistrusted as having too "highbrow" and humanitarian leanings. As a Presidential candidate, Smith has been the greatest asset in Tammany's history. Paradoxically, Tammany may prove to have been Mr. Smith's greatest liability.

But Who Killed Miss Gilchrist?

By Philip Whitwell Wilson

The "Scottish Dreyfus Case," strangest international murder mystery of modern times, still unsolved after twenty years despite the activities of Conan Doyle, the intervention of Parliament, and the vindication of a famous victim

At seven o'clock on the evening of December 21, 1908, Miss Marion Gilchrist, an aged lady of means who was living alone in a comfortable apartment in Glasgow, sent her maid out to buy a newspaper.

The maid, Helen Lambie by name, closed and double locked the door behind her. She left within a peaceful and familiar scene. Miss Gilchrist sat in the cheerfully lighted dining room, reading a magazine at the table.

Ten minutes later the locked door, to which Helen Lambie alone had the keys and which was the only entrance to the apartment, was opened again upon a scene of horror. With it was opened also a tortuous mystery that is now darker than ever, after twenty years; a mystery that has produced an international *cause célèbre;* a mystery in which Conan Doyle himself played Sherlock Holmes.

When Helen Lambie set forth on her errand that December night, she had first to descend a private stairway leading from Miss Gilchrist's second floor apartment to the street door. This door, according to the maid's statement, she locked after her, as she had the upper door. She took with her, she states, both sets of keys.

This street door was the only entrance to Miss Gilchrist's stairs. If any one rang the bell, Miss Gilchrist could pull a wire and release the latch, so admitting her visitor to the stairs. As any such visitor ascended the stairs, Miss Gilchrist had plenty of time to look him over from the upper landing and, if she did not like his looks, to close her upper door, with its double lock and chain, against him.

It was well known that she did subject her visitors to this careful scrutiny. She had a reputation of taking no chances. She possessed considerable property, including a small hoard of jewelry, valued at approximately $6,900.

Directly below Miss Gilchrist's apartment, there was another apartment on the ground floor. It had its own entirely separate entrance upon the street and would not concern us, save for one circumstance. The lower apartment was occupied by a family named Adams, and Miss Gilchrist had an arrangement with

them that if, at any time, she wanted assistance, she would knock on the floor. We may add that the apartment above Miss Gilchrist's was unoccupied and does not enter into the case.

Having left Miss Gilchrist reading her magazine, Helen Lambie bought the evening paper and returned to the old lady's apartment at No. 15, Queen's Terrace. She had been absent not more than about ten minutes, but on arriving at the apartment she found that the street door had been opened in her absence, and on ascending the inside stairs, she was met on the landing by the neighbor, Mr. Adams, who was not a little perturbed.

MR. ADAMS explained his presence by saying that, with his two sisters in the apartment below, he had been much alarmed by the repeated sounds above them of "a very violent fall and then three sharp knocks". Remembering Miss Gilchrist's desire that he should consider such signals to be a call for friendly assistance, he had come to see precisely what was the matter. Finding the street door ajar, he had ascended the stairs to the door of the apartment itself. This was still double locked, but he had violently rung the bell, three times, yet without response. But listening, he had heard inside Miss Gilchrist's apartment a sound like chopping sticks.

Adams had then returned to his sisters below in their apartment, but they, hearing further less violent noises, had insisted that he again visit Miss Gilchrist's stair. When Helen Lambie returned and found him there, Miss Gilchrist's apartment was wholly quiet. The noises had ceased.

On meeting Adams, it would seem to be clear that Helen Lambie was quite calm and collected. So far from displaying surprise or alarm, she suggested that the pulley in the kitchen, used for drying clothes, might have fallen, but this theory did not allay the anxieties of Mr. Adams. He now learned for the first time that Miss Gilchrist had been left — as it was assumed — alone in the apartment, and he insisted that there must be something seriously wrong. After these somewhat leisurely preliminaries, Helen Lambie, using her two keys, opened the door.

As they were entering, a man came out of one of the bedrooms. He was entirely cool and there was nothing in his demeanor to excite suspicion. He approached the door without haste, walked out, and then, suddenly putting on speed, dashed down the stairs, "like greased lightning," slamming the street door behind him.

EVEN after this apparition, Helen Lambie retained her composure. She entered the kitchen and the spare bedroom, and it was only after this inspection of other rooms that she proceeded to the dining room, where she had left her mistress. Her scream brought Mr. Adams to the scene.

A terrible sight awaited the eye. There on the table lay Miss Gilchrist's spectacles, the magazine that she had been reading, and even a half sovereign that, before Lambie went on her errand, she had happened to put there. Nothing of all this was disturbed but, stunned by a treacherous blow, Miss Gilchrist had fallen to the floor, and there her head had been so shockingly battered that she was speechless, and her life virtually extinct.

Lambie immediately rushed out of Miss Gilchrist's apartment and told

the news to a niece of Miss Gilchrist, named Margaret Birrell, at whose residence she arrived at "about 7.15 P.M." — or within a quarter of an hour of the tragedy.

When the old lady's jewelry was examined, it was found that a glass dish on her dressing table, containing rings and other valuables, with her gold watch, had been untouched by the murderer. But apparently one brooch of value had disappeared. This was the extent of the robbery, if there had been a robbery. A wooden box had been broken open, however, and the murderer, finding papers therein, had scattered them on the floor. No weapon was found in the flat, but a chair may have been used to inflict certain of the injuries. It was stained with blood.

The windows of all the rooms were closed, except one in the kitchen which was open three inches. On a bit of lawn below the window, the police later found an augur. The murderer had lighted the gas and left behind him a match box but, in those days, Glasgow did not worry over finger-prints.

II

THE murder aroused an immediate sensation. The brutality of it, the audacious behavior of the criminal, his escape in the early evening, and before witnesses—here was indeed a case to inflame public opinion. The police were hot foot on an arrest. Yet the case was not clear. No one in the house and no one in the street had obtained more than a momentary glimpse of the man, and the impressions of him, when later recorded, were uncertain and often contradictory.

Hence, there was great interest at Police Headquarters when, on Christmas Day, a cycle-dealer named Allan M'Lean reported that, at his club, there was a man of his acquaintance trying to dispose of a pawnticket, appertaining to a diamond brooch which answered roughly to Miss Gilchrist's. The scent developed when it was learned that this suspect had an assumed name, "A. Anderson," that he had recently taken a flat in Glasgow and furnished it on the hire-purchase system, that at this very date he was leaving this flat to two German women from one of whom he had borrowed £25, and that he was sailing with yet another lady, not his wife, to New York, under a new pseudonym, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Sando. As a dealer in jewels, it was conceivable that Sando had obtained admittance to the apartment by offering to Miss Gilchrist a bargain. That no touch of melodrama should be omitted, let us add that Sando had shaved off his moustache and that the liner on which he booked his passage was none other than the ill-fated *Lusitania*.

EXCITED opinion embellished this aspect of the case. There were stories of Miss Gilchrist's rooms and floors being torn up, and of diamonds thrown upon the pavement! A more serious question was whether the old lady was what was called "a resetter" of jewels—that is, a receiver of stolen goods, which avocation would have brought her into touch with dubious characters. It was a surmise that militated against Otto Sando.

Here seemed to be a perfect case: First, the brooch as clue; next, an alien without definite residence or income; then, a man of dubious

morals; and finally, a fugitive from justice. With obvious alacrity, the police decided that Sando must be arrested in New York and cables were dispatched to that effect. Sando was seized and consigned to the Tombs, pending extradition.

THE case had now ceased to be Scottish alone, or even British; it was international and, in the prosecution of Sando, a treaty with the United States was involved.

Sando was extradited, and on his arrival at Glasgow he was welcomed with all the enthusiasm bestowed by an appreciative democracy on an appointed villain of the piece. Seething crowds, a rabid press, an eager prosecution, greeted this foreigner who had done to death an aged and gentle Scottish lady.

Still, despite the excitement and the deadly bias against this unpopular foreigner, which the judge deliberately inflamed, the case was crumbling. The hope that the jury would be unanimous for guilt, had faded away. The only chance of hanging the man lay in introducing some element of prejudice which would sway the minds of jurors, still wavering, and so turn an acquittal into a conviction. The Lord Advocate, who prosecuted, was Alexander Ure. He is now a Judge of the High Court of Scotland and a Law Lord. He introduced evidence as to Sando's character on which his comment was as follows:

> Up to yesterday afternoon I should have thought that there was one serious difficulty which confronted you, the difficulty of conceiving that there was in existence a human being capable of doing such a dastardly deed. Gentlemen, that difficulty, I think, was removed when we heard that he had followed a life which descends to the very lowest depths of human degradation. . . . That difficulty removed, I say without hesitation that the man in the dock is capable of having committed this dastardly outrage, and the question for you to consider is whether or not the evidence has brought it home to him.

So far from correcting this excess of righteous indignation on the part of the Lord Advocate, the trial judge — Lord Guthrie — laid down the principle that, because Sando was asserted to be immoral, therefore his guilt of murder was to be presumed. The actual words are:

> A man of that kind has not the presumption of innocence in his favor which is a form in the case of every man but a reality in the case of the ordinary man.

Sando was thus convicted of the murder. Yet even so, the decision was by majority only. Nine jurors voted guilty. Six took a different view.

DURING the trial, the man in the dock had been curiously complacent. Imperfectly understanding English, he had assumed that all was going with his case as he had anticipated. But when the verdict was being recorded, he suddenly awoke to his awful position. Ringing through the court, his voice asserted a plea of innocence.

"My father and mother are poor old people," he cried; and continued: "My Lord, what shall I say? I came over from America knowing nothing of the affair — to Scotland, to get a fair judgment. I know nothing about the affair — absolutely nothing. I never heard the name. I know nothing about the affair. I do not know how I could be connected with the affair. I know nothing about it. I came from America on my own account. I can say no more."

The answer of Scottish justice was simple. Lord Guthrie assumed the black cap and sentenced Sando to death "in the usual form".

A rule, too, was adopted to prevent any prisoner having the chance of repeating so deplorable an indiscretion as this man's outburst had been. If Sando were convicted today, he would be hustled out of the Court, unheard.

III

THIS narrative is not fiction but fact. Otto Sando is a real man whose name is known throughout the world to be Oscar Slater. This man did actually face execution on May 27, 1909. It was only on May 25 that, as a result of public protests, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life.

Now, after eighteen years of rigorous inprisonment, this friendless and unpopular German Jew, the Scottish Dreyfus, has been liberated by the direct intervention of Parliament itself. For his unmerited sufferings, he has been compensated by a payment of £6,000, or $30,000. As a solatium, it is little enough. But, at least, it entitles us to assume that the innocence of Oscar Slater is now indisputable.

In the extradition proceedings in New York, Slater was represented by able attorneys, Mr. Hugh Gordon Miller, of New York, and Mr. William A. Goodheart, of Baltimore.

From the first, these attorneys were convinced of Slater's innocence, nor has their interest in his case abated. Indeed, they had strong reasons for their point of view, which time has justified. For, at the very outset of the proceedings, the only clue which connected Slater with the murder and led to his arrest, broke down. It was proved beyond doubt and accepted by the police themselves that the brooch, for which Slater held the pawnticket, had been owned by him for months, and could not have been — in fact, was not — any brooch ever owned by Miss Gilchrist! The only link definitely connecting Slater with the crime had snapped.

Further, it was shown that the moustache had been removed weeks before the date of the murder and could not have formed any part of a scheme to effect a disguise. Moreover, the alleged flight from justice had been arranged well in advance of the crime, and Slater had registered at a hotel in Liverpool openly in his own name. If he used various names, the reason given was not the murder — this goes without saying — but his domestic perplexities. He had a wife, but she was not the only lady interested in him. In none of Slater's possessions or suits of clothes or overcoats was there discoverable the slightest trace of blood, or anything else to associate him with the crime.

EXTRADITION depended, then, on identification. As every lawyer knows, such evidence is, perhaps, the least reliable, even when given in good faith, of all offered in the witness-box. In this case, the circumstances precluded even an approach to certitude. To every one of these witnesses, Slater had been personally an entire stranger. On the day of the murder, not one of them had ever heard so much as his name.

Nor had any one of them caught so much as a glimpse of the murderer except in a doubtful light and for a second or two of time. Even so, the

manner of the identification was obviously irregular. In New York, the leading witnesses were allowed to see Slater, in company with Deputy Marshal Pinkney, before they were summoned to testify. Their identification, with those that followed it in Scotland, was thus reduced to a farce.

For an innocent man, Slater behaved, moreover, in a curious fashion. His attorney in New York, Mr. Miller, advised him to appeal against extradition. The attorney was convinced that such an appeal would be successful. But Slater refused this chance — this probability — of release from detention. "I believe," said he, "in British justice;" and, in this belief, he returned to Scotland, ostensibly under arrest, in reality by his own decision. It was hardly the attitude of a murderer, conscious of guilt.

In Scotland, the identifications were repeated and multiplied. What could be easier? A dozen of the police in plain clothes were ranged in a row and the dark-skinned prisoner was told to stand among them. With wonderful unanimity, all kinds of people began to identify the face, suggested by its complexion, and already rendered familiar by photographs in the press. If the Lord Mayor of London had been as famous at that moment as Oscar Slater, he would have received precisely the same measure of identification. Read in cold blood, this testimony is a scandalous travesty of what ought to be a prosecution for a grave crime like murder. As an example of what has come to be called "railroading", it provides a perfect study for the criminologist.

In Lord Guthrie's charge to the jury, as now printed, there is a passage which should be scrutinized with care. It is the statement that, on circumstantial evidence alone, the jury should not convict. That salutary sentence appears, strange to say, to have been written into his charge by Lord Guthrie after Slater had been sentenced. Apparently, the charge of this judge, as he would have us read it, is not the charge which, in certain particulars, he delivered to the jury. The authorised version is a revised version!

Arrested on a clue known by the police to be false, identified by methods which were at best fallacious and at certain points a fraud upon truth, convicted by no testimony worth the name except testimony as to character, and prejudiced by a judicial charge admitted to have been indefensible in law, Slater was held to be too guilty to be released, yet not guilty enough to be hanged. It was a curious compromise.

IV

Thus, although the general excitement of the case subsided, a number of people were disturbed by profound misgivings over the whole affair. To the amateur detective, the case presented fascinating opportunities of speculation, and interest deepened when, in 1912, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, representing Mr. Sherlock Holmes, took a hand in the matter. He wrote a book in defense of Oscar Slater which attracted wide attention. In it he used the Sherlock Holmes technique to make a case for Slater's innocence. Slater then smuggled out a despairing appeal to Conan Doyle — a note which a discharged prisoner concealed in his mouth. Conan Doyle received the note. He again took the

matter up with the authorities, and thus kept the case in the public eye. The retort of the authorities was to regard the incident as a breach of discipline and to deprive Slater of all the privileges which he had earned by good conduct.

Despite this intervention of Conan Doyle's, it was not until the year 1927 that Parliament, utterly unable to escape from what had then become the Slater scandal, passed an Act that set up a Court of Appeal for Scotland. Five judges reviewed the original trial. Unanimously, they quashed the verdict. The most dramatic feature of the proceedings was the appearance in the Court at Edinburgh of Slater's two attorneys from New York — Hugh Gordon Miller and William A. Goodheart. At their own expense, they crossed the ocean in order to stand by their client of twenty years ago, nor did they accept any fee for their services. On the contrary, they subscribed to Slater's finances; and when a leading Scottish advocate was informed of this, he threw up his arms and cried, "Great God, is it possible?"

SLATER is today a free man. His innocence of the murder is held to be as certain as any fact can be in an uncertain world. He has been compensated. About him, there is no longer any mystery. Except in so far as his prosecution affects the real solution of the case, he is eliminated.

But with Slater out of the way, we are still faced by the fact that the murder was committed. We are still faced by the certainty that someone committed the murder. We are still faced by the question, who was that murderer? It is a serious matter when a murderer, impudent as this man, manages to "put it over" the legal authorities of two great nations, and "get away with it".

Indeed, there is a still more serious question. Why was a man so obviously unconnected with the crime as Slater ever indicted? The only clue connecting him with the affair — that is, the brooch — had hopelessly broken down. Yet for some reason, the police refused to look elsewhere.

SINCE the crime, twenty years have elapsed. In twenty years, the evidence of a crime is scattered. Witnesses die or travel to distant countries where they cannot be reached. The police, regarding the case as settled, do not trouble to pursue its details or even to preserve all of the material, relevant or irrelevant to the real issue. To say that any particular man, dead or alive, is guilty of this awful crime, would be to assume a responsibility, only to be discharged by a process of law. Yet it is hard to suppose that public opinion will allow the case to rest undetermined.

What, if any, was the excuse of the police? To begin with, there was the evidence of Antoine, Slater's mistress. She declared that Slater was at home for dinner at seven o'clock on the fatal day. The *alibi* was contemptuously dismissed by Lord Guthrie. It may have been no more impressive to the Court than other *alibis*. But, on the other hand, it was at least as reliable as evidence as any of the identifications elaborated by the police. Today, there is no reason whatever to doubt that Antoine spoke the truth. A woman's life may be pitiable. But that is no reason for assuming — as Lord Guthrie by im-

plication suggested to the jury that they should assume — that her testimony is worthless.

AGAIN, with what weapon was Miss Gilchrist murdered? In Slater's baggage, a small hammer — the kind of thing you might pick up in a ten cent store — was discovered. The theory of the police was that, crossing the ocean as a fugitive from justice, he had carefully preserved this relic of his own guilt which at any time he could have thrown out of a porthole. On the hammer there were found, strange to say, no traces of blood or hair.

But was the hammer, carried by Slater to New York and used to convict him, the only instrument discovered by the detectives? Not at all. The window in Miss Gilchrist's kitchen was, as we have seen, found open by about three inches. Immediately below this window, on some grass, there lay an augur. This augur was "wet", and, to it, there was clinging human hair — gray hair — the hair of an aged person. Actually, the detective, examined as to the augur, could not state in the witness box — or would not state — what precisely was the nature of the wetness on the augur. Now, why did the police prefer to assume that Miss Gilchrist had been struck by a bloodless hammer belonging to Oscar Slater when they had in their hands all the time an augur — let us be frank about it — soaked in recent blood, with gray hair attached, and apparently thrown out of a window of the very apartment where the murder was committed? According to Sherlock Holmes, official detectives are stupid. But even stupidity has its limits. Was this conduct of the police due to mere stupidity?

It is quite true that Slater, if guilty, might have used an augur. If, however, the augur, with its deadly disfigurements, was ignored, and the hammer, with its absolute cleanliness, was substituted, the reason can only have been that some instrument had to be selected which could be connected with Slater.

There arises next the vital question how the murderer obtained access to the apartment. The window of the kitchen was open — as we have seen — but only two or three inches. Had the murderer entered that way, it is unlikely that he would have half closed the window behind him. Also the window was on an upper floor well above the ground and difficult of access. There is thus no serious suggestion that the murderer used any window for entrance, whether into the kitchen or other room of the apartment.

We may take it for granted that he entered by the doors through which he certainly made his exit. It follows either that he had means of opening those doors or that the doors were opened for him by someone else.

FOR the narrative of the crime, we have been dependent in the main on the narrative of Helen Lambie. Much of this evidence is of necessity unsupported by corroboration. It has to be examined, therefore, with particular care. After all, this Scottish lassie had to consider her own position. She was entangled — let us assume, by no fault of her own — in an exceedingly unpleasant affair.

Helen Lambie's evidence is simple. On going out, she locked both doors.

Hence, says Lambie, the man, whoever he was, must have been admitted by Miss Gilchrist. She must have heard a ring at the street door, pulled the wire, seen the man ascend the stairs and, having seen him, let him in through the upper door at a time when she was entirely alone. Lambie's theory is supported by the fact that, as Adams found, the lower door into the street was unlatched.

THE case, presented by the police, was, of course, that the man so admitted by this nervous old lady, was a complete stranger, an obvious foreigner whose English was imperfect.

The conjecture never was even plausibly tenable; it was only by illogical forensic emphasis that its manifest absurdity was obscured. If, then, we demolish the thesis yet further, it is because a new point has to be made clear.

The Lord Advocate, with remarkable confidence, declared to the jury that "the motive for the crime is plain as daylight". Slater, he asserted, "came to know that she (Miss Gilchrist) was possessed of these jewels," and "in the sequel" of his speech he (the Lord Advocate) would show how Slater arrived at this knowledge. The Lord Advocate did not in fact produce any evidence that Slater knew of the jewels or even of Miss Gilchrist's existence. Not one witness had ever heard Slater mention Miss Gilchrist at any time or allude to her, or Miss Gilchrist allude to Slater.

Still, let us suppose that Slater, standing in the street, offered to buy jewels from Miss Gilchrist or to sell jewels to her. There still arises the vital question why, after so obtaining entrance into the apartment, he did not take the jewels on the dressing table which lay ready to his hand. A brooch was missed, but even this was not traced to Slater. Every other valuable was untouched and — assuming that the brooch was really missing — we may suggest that the murderer may have taken it for the express purpose of misleading the police.

It may be said that the murderer left the jewels alone because he was interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell on the part of Mr. Adams. But the jewels lay on the dressing table before his eyes. Five seconds would have been enough for him to slip them into his pocket.

MOREOVER, he knew that nobody ringing the bell could get into the apartment unless he — the murderer — opened the door from the inside, and while the bell was ringing he was actually employed on what sounded to Adams like "chopping wood". There is no reason, surely, to doubt what that sound meant. For in Miss Gilchrist's bedroom, there was a small wooden box, full of papers, usually kept under lock and key. This box was found broken open and the papers were scattered on the floor. We now can gather without much trouble why an augur was useful to the murderer. He had need of some such tool to break open the box. The box and not the jewels was what interested him. After all, the jewels, had he found the whole hoard, were no more than a part of Miss Gilchrist's property. But that property, owned by an old lady of eighty-two years, may have been affected as a whole by the contents of the box.

Here, then, we have at least a

plausible suggestion, that the murderer was a man desperately eager, even at the risk of the gallows, to get at Miss Gilchrist's papers. We do not accept without reservations Lambie's theory that Miss Gilchrist must have let the murderer into the apartment. But at least that theory, true or false, becomes credible if the murderer was no stranger to the murdered woman, if he had a personal interest of some kind in her affairs, if, moreover, he was so well acquainted with the arrangements of her domicile as to be able at once to go even into her bedroom and pick out the precise box where her papers were to be found! The scattering of the papers on the ground suggests an eager search for the particular papers that were desired.

Such a man, well known to Miss Gilchrist, would not arouse in her mind a suspicion of violence. We can see how she came — according to Lambie's theory, which the police accepted — to open her doors to him.

INDEED, we may carry the argument further. In charging the jury, Lord Guthrie used a remarkable phrase. "Dead men," said he, "tell no tales." Nor do dead women. The violence of the attack on Miss Gilchrist was thus attributed to a determination forever to close her mouth.

That was used as a point against Slater. In reality, it was a point in his favor. A bandit, who is a stranger to his victim, does not need to murder. He prefers to avoid it. For the victim does not know his name and can only give a description which, as a rule, might apply to a thousand people.

Why did the murderer in this case lose all control of himself and beat Miss Gilchrist into pulp? Lord Guthrie was right. It was because the dead tell no tales. The inference is surely that the old lady recognized her guest, knew who he was, and, if she had been permitted to survive, would have ordered his arrest. The very character of the outrage thus corroborates the theory that the criminal was acquainted with his victim.

Let us add that this is no recent theory, here developed for the first time. It was the theory indicated by the police themselves immediately after the crime. The man they wanted was a man known to the victim, and they allowed the public to be aware of their surmise.

BUT there does arise a further question. Did Lambie tell the whole truth? Her conduct, when she met Mr. Adams on the landing, was curiously unexcited. Her suggestion that he had heard the fall of the clothes-pulley in her kitchen was manifestly insincere. Her entire acquiescence in the escape of the criminal, her quiet delay in going into the room where Miss Gilchrist was most likely to be — it has never been fully explained. Let us indicate — without accepting — certain obvious hypotheses. Had she admitted the murderer before she went for the paper? Had she handed him keys in the street? We do not know. We do not need to know. We merely suggest that any such theory predicates that the murderer was no stranger, like Oscar Slater, but a man familiar to one or other or both of the two occupants of Miss Gilchrist's apartment.

Here we must allude to a body of evidence which was widely used in the trial. It was asserted by the prosecution that, for some days before the crime, a man had watched the apartment from the street. Five minutes before that fatal seven o'clock when Lambie went for the newspaper, the watcher was seen, so it is said, by a sister of Adams. That the watcher, if he existed, should have been identified after the event as Slater, though with obvious uncertainty on the part of the witnesses, acting as they were under suggestion, was a part of the case manufactured against the innocent man. But the theory that there was such "a watcher", is not of necessity to be dismissed as a delusion.

CONSIDER the state of mind of the murderer, as he stands on the threshold of his awful plunge into crime. Suppose him to be obsessed by the idea that he must see and search and even possess himself of papers belonging to Miss Gilchrist. Being acquainted with her, he is presumably a man of unblemished reputation. He has no desire to commit murder. But he does want to see the papers.

Obviously "the watcher", if he were the murderer, would want to get at the papers as quietly as possible. To enter the apartment without Miss Gilchrist's knowledge, would require ingenuity. Assuming that there was "a watcher", we can realize why he watched. He was waiting his opportunity, and Lambie, with her nonchalant conduct towards Adams, her cock and bull story about the clothes-pulley in the kitchen, and her subsequent career as a witness, may not have been wholly unaware of the watcher's intentions. If she suspected a struggle between the watcher and his victim, she could not but think that it must have taken place, either in the dining room where Miss Gilchrist had been sitting or in Miss Gilchrist's bedroom where the box of papers was placed. With Adams looking on, Lambie avoided both of these rooms as long as she could. She searched the kitchen and a spare bedroom where there was not the least chance of making a discovery, before she entered the dining room where she might expect to find her mistress.

IT MIGHT be supposed that this analysis of the case had exhausted the irregularities of an amazing prosecution. But there is still to be added one final and damning omission on the part of the police.

According to Lambie's sworn evidence, she proceeded, immediately after the murder, to the residence of Margaret Birrell, a niece of Miss Gilchrist. So hasty was Lambie's visit that she arrived at the residence of Margaret Birrell about 7.15 P. M., or within a few minutes of the crime. Clearly, her conversation with Margaret Birrell — spontaneous, excited, uninfluenced by the police — would be direct evidence of enormous importance. A witness to that conversation would have been Margaret Birrell. Yet, incredible though it seems, Margaret Birrell was not called upon to testify.

It is admitted that an officer, by name Detective-Lieutenant Trench, called on Miss Birrell, inquired of her about Lambie's visit, and took from her a statement. The question — the only question — is what statement was made by Miss Birrell.

In 1914, Detective-Lieutenant

Trench found it impossible to keep silence any longer. He told what he knew. He paid the price for doing that duty. With an honorable and blameless record and recent promotion, he was suspended from duty, then dismissed; and, his health shattered by the humiliation, he died a martyr to the highest ends of justice. Amid this sordid and terrible tragedy, the name of Inspector Trench stands out as a bright feature in a dark drama.

THE report produced by Trench was explicit. Margaret Birrell is alleged to have said:

> I am niece of the late Marion Gilchrist, who resided at 15 Queen's Terrace, West Princes Street. My mother was a sister of the deceased. Miss Gilchrist was not on good terms with her relations. Few if any visited her. . . . I can never forget the night of the murder. Miss Gilchrist's servant, Nellie Lambie, came to my door about 7.15. She was excited. She pulled the bell violently. On the door being opened she rushed into the house and exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Birrell, Miss Birrell! Miss Gilchrist has been murdered! She is lying dead in the dining room, and oh, Miss Birrell, I saw the man who did it!" I replied, "My God, Nellie, this is awful! Who was it, do you know him?" Nellie replied, "Oh, Miss Birrell, I think it was A. B. I am sure that it was A. B." I said to her, "My God, Nellie, don't say that! . . . Unless you are very sure of it, Nellie, don't say that!" She again repeated to me that she was sure it was A. B.

This was the statement on the part of Miss Birrell, produced in 1914 by Detective John Thomson Trench. The question — the sole question — we repeat is whether it is or is not an absolute fabrication.

An official and secret inquiry into the statement was ordered by the Scottish Office. It resulted in a direct conflict of testimony. Miss Birrell, Helen Lambie and various police officials denied that A. B. had been mentioned. We wish to allow to their denial all the weight that, under the circumstances, it deserves. It must be remembered, however, that every one of these witnesses had the strongest personal grounds for disliking the revelations of Trench.

ALSO, there were certain considerations, not to be overlooked.

(1) The statement itself. Does it read like an invention?

(2) The statement is corroborated by Cowan, a lodger at Miss Birrell's, in every respect save this — that, occupied in shaving, he did not hear Lambie's opening outburst about A. B.

(3) Chief Inspector Cameron testified in 1914 that the statement was actually made to him in December, 1908, by Trench as his report, at the time, of his interview with Miss Birrell. It was thus not a later invention but was known to the police a day or two after the murder.

(4) What conceivable object could Trench have had in fabricating the statement in the first instance, and ruining his career by disclosing it six years later?

(5) At the appeal, this year, Helen Lambie was urged by Slater's own friends to testify. It was found that she had migrated out of Scotland into the United States. She was offered her expenses to Edinburgh and back again. She refused to face the Appeal Court, and there were no means of compelling her attendance. Slater's counsel bluntly accused her of mendacity, and this charge, involving an implication of perjury, stands today unchallenged by this unhappy woman.

(6) At the original trial, the prosecu-

tion did not call Miss Birrell as a witness, nor Cowan; nor was Trench, in his examination, questioned as to the account which he had given, according to Chief Inspector Cameron, of the Birrell statement.

(7) It is admitted that the police were proceeding on the assumption that A. B. was of importance when the clue of the brooch — a false clue, as at once was evident — was seized upon as a pretext for abandoning the earlier inquiries.

(8) It is further admitted that A. B. visited the apartment on the evening of the murder and was on terms which enabled him to be there as an acquaintance of the family.

THE point to be made here is thus clear enough. The jury never knew that Detective Trench had brought back direct from Miss Birrell to Chief Inspector Cameron what, unless he was lying, was a statement by Miss Birrell; or that, according to this alleged statement, Lambie had, within a few minutes of the murder, mentioned the name of the escaping man, whom she knew by personal contact. Assume that Trench was a liar, assume that Miss Birrell was a liar, assume that Lambie was a liar, everyone of them should have been put into the witness box and examined and cross-examined on these allegations before a verdict was asked against Slater. If a prosecution is to be permitted to withhold such evidence from a Court, criminal justice is impossible.

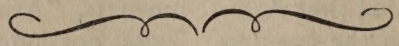
It is a serious matter, perhaps, that Great Britain, with her proverbial reputation for equity, should have invoked the aid of the United States, under treaty, to further an apparent abuse of criminal procedure. Unless absolute good faith is to be assumed, such treaties cannot be respected on either side.

In a case of perverted justice, no more grave than this, Émile Zola made the world ring with his *J'Accuse!* We make no pretense to stretch that bow of Ulysses. What has interested us is the mystery within a mystery which this case presents. One statement attributed to Miss Birrell may throw a final ray of light on the business. "Miss Gilchrist," we read, "was not on good terms with her relations. Few if any visited her . . ." An old lady, though not on good terms with her relations, may make, none the less, a will. Had she illegitimate descendants? It has been suggested. We do not know. Enough that Detective Trench found her to be — so he said — not on good terms with her relations; and old ladies sometimes dispose of their property, in such cases, in directions of which everybody does not approve. The question is, of course, not what will or other documents were left by Miss Gilchrist after the murder, but what will or other documents the murderer thought that she was about to leave.

THERE is thus one question which has been for years in the mind of every one who has studied the details of this case. Slater, though innocent, has suffered eighteen years of rigorous imprisonment. Trench, though disinterested, has been hounded into disgrace and death. Free use has been made of their names. Many men and women, unwillingly involved in this case, have had to face the music.

There is one man, among all these

men and women, whose name must never be mentioned. Moslems of devout scruple are careful not to pronounce the awful syllables which indicate the Deity. A similar privilege has been extended by the authority of the law to the gentleman, whoever he be, respectfully indicated by the letters, A. B. Approach this distinguished person, dead or alive, with all reverence. He is sacrosanct. Even Parliament must not dare to inquire into the identity of this carefully guarded and illustrious recluse. Who is A. B.? Or who was he in the year 1908? Until the whole of the memorandum of John Thomson Trench is published, without either asterisks or other devices for hiding that to which the public opinion of two nations is entitled, the restless spirit of Miss Gilchrist will continue to haunt the halls where justice was denied to her memory.



Dead Letters

By Theda Kenyon

Frail things of yellowed paper and pale ink,
One with the distant cylinders of clay
And picture writings of a long spent day,
Whose eager messages have lost their link
With human needs, and hover on the brink
Of dim forgetfulness—whose writers, gay
Or sad, can never wholly cease to say
The things which they have long since ceased to think:

You hold imprisoned in your deathless power
Loves that are cold, tears that no longer flow—
The broken petals of a faded flower
From whose seed buds can never hope to blow. . . .
Yet . . . you hold safe until the Final Hour
Moons that are dark, suns that no more may glow. . . .

This letter, round whose pages rose-scent clings,
Might once have saved some love now long time dead,
Had not its tender lines remained unread,
And so set free a host of happenings;
And this—who knows?—might have dethroned great kings,
So slyly strong the writing, though has fled
The writer; and this other, had it sped,
Could have foretold the beating of gaunt wings. . . .

I wonder—had you filled your destiny,
And carried from far lips to waiting ears
Your messages—what difference there would be,
What widening-circles of new hopes and fears . . .
Like death-sealed lips, you hold your mystery
Unanswered, through the swiftly-weaving years. . . .

Tired Business Men of the Campus

By Max McConn
Dean of Lehigh University

Being a defense of Greek Letters for Go Getters — How our college fraternities have outwitted the faculty, circumvented the higher learning, and made university life the best of all business success schools

The Greek language has very nearly passed out of our American colleges, except for the alphabet. But the alphabet flourishes exceedingly. Every freshman learns his letters in that ancient tongue — learns them from handsome brass plates which adorn magnificent mansions, and from resplendent jeweled pins on the waistcoats of magnificent young men who issue forth from the mansions to rule the college scene.

The fraternities, in whose nomenclature the alphabet of Plato survives among us, have long been a subject of controversy. Their members — those fine young men with the jeweled pins — will tell you they are temples of a mystical brotherhood. But there are others who whisper — or sometimes shout — that they are rather schools of snobbishness and parking space for lounge lizards. What is the truth?

And, further, what is the significance of this impressive institution, the fraternity, with respect to the colleges in whose shadow it has grown up and prospered so mightily? Within recent years the college itself has become nearly as controversial a topic as the fraternity. Is there any connection between the two controversies?

In my opinion the connection is fundamental, so that the two subjects can most profitably be discussed together.

Fundamentally, the local chapters of the Greek letter fraternities are what college officers call "living groups". As such they are classified with the college dormitories. In effect, indeed, the chapter houses constitute important additions to the dormitory facilities. From one-third to two-thirds of the total enrollment may be housed in this way. These houses constitute one of the gifts which these modern Greeks have brought to the colleges.

But the fraternities differ from other living groups in that membership is attainable only by invitation, and it may be worth while to consider the criteria by which certain freshmen are selected for the privileges of fraternity membership, while the rest are relegated to the outer darkness of

dormitories and other rented rooms.

In "rushing" a freshman, fraternities take account of four principal points: money; family; the preparatory school which the rushee has attended; and personal qualities.

I HAVE listed these points in climactic order. Money is the least considered of the four; the possession of sufficient funds is essential, but beyond that unimportant. The boy with the largest roll and the handsomest motor car in the whole class may be left out. Family is somewhat more heavily weighted; if a boy's father is a man of mark in his home town, and his mother a social leader there, his chances are good. As to the preparatory school, please let no one suppose that scholastic standards are weighed. The point in question is exclusively the social reputation of the school; this third criterion is merely supplemental to that of family.

But the most interesting criterion is the fourth: personal qualities. These are of two kinds. One kind relates to "personality". If a lad has an agreeable exterior, a winning smile, and a pleasing manner, if he is a "slick dresser" and a "smooth talker", and if he is duly accredited as to purse, progenitors, and preparatory school, he is sure to be taken. Nay, if his "slickness" and "smoothness" are exactly right, he will get in despite serious deficiencies in one or more of the other items. On the other hand, if he is notably deficient in "personality", notorious millions and Mayflower ancestry and New England's most famous Eton all combined may fail to land him safely. The second kind of personal qualifications consists of capacities, reported or displayed, for distinction in outside activities — athletics, the glee club, the annual comic opera, or even college journalism. Where any such capacity is definitely present, many other things may be overlooked.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that fraternities consist of very agreeable, personable young men, living together most comfortably, and devoting themselves chiefly to athletics and other outside activities — with, of course, some incidental attention to studies.

I HAVE kept away from the subject of studies as long as possible, but one cannot (as yet) avoid it entirely in discussing the life of college students. So I find myself face to face with the problem of explaining as fairly as I can the attitude of the fraternities and of most fraternity men toward studies and scholarship.

Fraternities are officially interested in this matter to the extent of seeing to it that their members "stay in college", and also that they "keep off probation" (because a student "placed on probation" is usually debarred from participation in athletics and other outside activities). To this end most chapters enforce a rule requiring their freshmen to "stay in" for four nights each week. And even a sophomore or an upperclassman who is notoriously delinquent in his studies may be labored with by the head of the house, especially if he is prominent in athletics or some other activity — in an effort, of course, to keep him eligible to remain in residence and to continue his contribution to the glory of the chapter through his extracurricular achievements.

Beyond this point one cannot truth-

fully say that the fraternities in general concern themselves with scholastic matters. Occasionally there is a group which strives to win the scholarship cup or other trophy which is often offered to the fraternity having the highest scholarship average. But it is the consensus of opinion among the fraternities that such distinction is pale and of little real importance to the chapter which attains it. At every college, to be sure, there are regularly a few fine scholars in the fraternity group — to whom their chapters, when reminded of this aspect of collegiate life, will point with pride. But these men are in fraternities almost in spite of, certainly not on account of, their intellectual abilities and attainments. In every fraternity house I ever visited the whole atmosphere and spirit is definitely non-intellectual. The recognized, accepted topics of conversation in these houses are invariably athletics, other outside activities, and girls, and any theme which could by any stretch of language be classified as intellectual or "high-brow" is taboo — socially incorrect.

Is not this fact a curious and interesting one to be predicated of specially selected groups of young men who are supposed to be devoting their lives for the time being to the higher learning?

Some may suppose that the foregoing exposition is intended as an "indictment" of fraternities, that the facts presented support the charges of idleness and frivolity which are sometimes made, the lounge lizard view. But that view is entirely erroneous. The fraternities do harbor a few lounge lizards, but not many, and they do not want them. The occasional lounge lizard is no more typical than the sporadic Phi Bete.

Fraternity men in general are exceedingly industrious. Most of them work night and day, week in and week out. They have their classes to go to and their lessons to be got (after a fashion), as the necessary price of continuance in college, and these things take quite a lot of time, at least during certain weeks immediately preceding quizzes and final examinations. And then, over and above this, they have their all-important outside activities to keep up. They have to play on teams, to practice for the glee club and the band, to get up theatricals, to publish various periodicals, to organize meetings, to give dances and banquets, to sit on numberless boards and committees, and so on, almost without end. Idle? Believe me, it is rather "the strenuous life".

Moreover, these multiform outside activities are educational in a very high degree. The students themselves realize this fact and insist upon it, with an almost pathetic insistence, to the usually deaf ears of deans and professors. Indeed these students maintain that their own activities are more important educationally than their studies — that they, in their own phrase, "get more out of them", more training of mind and character than their books afford.

We may say, of course, that these young undergraduates are not competent to judge the comparative educational values of activities and book-learning. But as alumni later, having tested their training in the hard post-graduate school of business life, they express no regrets and no change of view. They still maintain, years after-

ward, that in giving preference while in college to activities rather than studies they chose the better part. And the acid test of their sincerity in such expressions comes when they send sons to college and are openly more concerned that the boy should "make" a fraternity and a team, should become a "student leader", than that he should pay any particular attention to books.

In short, the great majority of fraternity men — though they give only the compulsory minimum of attention to those aspects of higher education which are represented by the faculty and the curriculum — are neither idle nor frivolous. They are earnestly at work on another course of training, devised and developed by themselves, which they select for its superior educational advantages.

Personally, I have become convinced that they are right, that their claims are sound, that their choice is justified — for themselves and the very large number of present day collegians whom they represent.

OBVIOUSLY, however, these students with their self-devised course of training, consisting of outside activities, stand for a conception of higher education quite different from the traditional idea with which the curriculum and the labors of professors are associated.

The older type of higher education relied almost exclusively on one instrumentality, namely, learning — book-learning. It assumed that young men who came to college desired this thing called learning and had some use for it; that they had the capacity for getting out of books not only facts but general ideas, conceptions, points of view, attitudes of mind, even emotions; that, consequently, they could be trained by this instrument of book-learning, their minds developed, their characters molded; that they could be taught a critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, æsthetic appreciation, ethical evaluation, and the like.

THIS assumption was probably true of most of the students who went to our American colleges a hundred years ago; and we must not overlook the fact that it is true today of a considerable number of our present students. But within the last forty years our colleges have been invaded by the whole populace, as it were. They have come to enroll practically all the sons (and daughters) of those numerous citizens who in this prosperous land are able to purchase bachelor's degrees for their children. The number of these children registered in our colleges today runs to something like eight hundred thousand. Clearly no such enormous group of young people can be capable of profiting by the old type of higher education. It is quite inconceivable — and very likely it would be undesirable — that any such proportion of the total youthful population should be bookishly inclined to the degree that the old instrument — book-learning — demands.

There are really a great many, to be sure, whom the old education does fit, who do have the necessary aptitudes. Let me insist on this; for I do not wish to be pessimistic or cynical. They come — these *bona fide* young intellectuals — from all walks of life and all grades of society. Never before or elsewhere have the treasures and pleasures of the higher learning been dispensed to so large a propor-

tion of those young citizens who have intellectual propensities.

But the great majority of the new hordes are simply nonplussed and bewildered by the higher learning — and intolerably bored. They can read, of course. They can learn facts and parrot them back to professors in recitations and quizzes, but as for getting any real understanding or appreciation of literature, history, mathematics, or science — it just is not in them. They simply are not "intellectuals" — not "highbrows". In fact, they would repel such epithets with scorn. But to get any real education from the old instrument — the higher learning — you need to be an "intellectual" and a "highbrow". There is no training of either intelligence or character to be got from books or studies unless you love these things, unless they absorb you, move you, carry you away.

IF ANYONE had foreseen the intolerable situation in which the majority of the new collegians would find themselves, he might have wondered, with some anxiety, what they would do. They might have sunk into mere apathetic idleness and loafing. A considerable number did and do; these constitute the most difficult "cases" a college officer encounters. Or they might have sought the distractions of vice. Some did and do. But the great majority did and do neither of these things. They are energetic — tremendously so; they are, on the whole, clean and wholesome; and, while they are distinctly not "intellectual," they are intelligent enough in their own way, that is, in "practical" matters, in running around and doing things. So they seized upon the rudimentary outside activities which were to be found in the colleges forty years ago and have developed them to the tremendous proportions which they bear on every campus today. And the fraternities, though not solely responsible for this development, became in fact — because they were such convenient organized centers to work from — their most efficient promoters and deserve the greater part of the credit.

In the beginning, the fraternity men and others were merely turning in desperation to something which they could do with some self-felt interest. They did not, of course, deliberately set out to create a new instrument of education. But that is what they have achieved — as they themselves now perceive and maintain.

LET US consider the nature and results of this new brand of higher education. It cannot be asserted that it seeks or attains quite the same goals as the older instrument, learning. Among the older objectives I have previously mentioned the critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, æsthetic appreciation, and ethical evaluation. The young men here in question are not capable of these things. What they admire and wish to emulate are those qualities of character and mind which make for practical "success" in the adult world of business and organizations: such moral qualities as the fighting spirit, the will-to-win, initiative, and energy; and such intellectual capacities as are involved in meeting and dealing with other people and planning and organizing. They perceive clearly enough that these are the qualities and capacities which will bring jobs and promotion. And they

perceive also that in the mimic business world of college activities, with its politics and intrigues, its tremendous setting up of machinery and organization, its multiplicity of practical things to be done, they have an almost perfect school for the "go-getter" — which is exactly what they aspire to become.

As I said before, they are quite right. They have found a new instrument of education, admirably adapted to their purposes and capacities; and with all the energy of ambitious youth they proceed to train themselves therewith, disregarding so far as practicable the obstructive curriculum still sponsored by the faculties but designed for other purposes and capacities than theirs.

In short, our colleges are no longer homogeneous as to constituency or as to the kind of education they afford, but are serving two quite different groups: a minority who are intellectually gifted and carry on the older collegiate tradition, working with the faculties at intellectual tasks, towards intellectual and spiritual goals; and a large majority who are avowedly non-intellectual, for whom the old objectives are impossible and the old methods meaningless, but who are eagerly pursuing a new kind of training splendidly adapted to their own purposes and abilities.

The fraternities have become the stronghold and chief agency of the new majority education. This new pedagogical instrument is their great and significant gift to the colleges.

It is true, of course, that this major gift may be regarded as dangerous from the standpoint of the older tradition. The social dominance of the fraternities on every campus, combined with their natural disregard for book-learning, as a thing merely incidental, or even antagonistic, to their own purposes and efforts, tends to weaken that older tradition even in the minds of those students who are capable of profiting by it. But doubtless this scarcely avoidable injury to the minority is more than compensated by the great benefits afforded to the majority.

Finally, this exposition should set at rest the charges so frequently made that the fraternities are "undemocratic." The fact is that the fraternities are the refuge of what we may call the intellectual proletariat. It is largely through their efforts that our colleges are now devoted predominantly to the democratic object of training practical business men, rather than to the mere advancement of learning and what used to be called "culture" among a selected few who happen to be intellectually gifted.

Madame Arrives in Politics

By Eunice Fuller Barnard

After "lingering on the brink" for eight years, the matronhood of America puts boldly out to leadership in public and party affairs

Politics, my grandmother used to tell me, was rather shady business. It consisted of deals carried on by more or less undesirable men behind closed doors. The best men seldom mixed in it. When one did, such as George Washington or Daniel Webster, it was no longer politics but statesmanship.

Statesmanship, however, dealt with such abstruse matters as tariffs and monetary standards, of little interest or concern to women. In neither politics nor statesmanship obviously would any right-minded woman think of taking part. In one case she would be soiling her hands. In the other she would be meddling in affairs with which she was not qualified to deal. If by some fluke outside of nature's plan woman should some time be given the vote, her whole duty would be to use it wisely to the glory of God and the Republican party.

My grandmother was a New Englander. So was my other grandmother, who was brought up in the philosophic shadow of Concord. She believed that women were as capable of intelligent voting as men. In the quiet of her own soul she may even have imagined the time when some good woman might sit in the United States Senate, arguing in a dignified, persuasive way for temperance or the abolition of child labor. But even she, I am sure, never envisioned women in "politics". There would have been something repugnant to her in the thought.

Yet I believe that were my grandmothers alive and only fifty years old today, they would both have hearty political interests, and that one of them, probably the former, would be working in the present Presidential campaign. For it is exactly this conservative, middle-aged type of woman who today in a different era, far more experienced and worldly-wise, has risen easily and naturally to the political saddle.

Politics, I believe the current campaign has demonstrated, is one of the most congenial occupations in the world to the mature, leisure-class American woman whose children are grown and who is looking about for a new outlet for her energies. Once the old-time stigma and the strangeness have been dispelled, once her help is acclaimed by the men, as it has been

perforce in 1928, she proves a tireless and devoted worker.

Politics indeed has suddenly shown that it has every psychological charm to woo the woman whose lot has been cast in domestic places, as mother, hostess, and possibly club or philanthropic worker. It deals with people. So always does she. It is a volunteer job. That is what she is used to. It is partisan. So by popular repute, whether rightly or wrongly, is woman. At campaign time it gives her directly what all her quondam committee and charitable activities usually could offer her only indirectly — the sense of affecting the national life. It gives her, too, what often times she never otherwise has had, the feeling of participation in a man's world.

If to all this can be added in her mind a translation of political issues into moral ones, the reforming instincts of generations of pioneer ancestresses rise within her, and she works without reward or hope of glory. In a day when the hospital auxiliary and the missionary society have lost their volunteer savor, political party work seems, and has recently proved, an ideal vehicle of self-expression for the jobless wealthy woman of an older generation.

All this men, and women too, have been slow in seeing. And it has only been the fortuitous incidence of issues and candidates in the present campaign that has illuminated this natural affinity of women and politics as if by a lightning flash. In the first eight years of their enfranchisement, women's political freedom fell upon stony ground. Men politicians were suspicious and afraid of the unknown voters. Women themselves were politically ignorant and timid. Even the hundreds of thousands of suffragists, with the flame of victory and zeal of citizenship still bright upon them, soon had their ardor quenched. In neither political party did they find more than a pseudo-welcome. In neither did they find any issue to which to apply their crusading zeal. In the national elections of 1920 and 1924 some thirty-seven per cent. of the vote is estimated to have been cast by women, but no statistician seems to know or care whether it had any appreciable influence on the result. In the general Republican landslide the women's votes were tacitly agreed to be negligible.

In the eight years between 1920 and 1928, among the hundreds of important elective offices filled, only in perhaps a dozen instances did either political party seriously propose a woman. Two women became State Governors; one, Mayor of Seattle; seven, Representatives in Congress; and one for thirty-six days filled out an unexpired term in the Senate. In addition there were a few women who achieved hard-won reputations in minor offices. In legal positions there were Judge Florence Allen of Ohio, and Assistant United States Attorney-General Mabel Walker Willebrandt. In local politics in New York City, there was Alderman Ruth Pratt.

As far as the party organizations went, the men usually duplicated all the existing offices with special women's positions. There are a man and a woman member, for instance, from each State on the National Committee of each party, and likewise from each county on the State Committee, thus giving the women equivalence in name

though not in power. In fact, the matter went as in any good coeducational high school. The boys took all the desirable offices, and gave the girls the assistantships and a good deal of the work.

But in the few cases where women achieved real office, there was one outstanding and entirely unprophesied phenomenon. Two-thirds of these high office-holders simply inherited the political mantles of their husbands. Both women Governors — Nellie Tayloe Ross, of Wyoming, and "Ma" Ferguson, of Texas — as well as five out of the seven Representatives in Congress, were elected to carry on their husbands' policies. And this seems to be true also within the parties. The woman Vice-Chairman of the Republican National Committee is Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, whose husband was one of the chiefs of the Hughes and Harding campaigns of 1916 and 1920. Mrs. Ross holds the corresponding position in the Democratic party, while Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose husband nominated Mr. Smith, is Chairman of the Women's Advisory Committee.

Thus, controverting the jeremiads of generations of anti-suffragists, it would seem that wifely devotion and the solidarity of the home have been the shortest roads to feminine political preferment. These wives were the women the party leaders knew and trusted. Moreover, from the vantage point of years of intimate observation, they better than their sisters understood the political game. It had for them neither the strangeness nor the terror that it sometimes holds for the feminine outsider. At a time when practically all feminine political knowledge was vicarious, they had the inside track. It should also be remarked that they who best knew the game and had the chance entered into it with zest. Thus the candidate for Congressman-at-Large this year from Illinois is Ruth Hanna McCormick, bred to politics both as daughter and wife.

So, slowly, and apparently ineffectually from the viewpoint of women's political advance, time went on. A few women began to protest at their exclusion from the inner party councils. But party leaders pointed to their double-column committee lists and paid no further heed. In their eyes, so far as voting went, women were an unorganized minority. Then suddenly burst upon them the campaign of 1928. From all parts of the country, county clerks reported the greatest women's registration in history as imminent. Women volunteers in the midst of the sultriest summer in years almost literally stood in line to offer their services.

By midsummer party chiefs, mopping their bewildered brows and consulting election laws and census lists, discovered that in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Maryland, more women than men were eligible to vote if they chose to register and exercise the right. In a few scattering towns from New England to California, statisticians discovered already more women than men on the election rolls. In the country at large politicians awoke with something akin to amazement to the fact that women are over forty-nine per cent. of the possible electorate. In 1924, without any special interest or urging, the women's vote is estimated to have been 10,000,-

000. This year 14,000,000 began to look plausible.

Over night the psychology of the situation was reversed. Woman, who for eight years had done little more than wash the political dishes, now suddenly was set on a cushion, and fed upon strawberries, sugar and cream. Down at Republican National Headquarters in Washington, sixteen of the thirty-two rooms were given over to the women's activities. In the councils of the Democratic National Executive Committee in New York, a woman sat in actual fact, as well as name, as one of the leading strategists of the campaign. Newspapers bristled daily with headlines of the women's drives. Into the movies and the rotogravure sections moved the pictures of the women party leaders. For the first time they were of major importance, because for the first time they had a constituency.

WHAT suddenly had created this feminine advance upon the ballot box, is a moot point. One influence was of course the slowly cumulative effects of political education. Another was doubtless the vastly increased use of the radio. Many a woman "listening in" on the party conventions has lost her awe of politics. Moreover, according to M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, a revolution in radio listeners' preferences has recently taken place. Where the majority used to be "in favor of music, and very much against talk," now millions of fans desire serious political discussion. As early as last spring he forecast a greatly increased women's vote, due in no small measure to the weekly broadcasts of debates on national issues arranged by the League of Women Voters. Since January, twenty-four stations, with an estimated audience of 17,000,000, have been carrying these bi-partisan discussions across the continent.

For many women the radio has been a kind of Paul Revere of politics, awakening them to interest in remote and rural places, giving them for the first time the direct thrill of the contest. But this year, it must not be forgotten, it had for the first time since their enfranchisement the message of an emotionally stirring Presidential fight to carry. Here is a dramatic human opposition of candidates in personality and methods such as the country has not seen in a century. Not since Andrew Jackson proved that the gentleman-President was replaceable by the log-cabin pioneer type, has there been any fundamental challenge by any new sort of Presidential contender. Today comes a real champion out of the city tenements.

This is no contest of economic principles. Its undercurrents of feeling flow about questions of conduct — of prohibition, of religious and social tolerance — of the sort women are used to considering, and which they feel themselves equally competent with men to judge.

MOREOVER, it is doubtless true, after discounting the immense partisan publicity on this point, that in Mr. Hoover, many of the older women feel a special interest because of his connection with their home problems when he was Food Administrator during the war. Whether or not this fact will have much influence on their votes, it contributes to their general feeling that this election is quite as much their affair as the men's. It is

also true that it was women themselves, and not men press agents in their behalf, who first created the slogan that Mr. Hoover was the women's candidate. At the Kansas City convention Mrs. Hert is reported to have said: "If you nominate Hoover, the women of the country will elect him."

At both nominating conventions, indeed, the women in spite of their small numbers made definite gains in prestige. Mrs. Willebrandt was chairman of the important Credentials Committee, and she and Mrs. Hert were among the active workers who achieved Mr. Hoover's nomination. Similarly at Houston, Mrs. Ross figured among the Smith seconders, and women were the leaders of the counter anti-Smith dry movement. In both conventions, too, women surprised the men of their own delegations by sometimes voting at variance with them. There was evidently among the sparse feminine cohorts a new confidence born of experience.

THEN and since it has been coming over the party leaders that these women, who look as pleasantly uniform on the outside as so many fashion plates of what the middle-aged woman should wear, are of many minds within. Among the chief women Hoover supporters were some of the most outspoken women wets — Alderman Ruth Pratt of New York, and Mrs. Charles Sabin, national committee-woman from that State. On the other hand, the women heads of the Smith campaign, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Roosevelt, were almost militantly dry.

But, conversely, it is no less amazing to see when the spotlight was suddenly thrown upon them how like in exterior position and characteristics were the women of both parties and all shades of opinion who had achieved national party office. Gradually into politics through the first silent, apathetic years, and now with a rush, have gone apparently not so much the younger women, not the outwardly aggressive types, but matrons of tact, leisure, and comfortable financial circumstances. They are the women who have the time, the acceptability to the men party chiefs, and the money to spend on travel to party conferences and on gifts to party war-chests.

SOME of them, too, through women's clubs and other organizing activities, have a considerable feminine following. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, of the Democratic Women's Advisory Committee, for instance, has long been prominent in the New York League of Women Voters. Mrs. Ellis A. Yost, of the Republican National Committee, has for a decade been a bulwark of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, Republican leader of Ohio, is a war mother, State President of the American Legion Auxiliary, while Mrs. W. N. Thayer, of Massachusetts, was State head of the Food Administration during the war.

Notable too are the number of women who have had executive positions in business. Mrs. Hert took not only her husband's political mantle, but his chair at the head of the American Creosoting Company. Mrs. Bertha Baur, National Committee-woman from Illinois, succeeded her husband as vice-president of the Liquid Carbonic Company and the Federal Brass Works. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Sharpe, one of the Repub-

lican heads of the Rhode Island campaign, is the founder of the "Mary Elizabeth Candy Shops". Mrs. Bernice Pyke, Democratic Committeewoman from Ohio, is proprietor of a Cleveland bookshop. Miss Elizabeth Marbury, prominent in New York Democratic circles, is a well known play-broker.

All these women are a good deal more than pleasant figure-heads. They have judgment, social experience, and financial or vote-getting power, sometimes both. They enjoy politics, and for the moment they and their general type are in the seats of the mighty. Whether they will be the continuing political type, whether the men party chiefs will appreciate and reward them enough to keep their zeal, or whether the flapper, too, will one day come to take politics into her own masterful hands, remain of course to be seen.

Flight

By Margaret Widdemer

But I suppose you could not know that while her hand was lying
In your hand for leading, yet still her soul flew far;
It was light and white enough, and still it must go flying
To the strange lands of Samarcand where watching genies are;

You could always guide her feet on any path that wandered,
Sharp stones or hilly road, and she would go with you;
But the strange bird her little soul, you reached to still its singing
And clip its wings and blind its eyes from wind and sun and dew;

Oh, you could have trusted it to choose its own wild pathway—
Gold it brought and gems enough if only it flew free;
But none could guide its flying on its own road, its far road,
Not even you it homed to fast could keep it under key;

Pain has been, and grief enough, and bitterness and crying,
Sharp ways and stony ways I think it was she trod;
But all there is to see now is a white bird flying
Whose bloodstained wings go circling high—circling up to God!

Spinach—for Others

By T. Swann Harding

Author of "The High Cost of Doctoring" in the October *North American Review*

A trenchant analysis and exposure of the diet fads which vex the suffering stomachs of mankind with "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!" of proteins, calories, vitamins, acid-bases, and roughage

Among the undeniable transgressions for which, I suppose, I shall some time be compelled to face the minatory acerbity of a just and somewhat irritated Heavenly Being of unknown appearance and proportions, is the criminal fact that I have been a physiological chemist charged with the study of animal nutrition. In short I belong to the Amalgamated Order of Believers in Spinach — for Other People. But though part of my punishment be reserved to make things more interesting in the hereafter, I am not altogether denied certain minor annoyances in the here and now.

For instance, I went the other day to lunch with an anæmic and dyspeptic gentleman who took me to a place of prophylactic torment where calories and vitamins are stipulated on the bill of fare. To his obvious horror I ordered quite nonchalantly. As a matter of fact I altogether omitted spinach! To make matters worse, I not only drank coffee, but indulged in fried meat escorted by fried potatoes and in the total, not to say marked, absence of salad.

My companion finally looked up from his life and death struggle with roughage, vitamins and calorie limitations, ordered an asparagus omelet, bran muffins and a glass of milk, and then shot me a stab of rebuke from his eyes which scorched my very soul and made me eat thereafter in humility and in shame. As we left the place, he religiously bought raisins to supply him with iron; and sighed dismally.

Had I been so disposed, I could have adduced excellent scientific evidence to prove that fried potatoes are more digestible than boiled potatoes, that the absence of roughage and vitamins from a meal or two is not fraught with disaster, and that dried beans and peas — indeed quite a number of things — contain more iron than raisins which are, in fact, quite low in this mineral constituent. But I did not dare adduce such facts. The gentleman had faith in his vitamins and his bran. He would have pounced

upon me ferociously as a heretic. So I adopted the humble mien of a man who knew better but had strayed into sin, while at the same time professing high admiration for his dietetic rectitude.

A state of depression abided with me until the afternoon mail brought a letter from a physician friend associated with a justly famous clinic, in which he spoke with some wrath and considerable expletive refinement. A friend of his, in a nearby city, had been stricken recently with an operable intestinal cancer. He gave directions that the patient be sent to the hospital and also insisted that he have a semi-liquid, easily digestible diet for the days intervening before he arrived to operate.

Two days later when he arrived at his friend's bedside the physician found him desperately ill with an intestinal obstruction. Before a colostomy (it sounds horrible, and probably is, but that is what the physician called it) could be performed, the patient died. At necropsy it was found that the bowel, at the point where the cancerous growth constricted it, was plugged with a large piece of lettuce stalk. The physician investigated, and found that in spite of his very strict instructions to the contrary, his patient had been fed raw fruits and salads. Moreover, the staff dietitian was very supercilious when he protested this and asked if he actually could be so ignorant as not to know that people must have their vitamins? In short, give them their vitamins though you kill them, was the new hospital slogan.

My rebuke for ignoring spinach sat less heavily upon me after this information. Moreover, the physician continued that, quite regardless of instructions, it is all but impossible to have a patient denied raw fruits, salads, spinach and bran muffins in any up-to-date American hospital today. The minute the surgeon says the patient can eat, and regardless of the nature of the illness or the operation, — even if upon the digestive tract, — salads and raw fruits appear upon the patient's tray and he eats. Thus cucumbers appeared upon the tray of another of his patients. The gentleman trusted the hospital and ate them. He is now where cucumber salad is very probably not on the menu, because nectar and ambrosia are considered more palatable.

The country, hospitals and all, has gone diet crazy. How much reason is there for such fanaticism? How much factual basis is there for the diet craze which not only induced my first friend to worry himself into nervous dyspepsia over vitamins and calories, but also has so potently invaded the hospitals of the land that patients get all manner of indigestible food whether they should have it or not? What, in short, — as very detestable people have a habit of asking me, — What do *you* know about human nutrition? What does anybody know? Are doctors simply using people, even poor, innocent children, as guinea pigs these days?

Diet has undergone a remarkable mutation during recent years. From the time of Hippocrates even unto days remembered by many of us, sick people got gruels and soft food. The typhoid patient is well remembered who, after finding that his first "meal" consisted of a tablespoonful of oatmeal gruel, demanded a postage

stamp, because he now wanted to read a while.

Of course they sometimes went to extremes, even in the past. I remember a strapping blacksmith some years ago (it obviously was some years ago if a blacksmith was concerned), who entered a hospital for an operation on a bunion. He was kept for ten days on broth, milk toast and gruel. The surgeon merely forgot to specify his food and he got the orthodox post-operative diet of the day. Yet his subsequent remarks on hospitals and physicians somehow lacked dignity and repose and were, in an explosive sense, rather heroic, on a small scale.

AS A RACE we are prone to crazes. This is so true that it is not restricted to the man in the street. Crazes attack physicians. They afflict experimental scientists, for a dozen of them will invariably start in on a subject the minute one of them registers a minor success on that subject. In medicine, as every intelligent person knows, one fad simply follows another. We need only to mention appendicitis, neurasthenia, tonsils, infected teeth, intestinal auto-intoxication, constipation, infected gall bladder, etc., to illustrate this. We all know doctors who settle down to this or that fad and pursue it to the death — of many patients.

A few years ago human nutrition revolved around proteins, carbohydrates and fats. Later calories were popularized and became the major craze. Later still mineral balance came to ken, to be followed almost immediately by the great vitamin and roughage era, whence we have not yet emerged into what, I almost believe, may be an epoch of common sense in diet. Yet, let us hope that this common sense will be scientific and not a mere ignorant counter-fad.

What, then, do we know about diet? Are doctors merely experimenting upon us and our innocent offspring? In our research laboratories busy and unkempt specialists are keeping experimental animals — from rats to cows — under ideal conditions, changing diets on them, giving them deficiencies and superfluities, observing them, weighing them, and rushing madly to print with the little fractions of truth they think they have found. Very often, alas! their rush is so precipitant that their cargo is not factual at all, but merely adds another ill-founded paper to a literature already too cluttered by far.

EMBLAZONED in the public press each item, however uncertainly established in reality, is liable to start a fad somewhere. Appearing with more dignity (often with so much that the physician finds them incomprehensible) as abstracts in medical journals, these items look convincing and many doctors actually do read them and start off on raw liver fads.

What of the layman? After years of wandering in the Wilderness of Fad he needs common sense preached to him. He needs to realize that human nutrition did not wait patiently for Funk and Hopkins and McCollum and Evans to make it a science before it operated successfully. Many races fed themselves very adequately by traditional ideas, their members lived to good old ages and died happy before food constituents were identified. Other races, like the Chinese, have apparently adapted themselves very well to a low scale of nutrition and are

active and quite healthy on a diet deficient in protein, calcium and vitamins. Some races are strict vegetarians, others live almost exclusively off meat or fresh blood. The Eskimo manages to subsist on what is essentially a one hundred per cent. animal diet (meat fat and protein) without undue constipation, high blood pressure, heart or kidney troubles.

MEN right here in the United States have lived hearty and healthy lives on practically one hundred per cent. meat diets. Thousands of people do not watch their acid-base balances with painful anxiety, eat with striking irregularity and monumental disregard for modern rules, drink curious blends of shellac, garment cleaner and stain remover, and yet live happily and usefully.

With this example before us, with evidence accumulating each day to demonstrate the unique character of each individual organism in a species, we yet embrace diet "systems", projected to satisfy the "average" man everywhere. There is no such average man.

Then the body itself is supplied with ample reserve power to take care of wide variations in diet and habit. Our hearts and lungs and muscles can do twice what we ordinarily call upon them to do. We can lose one kidney, a large portion of our liver or even, alas and alack, a very respectable fraction of our brains, and yet persist in health and in full possession of our faculties. Our organisms have remarkable powers of adjustment to neutralize excess acids or bases in our foods or to see that deleterious substances pass harmlessly on their way. Our digestive system is designed to handle roughly twice as much digestible food as we are normally accustomed to give it. Like a good mechanical contrivance, our bodies can handle a far greater load than they are guaranteed to handle.

A great truth that should be announced in the street car advertisements is this: vitamins and roughage are not inseparable. If any adult has a veritable vitamin mania, butter, milk, yeast, orange juice, lemonade, tomato juice, cod liver oil capsules, not to mention sunlight, are all readily available. The passion for stuffing the alimentary tract with indigestible cellular material is a very curious one. Actually no substance offers the digestive system greater resistance or gives it more work to turn into chyme, than what is essentially plant bone. Surely it is laxative, just as any substance which irritates the delicate intestinal mucosa leads rapidly to its own expulsion.

IN CERTAIN instances such material, found in spinach and in bran in very large amounts, is dangerous to health. A certain investigator operated on a number of dogs and reversed a portion of their small intestine. With this abnormal gradient the dogs lived well and happy so long as their diet was liquid, but very soon after they got solid food they died and necropsy demonstrated intestinal obstruction. The reason is that solid food moves through the bowel due to a natural waving motion of the bowel walls directed away from the stomach. Liquid food can travel either way with equal facility. The reverse gradient in the dog's intestine acted as a brake to this movement of solid food, impeded its passage and the bowel was stopped.

Very many people, usually those of the constipated-nervous-digestion type, have small intestines in which this onward movement has been reversed in one gradient or section. This section operates just like the artificial gradient the dogs had. Coarse, cellular foods therefore lead to flatulence and gastric and intestinal distress, while worse disasters lurk if the bowels happen to be unduly constricted. Yet these people too fill up on bran, whereas they need soft, easily and completely digestible diets.

When it is remembered that a person of normal size and taking light exercise would get sufficient roughage daily from one or two medium sized slices of whole wheat bread, the craze for indigestible food is as amusing as it is profitable to certain manufacturers. Yet today when a medical clinic is held in some small city the market is as rapidly depleted of spinach as it has been of liver ever since the finding that liver is valuable in the treatment of anæmia.

The varied diet the newer knowledge of nutrition is supposed to necessitate in hospitals, and the varied costly specialties faddistic practitioners and surgeons require, help noticeably to increase the cost of hospitalization. A basic low residue diet, highly digestible and more distinguished for softness than coarseness, would not only be cheaper, but would benefit the average patient far more than roughage. Such a diet, including lean meat, eggs, macaroni, sugars, rice, fruit juices, coffee or tea, would not be injurious either from the standpoint of vitamin deficiency during a few days or weeks in a hospital. It would be like balm to the post-operative or post-illness digestive tract in comparison with the coarse, indigestible, highly cellular rubbish a fad now compels patients to consume.

Facing vitamins directly and without flinching, what do we know? We know a great deal about the effects of vitamin deprivation upon experimental animals. We know many useful things about the dangers of vitamin deficiency in feeding certain domestic animals, just as we know that a cow must not be deprived of calcium if she is to give milk and remain in health. And we know quite a great deal about the necessity for vitamins and calcium in the diet of young and growing children.

Not even scientifically inbred experimental animals are mechanical in their reactions to vitamin deficiency. Whereas the biological test for the presence of vitamin D (which prevents rickets) is today regarded as almost a routine process, carefully inbred rats will vary fifty or seventy-five per cent. in their reaction to its lack. About twenty-five per cent. of such rats prove immune to rickets, no matter how you deprive them of vitamin D. Rats as a race are immune to scurvy. Cattle do not suffer from a lack of vitamin B while the cat family appears to have idiosyncrasies of its own.

I am reminded of a lady who carefully feeds her pet Persian roughage and vitamins by mixing the more sawdust-like breakfast foods with its salmon and liver. Here we have the fad in its extreme form. The cat is sick most of the time, probably because of the irritation roughage gives it. Carnivorous animals seem to be entirely different from rats and humans in their vitamin requirements. At least

we know little about their needs, but I am willing to wager that roughage is rough on cats.

Human beings practically never can suffer from a lack of the reproductive vitamin E and it is a matter of extreme difficulty to deprive experimental animals of E and of F (the lack of which stunts growth in rats) sufficiently to cause sterility or stunting. Finally, a fact that stands out prominently is this — findings true of growing rats are surprisingly often applicable to growing children; but that does not mean that they necessarily apply to adult human beings.

A GENTLEMAN not long ago repined to me: "A while back my doctor had my nephew on orange juice; then he shifted to tomato juice; then it was cod liver oil. Just recently he prescribed bananas, and now it's liver. Can you tell me what on earth he thinks he is trying to do?" I solaced him by remarking that the child would soon have to accustom itself to a daily portion of blue vitriol, since copper was the latest mineral to function as a blood regenerator in anæmia — it was insoluble iron salts, you know, then soluble iron salts, then a complex organic somethingorother, then vitamin E (the reproductive), then not vitamin E but iron, and then, or now for the moment, minute quantities of copper.

But as the gentleman displayed distinct signs of throwing himself under a street car, I relented and remarked that the doctor was probably not very far wrong in any case. He said, "Thank God for that!" and he looked it. Orange juice is potent in vitamin C and prevents scurvy, tomato is in the same class, bananas ditto, and liver tends to prevent anæmia which will attack growing children whose principal article of diet is milk, merely because milk is horribly deficient in iron. The cod liver oil, like sunlight, protects against rickets and, unlike direct sunlight, promotes normal growth. All that is pretty definite and the gentleman heroically threw away a bottle of carbolic acid he had with him and decided to face life bravely once more.

There can be no doubt that in spite of vagaries and fads very many pediatricians and not a few general practitioners are rather wisely utilizing sound dietetic knowledge in the feeding of young children. On the other hand I know of a lady whose child has an abdomen which protrudes like those of the famine children we see pictured now and then, and for very much the same reason. It was stuffed too full of indigestible matter on too many occasions — in this case spinach at the doctor's order.

BUT when it comes to adults and their normal vitamin needs, we know little. Of course on radically deficient diets explorers, missionaries and others do develop scurvy, beri beri, and such deficiency diseases. But the importance of vitamins to young children and to experimental animals is not duplicated in adult humans. In fact, in a rich country like ours it is very unlikely that any considerable groups of adult humans are habitually on diets so deficient in vitamins as to be injurious. We can certainly be sure that a patient could remain on a vitamin low diet for two or three weeks in a hospital without serious trouble. The body is a more resistant and adjustable mechanism than diet faddists

give it credit for being, and it has but recently been shown that a complete deprivation of protein for more than two months failed to undermine the subject's constitution.

While vitamin deficiencies are serious in the young, few physicians ever meet in ordinary practice conditions which they can definitely charge up to vitamin deficiency as causative. A physician at Hopkins remarks that in fifteen years' practice he has never seen a patient he could declare definitely diseased due to a vitamin lack, while a colleague has attended children ten years and has found but four cases of ophthalmia associated with a deficiency in vitamin A, yet the latter is supposed to develop very easily with such lack.

It is true, as the experts constantly remind us in hushed tones, that many adult humans may run close to the minimum in vitamins A and B and calcium, on the meat, potato, gravy, white bread, coffee, pie ration. Some obscure nervous and gastric disorders may result from this condition, yet it is very doubtful whether the total amount of indisposition caused by such deficiencies is one-tenth that produced by the flurried, worried and dyspeptic health alarmists — The Amalgamated Order of Halitosis of America. Pediatricians, live stock growers, explorers and the health authorities of overpopulated districts, need to know their vitamins and to apply their findings, but it is probable that some nepenthe on the subject would be advisable among the great group of middlebrows. They take much greater health risks every day. I am reminded of the flapper who would drink anything said to be alcoholic but who, at meal times, always reminded the others very self-righteously that she never drank coffee!

As a matter of fact the appetite of a healthy, normal person will almost inevitably lead him to nourish himself adequately, in a country like this where such diverse food products are so readily available. We cannot trust these appetites blindly, simply because they are perverted in youth. But much would be gained if our appetites were less trammeled in childhood; if we were not compelled to eat so many unpalatable things merely because they were "good for us"; if a complete, varied and adequate diet was set before us and we were freely permitted to plough our way through it as we desired.

Working on dogs at Yale, Dr. George R. Cowgill recently found that they will automatically regulate their own food intake on a caloric basis if permitted to do so. To show this he fed some dogs which had long been on a standard diet a ration of known caloric content. Then, after a time, and under precisely the same environmental conditions, he fed the same dogs a diet containing more calories. In every single case they voluntarily reduced their food intake in almost arithmetical proportion and simply refused to overload on calories which they did not need in their way of living. That looks very much like a basic, primitive instinct at work.

From his experiments and observations Dr. Cowgill reaches the conclusion that the baby, not the doctor, knows best about its diet. If its diet is adequate and complete, the baby may safely be permitted to use its appetite as a guide; this is far better than stuff-

ing it at regular intervals with known quantities of food in accordance with some doctor's or book's instructions, which are intended to apply to an "average" baby which is as non-existent as the famous "economic man".

THE basic thing about all this diet business is, after all, our biological heritage. Over and over again nature triumphs over nurture. Discussing longevity in Washington some years ago, Dr. Charles Mayo reflected the wisdom of Oliver Wendell Holmes when he said that the greatest factor was the choice of long-lived parents in a healthy line. This same factor rules our reaction to diseases, to debilitations, to fatigue, to all environmental conditions and to what we eat.

An infection in the heel is fatal to one person whereas the same germs would not even make another person ill. Worry makes one man lose weight, yet plenty of fat people worry over their diet all the time and simply get fatter. The slightest dietetic indiscretion causes one person gastric distress; the grossest nutritional ignorance does not disturb the digestive equanimity of another the slightest bit. Food which is poison or infected with deadly germs never acts the same upon all who eat it.

I revert in thought to the kind gentleman who accompanied me to lunch and who figured so desperately on the caloric content of his meal. He worried about vitamins and calories and roughage, meal after meal; he did his utmost to eat exactly what he should —scientifically— and he was in chronic ill health. The chances are that if he could have forgotten all about diet, he might have recovered from stomach trouble. But he may, for all I know, be a type that would ail under any circumstances.

AS A WHOLE our digestive, assimilative and eliminative processes classify physiologically under the head of involuntary operations. Such operations, like breathing and the heartbeat, proceed far better when left to their own unconscious devices than when an effort is made to direct and to oversee them consciously. Taking forethought will not add a cubit to their effectiveness.

As to diet, a very little reflection will convince us that men as races and as individuals live suprisingly well upon the most varied foods. This should restrain us from being alarmists and should lead us to conclude that salvation cometh neither in raw foods, nor in vegetarianism, nor in fruits, vitamins, minerals nor calories — as fads. We cannot properly nourish ourselves by grabbing an ill-established theory here, a fact there and a suggestion elsewhere, and trying to piece these into a system and press them into service.

Instead, common sense and a little fundamental knowledge are our best endowments. But the avoidance of fads and crazes is paramount. We should pray for strength to resist the nefarious idea that a temporary and slight vitamin deficiency is of serious consequence and to stand firm against the self-righteous alarmist and extremist. Thereafter our body weight and our feelings are reputable guides. Deviations above and below our normal weight are natural suggestions demanding investigation. Digestive disturbances, headaches, feelings of heaviness, undue fatigue on moderate

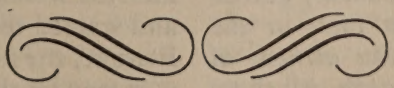
exertion, dullness of mind — these also are indications of maladjustment and bid us examine our nutrition and our environment critically to eliminate whatever is injurious to us. And what is injurious to or good for us is by no means the same thing as that which injures or prospers our neighbor. There heredity gets its innings.

We should remember in general, however, the following classifications: Carbohydrates are energy foods and are easily disposed of. Fats and carbohydrates are interchangeable, though fats are not so easily disposed of in the body and tend to be more expensive. Protein is absolutely essential to well being, is rather more difficult to dispose of than the first two grand divisions and it is both extravagant and ill-advised to eat it to excess, especially in hot weather. Meat, egg and milk proteins are utilized decidedly better than vegetable proteins and it is sensible and palatable to balance our diet with meat protein. Moderate amounts of lightly cooked green vegetables, of raw fruits and cooked vegetables and of dairy products should find a place on our tables. Of such variety, then, let each partake as his experience dictates.

Such rational self-experimentation would repeatedly assist people to make helpful adjustments in their way of living which visits to a physician may not alter. All due respect to them, physicians cannot know our organisms individually as well as we ourselves know them. They are hurried and they know the patient's reliance on a prescription. They are led to prescribe some combination of drugs whereas the patient, if he gave the matter a moment's thought, might easily discern that he was eating too much pork this summer or that he should not raid the icebox before going to bed.

That is not to say that either habit is pernicious *per se*. The point is that such habits which react injuriously upon each of us as individuals — one habit here, quite another there — account for most of the minor illnesses about which we bother busy doctors. In Plato's *Republic* we hear of people who expect some nostrum to mend their way of living; but, Plato continues, "They have a charming way of going on, and the charming thing is that they deem him their worst enemy who tells them the truth, which is simply that, unless they give up eating and drinking and lusting and sleeping, neither drug nor cautery nor spell nor amulet nor anything will be of any avail."

Plato was right. Such people still exist. Many of them are now diet faddists. Yet calm, judicial, sober common sense and a reasonably decent heredity will do more to ensure that they have life and have it more abundantly than any number of calorie crazes or vitamin drives.



Life in the Raw

By Catherine Beach Ely

Miss Ely's "Hokum of the Intelligentzia," in a recent issue, aroused wide comment. Herewith she charges that it is chiefly women who support, with pocketbook and gossip, the current purveyors of "literary carrion"

Life in the raw is what many women of today demand — on paper and on the boards. One of that type effervesced during a current successful play; she received its *mélange* of adultery and brutality with irrepressible delight. "It's *life in the raw!*" she chirruped ecstatically to her companion. Large numbers of eminently respectable women today enjoy and pay for theatre situations both raw and tainted.

Some of the devourers of rawness are small, roundfaced, and babyish in contours like the aforesaid enthusiast. Others are tall, fashionably lean and hungry-eyed, hungry for the drama's strong cheese-parings. Thespis, unbridled and riotous, allures many women. There sit the urbanites with a sophisticated assurance which seems to say, "We know what we want." There sit the transient tourists collecting naughty lines before returning to Dulgap. In the second balcony gather the wearers of bargain furs; in the orchestra seats bask the owners of costlier symbols of the cave. All these seek "life in the raw."

Feminine financial support is indispensable to the would-be raw authors, and to the little pseudo-critics who pour libations to the would-be Raws in the cozy-corner columns. Petty authors and petty critics, trying to color the vaporings of their pale brains with red ink for blood! And women are their dupes.

Well, life in the raw is what our pioneer ancestors wanted, at least it is what they got when they invaded hostile territory in the Covered Wagon. But it was raw life sliced otherwise, with a quite different flavor. In a modern New York apartment a hostess sketches for her guests a bit of typical family history:

"My grandmother left New York in 1833 for a settlement in Michigan, where life was simple, yet exciting. The men were needed for work in the field, so grandmother, then a young married woman, sprang into a wagon and started the team of horses toward Pontiac, the nearest source of supplies — a long journey over almost impassable roads. She left her three children

at home to shift for themselves, one a baby of two years. On the third day, back came grandmother, the rattling wagon laden with provisions for the entire settlement, including a supply of dried apples, choicest of pioneer rations. After she had stewed the apples and sweetened them with maple syrup, she set the kettle under a tree to cool. Two Indians, loping by, sniffed pleasant odors, and proceeded to run off with the treasure. But they reckoned without grandmother. She pursued them so valiantly that they dropped the kettle of fruit and glided into the forest.

"One day while grandmother was in the field helping the men, Indians stole her sleeping baby from the cradle. But the theft was a prank rather than a serious kidnapping, for my grandparents and the Indians were on friendly terms. In a short time the redskins brought the baby back. The reinstated baby grew up to be my mother."

Such episodes as these spiced the lives of American women one hundred years ago. It was life in the raw — so much less comfortable than sinking into a padded theatre seat to luxuriate in the modern rawness which obliging playwrights provide for us.

THE theatrical business demonstrates that middle-aged women make *risqué* plays profitable, because they have the leisure, the money and the taste for daring situations on the stage. The box-office registers that off-color plays flourish financially on mid-week matinées, patronized mostly by older women. So the joke must be on our lofty-browed writers who serve literary carrion. Just think, these towering intellectuals are prodding their giant brains for the harmless unoccupied matron, bereft of home duties, seeking to fill her mental larder with raw life, and bursting with ardor to impart her impressions in eager *tête-à-tête!*

MODERN youth, some of it, is not averse to life in the raw — the "flapper" with carmine lips curved in precocious smiles patronizes it. The acid work of the *revoltés* appeals to the unripe, restless girl, alert to bite into the wormy fruit of the moderns. A woman, well-informed through long association with playwrights, producers, and writers of fiction, lives temporarily in a wealthy progressive city of the Far West. She makes some significant observations concerning feminine literary opinions in that typical community:

"A 'flapper' I know here surprised me by saying that she thought *Desire under the Elms* the most beautiful, the most enthralling play she had ever seen. Girls of her sort adore the emancipated literary Smart Alecks. I chanced to mention to another young girl out here that I had just read and enjoyed one of Booth Tarkington's novels. She bestowed upon me a pitying look, as if I had entered my second childhood.

Even grandmothers join the feminine parade of determined seekers of "raw" life. The woman who was snubbed by a modern girl for admiring sanitary fiction tells her impressions when escorted by a sprightly old lady friend to an evening at the play in New York:

"I was disgusted with the whole show. Two men behind us got up and walked out before the first act was half over, but this elderly friend of mine sat there entranced, fairly gloating

over it, as did other women in our vicinity. In my opinion it is the nice, moral women who seem to enjoy most the filth on the stage. A New York producer told me his experiences with the feminine public. He was losing money on a clean drama with a great actress as its star, and therefore went to the matinée of a particularly salacious play, in order to observe a money-getting rival production. He was the only man there, so far as he could observe, although the house was packed from balcony to pit, and the women giggled and nudged each other and enjoyed it hugely. This man, who has gentlemanly instincts and Christian training, says he blushed to be there."

Apparently dowagers betwixt age and youth lead the procession of rank-play addicts. They seek the excitement which the drabness of their minds denies them by a pursuit of life in the raw at intellectually decadent or sensationally vulgar shows. The middle-aged besiegers of raw and ruthless stagecraft seldom miss a noisome play if full purse and willing feet can get them inside the door. "Hurry to buy a ticket!" implies the eager rush of women to the brutish drama; "the play leaves nothing unsaid — the District Attorney is investigating it — hurry, or it will be padlocked before you get there!"

As for fiction served raw, mature ladies consume one portion after another almost before it falls from the publisher's meat-chopper. "My dear, ask your librarian for *The Sooty Question* — there isn't a moral line in it; every character is bad in every conceivable way. All the husbands and wives are deceiving one another, and the young girls and young men are even worse. You *must* read it. Really, I don't know what we are coming to — novelists are getting more indiscreet every day! It keeps me busy running after all the shockers they write. Fortunately the librarian knows what I like." In this vein flows the chatter of nice little ladies of unimpeachable reputation who help to fill the pockets of our modern writers of raw stuff.

Far be it from me to impugn *in toto* the pursuits of adult femininity. On the contrary I would heartily express admiration for a multitude of modern women who have their hands and minds full of fine achievements in interesting occupations. As wives and mothers and as independent workers, they should know what to choose and what to reject. A good many women are excellent judges of worthwhile literature as a pastime or a serious pursuit, and they patronize clean plays.

But the army of mature women includes a host of desultory sisters possessed of leisure and plump pocket-books, ready to follow each vagrant caprice set in motion by the winds of literary sensation. These matrons of impeccable morals, but of errant curiosities, form the whispering brigade which spreads the fame of "raw" novels and plays. They carry reeking literary morsels from house to house on the tips of their busy tongues. They prolong best seller rumors in the streets and corridors of libraries, over the boudoir teacups, and in the restaurants and shopping places. Under this category belong also the tensely intellectual feminists, afraid lest some malodorous excrescence of modernity escape them, especially if it be the

high and mighty production of a Guild.

It is a fad for "raw" life. Perhaps it will pass, like other fads. A large part of the success of modern fictionists and dramatists would be eliminated if these roving ladies of the busy tongue ceased to dabble in bleakly brutal novels and plays.

HAVE men then no influence upon the success or failure of modern plays and novels? Certainly some men do have great authority — they are the Supreme Court of literature; but they are busy professionals, rather than social promoters. Masculine amateurs of literary leisure are few, and they do not gossip over recent books and plays as habitually as women do. If they get a good running start, they like to indulge in literary conversation for a time. But they probably do not prattle much over unruly books. On the whole, men chat less than women, perhaps because they have not had the informal environment wherein to cultivate this art. It is the cozy chit-chat from neighbor to neighbor which makes the small or average seller into the best seller.

The raw life of earlier America had its defects, but it also had its splendor, its austere beauty. Perhaps if we wait awhile longer there will appear novels and plays written to give us worthwhile modern raw life instinct with the pristine force which characterizes the high moments of men and women.

Heaven forbid that this country should reach a super-refinement which fears life in the raw. It all depends on the kind of rawness. We do not have to go back to pioneer days for the right kind. The raw stuff of life may be as immediate, vital and inspiring in the Twentieth Century as it was in any former era, or it may be a carcass tainting the public literary mart.

WHAT is the attitude of play producers, book merchants and publishers toward *risqué* modern writing, and toward women's enjoyment of it? Possibly they hesitate to criticize openly the taste of a feminine public upon which they depend largely for a livelihood. Some of these men have the highest ideals as to literature, which they would invariably follow, were not the financial sacrifice too great. Others of them, less idealistic, willingly coöperate with the authors of dubious books which are widely advertised by the conversational propensities of women.

Nimble tongues and acquiescent business brains indeed help to retail revolting literature, but the author's pen is the primarily responsible source. Many of our conspicuous modern authors venture to write in a smutty, venomous, or sacrilegious vein. To promote their own publicity, they take advantage of the increased freedom of the woman of today, and of her eager desire to explore. The writers of rank stuff exploit the modern woman's legitimate hunger for the new into a morbid appetite for life in the raw. By poisoning the minds of women, venal authors menace the nation's future.

Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

After Ten Years

The tenth anniversary of the Armistice finds Western Europe still an armed camp. With the exception of Germany, practically every nation has increased its forces beyond the figures of just before the World War. Eleven countries have now 2,255,500 soldiers in 1928 against only 1,488,500 in 1913; an increase of 767,000, or more than fifty per cent. On the other hand there has been an enormous enforced reduction in Germany, and in the countries formerly comprised in Russia and Austria-Hungary there has also been a decline of armament; in all these, from 2,491,000 in 1913 to 1,214,000 in 1928. That is a decrease of 1,277,000, or more than fifty per cent. In Europe as a whole, then, there has been a decrease from 3,979,500 to 3,469,500, or 509,000 — a little more than ten per cent. But this entire net decrease is far more than accounted for by the compulsory reduction of the German army from 800,000 to 100,000. Certainly the existence of more than three and a half million men-at-arms in Europe, of whom practically one-half are in the Allied Powers, looks little like the general disarmament of which some dreamed ten years ago.

Nor is the spirit more irenic than the letter. France and Germany still see red whenever they look across the Rhineland. Italy has not forgotten nor forgiven the Tedesci. If Poland has not her back to the wall, it is because there is no wall; she has to stand in the open, guarding all quarters. Hungary erects memorials of her "lost Provinces" in a spirit more of revenge than of resignation. The Baltic States and those of the triple kingdom of the Southern Slavs are in unstable equilibrium. And Soviet Russia maintains its pose of *Anarchia contra Mundum*. It is a spectacle calculated to commend caution rather than to elicit exultation.

Amid all this, — let us say it without Chauvinism or highfaluting, — it is to be observed that of the three outstanding achievements of these ten years for the welfare of the nations, two are to be accredited to that Power which was said to have "broken the heart of the world" by declining to repudiate one of the first great principles of its existence by entering the League of Nations. The Pact of Locarno was a purely European performance, to which we gladly concede an inestimable measure of beneficence. But with equal truth we may claim as purely American achievements the Dawes Plan, which probably did more for the material rehabilitation and stabilization of Europe than all else

put together, and the Kellogg Treaty, which has made a concrete enactment of that renunciation of war which hitherto has been at best merely a pious aspiration.

That, we may modestly and humbly regard as an abundant vindication of the rule first enunciated by Washington and afterward elaborated by Monroe into a national Doctrine, that in our relations with European Powers we should "administer to their wants without being engaged in their quarrels". To which I would add, with acknowledgments to Patrick Henry, if that be isolation, make the most of it!

Ask America

IT WAS "Macedonia's madman" who at a single stroke got rid of the Gordian knot, but a touch of his forthright genius must surely have crossed the Adriatic to the Italian statesmanship of today. The son of Midas never devised a more perplexing problem than that which Costa Rica — at whose suggestion, pray? — presented to the League of Nations, in asking that body for an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. Only its ostensible naïveté and the undoubted benevolence of the Central American republic saved it from being ominously offensive. Time was when it would have been unpleasantly near a *casus belli*. Imagine America, a generation ago, asking the old Triple Alliance for an interpretation of the British policy of free trade! We can only speculate upon what the League would have done about it, had not Italy come promptly to the rescue, with wit as keen as Alexander's sword, and with the happy solution, "Ask America!" Of course, it would be sheer impertinence for any Power or league of Powers — unless in a purely academic fashion — to interpret a Doctrine that is as exclusively American as the Constitution of the United States itself. As for the weird reference to the Doctrine in the Covenant of the League, that is not an interpretation; it is a joke.

The Reparations Crux

TEN years after the Armistice the Dawes Plan enters its fifth and supposedly crucial year. Thus far Germany has paid her yearly indemnities promptly and with apparent ease. But now there is an increase of forty-two per cent., to the enormous sum of two and a half billion marks, or about $600,000,000, which will henceforth be the required yearly payment. Can she meet it, without throwing upon her people an intolerable burden which will presently so impair her economic structure as to compel default and chaos? Some leading German bankers say it is impossible for her to do so, even for this one year, while on the other hand Mr. Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparations, who is doubtless no less informed and much more disinterested than they, is confident that it is quite possible.

We believe Mr. Gilbert to be right. The fact is that the Dawes Plan has made Germany able to fulfill its provisions. It has encouraged foreign capital to enter Germany in what Dr. Curtius, the Reich's Minister of Industry, has described as like "the Nile's fertilizing flood". Thus German wealth has been enormously increasing. Her national savings have year by year greatly exceeded the amounts she has paid in reparations, and her exports have been increasing since the war

much more rapidly than they did before it. In these circumstances she will surely be able to meet the increased demands of this "crucial" year. How long she would be able to continue doing so is another matter, of great importance. It is anomalous that the total amount to be paid has not yet been fixed, so that no one can say whether Germany is to pay $600,000,000 a year for five years or for fifty years, or indeed for five hundred years. There is scarcely a greater need in the whole European congeries of needs than that of fixing definitively and promptly the sum total of the required reparations.

The Persistence of Parties

A FORTNIGHT after these lines are read by the American public the Presidential election will occur, and will be followed with speculations upon the future of the two great political parties. If one of them should be overwhelmed by a "landslide", there would doubtless be, as there have been many times before, solemn obsequial orations pronounced above its supposed cadaver. But if anyone should be moved, either in sorrow or in vengeful exultation, to such a macabre performance, I would advise him first to consult a file of this excellent NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of fifty years ago. There, in the issue for April, 1878, he will find an article of no less than thirty-one pages, dedicated to the proposition that the Republican party was already damned and was about to be dead—was, in fact, as the caption suggested, in its death struggle. The article was written by George Washington Julian, who for many years had been one of the foremost statesmen of Indiana and indeed of the nation, one of the founders of the Republican party, and more than once regarded as a possible President of the United States. And he closed his thirty-one pages with this resounding and cocksure climax:

> In any event, the party is doomed. It lies wallowing in the mire of its apostasy, the helpless victim of its leaders and the spectacle of the nation. Its race is run, and our task fitly ends with its death-struggle.

Fifty years ago. In that half century the party which should now be fifty years dead has fought twelve Presidential campaigns, has won eight of them, has lost three by egregious "flukes", and has been squarely beaten in only one. All of which reëmphasizes the wisdom of the precept, Don't prophesy unless you know!

World-Justice Hughes

AMERICA is not an adherent of the World Court of the League of Nations, and gives little indication of any inclination ever to be one; at any rate, if that tribunal is to be, as is again suggested, the legal adviser of the League itself. Yet we must feel a profound sense of gratification at the extent to which the Court has looked to America for expert juristic aid. One American, Mr. Root, was concerned perhaps more than any other one man in framing the very constitution of the Court. A second, Mr. Moore, has been a conspicuous and influential member of its bench; and upon his retirement his place is now taken by a third, Mr. Hughes, by virtue of the expression of a desire quite extraordinary — but by no means unwarranted or undeserved — in its unanimity and earnestness. In view of such important American participation in that tribunal, it is pertinent

and of curious interest to recall that this country was the first to move for the creation of a World Court of adjudication and not merely of arbitration. That was in 1907, at the Second Congress at The Hague. At the First Congress, in 1899, this country had taken the lead in establishing the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration which is still pursuing so beneficent a career at The Hague, and had a little later been one of the first two Powers that submitted their differences to it for successful settlement. In 1907, however, it desired to go much further, by developing the Tribunal of Arbitration into a true Court of International Justice. In that it was unhappily balked by the opposition of Germany; and it is a picturesque turn of fate that Americans, if not America, should be so influentially associated with such a court which came into existence through the military downfall of Germany and her temporary deposition from a place in the councils of the nations.

Five Lustrums in the Air

MUCH comment has been made upon the circumstance that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first successful flight ever made on an air plane, by the Wrights at historic Kill Devil Hill, is to be marked with an international conference on civil aëronautics at Washington, attended by two hundred delegates from fifty countries. It will be an impressive and a most appropriate incident. But it would be an error to imagine that aviation, as an art and industry, has been developed with any unique or even remarkable rapidity. The desperate urgings of the World War of course applied high pressure to military aviation, and that naturally promoted the adoption of air flight in commercial and adventurous activities. An article presented elsewhere in this impression suggests the extent to which aviation is becoming a general commonplace of travel and traffic. Nevertheless it is to be doubted whether transportation through the air has made in its first quarter of a century any more progress or has come into any more general use than did that on the water with steamboats or on land with railroads a hundred years ago. Indeed it has probably lagged somewhat behind them, because of the vastly greater difficulties with which it has had to contend. That it has "come to stay", however, as surely and as securely as they, and that it is destined to come into comparably general use, can no longer for a moment be doubted. Carlyle's epigram must be rewritten. The whole world will possess the empire of the air as well as of the land and sea.

Unmexicanizing Mexico

THE renunciation of a second term by President Calles may well mark a new era in Mexican history. For it is something more than a personal act. It is in effect a declaration of national policy, of the most auspicious character. With all the emphasis of which the strongest man — if not the one strong man — in the republic is capable, he pronounces the end of military dictatorships and of perennial Presidencies and the advent of actual republicanism. Of his entire sincerity we are inclined to have no doubt. His ability to impose and to enforce the new policy upon the nation is less assured, though it inspires at least an abounding hope. Not the least ground

for optimism is the fact that there is visible no other leader of formidable type. There is no Santa Anna, no Benito Juarez, no Porfirio Diaz. It may be regretted that there is an absence of the really good and great qualities which those men undoubtedly possessed, but we may feel still more grateful for the absence of the power for arbitrary despotism which they also possessed and unsparingly exercised. "Mexicanization" has for most of a century been a term of reproach in politics. To set the land of its origin free from that opprobrium would be perhaps the finest achievement since the days of Miguel Hidalgo.

The Mystery of Life

THE salient feature of this year's meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was the consideration that was given to the origin, nature and purpose of life, unquestionably — from the purely scientific point of view — the greatest problem, solved or unsolved, of the universe. But, if I may so express it, the salient feature of that feature was the radical divergence of opinion concerning it. Thus on one day one of the most distinguished physiologists in the world declared that the mystery of life would always remain a mystery, "to tease, to stimulate or to humiliate mankind". And on the very next day it was announced with equal positiveness that another physiologist of equal authority was on the eve of a discovery of astounding importance, and that science was beginning "dimly to understand the difference between life and death and therefore the very meaning of life itself". Amid such clashing counsels, mere laymen may perhaps be pardoned for declining wholly to abandon the ancient belief in life as the emanation of a universal and eternal Creator.

"Mpret? M-praps!"

THE caption of *Punch's* cartoon, portraying the hapless plight of William of Wied as the would-be sovereign of Albania, comes to mind at the accession of Zogu, though with much less accent on the "perhaps". Indeed there seems no good reason for not expecting him to retain his throne and crown and sceptre, if they have such accessory symbols of rulership in Tirana, for many years to come. There may be those who dislike the notion of another Mohammedan State in Europe, for the first time in centuries; yet since the people are Mohammedans — of sorts — why should they not have a Mohammedan king? It would have been an amazing anomaly to call him Scanderbeg III, and it is probably well that that fantastic scheme has been abandoned. As for the reaction implied in turning from a republic back to a kingdom, it has been done many times before, since Darius prevailed over Otanes. And it is a reasonable expectation that under Zogu as Mpret the Albanians will enjoy no less democracy than under Zogu as President. In any event, we must be strong for the sacred right of self-determination, for the oldest people in Europe as well as for the youngest.

Farm Prices and Others

AMID all the discussion of ways and means for improving the condition of agriculture, of which there is undoubtedly much need, one very pertinent and significant circumstance

seems to be overlooked. That is, that prices of farm products were not alone and singular in suffering marked decline during the deflation process of 1921, but were at least partially accompanied in that movement by industrial prices; and that since then farm prices have enjoyed a much greater recovery than the others. From the peak year of 1913 to the nadir of 1921, farm prices declined about 44.5 per cent., while industrial prices declined 26.5 per cent. Undoubtedly the farmers were the greater sufferers. But on the other hand, from 1921 to 1928 farm prices have risen 25 per cent., and are still rising, while industrial prices instead of rising have fallen nine per cent., and are still falling. These facts may not disprove the need of relief for the farmers, but they certainly do disprove the notion that there is discrimination against the farmers and that they are the only sufferers from the economic vicissitudes of the times.

"Internationalizing" the Canal

AN EXAMPLE of the light and jaunty manner in which philanthropic theorists would dispose of matters of grave importance was provided at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, in the proposal that as a gesture of amity to our Latin American neighbors, the United States should "internationalize" the Panama Canal. That would of course be a flat reversal of long established American policy, first enunciated by President Grant in the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, when he wrote: "I commend an American canal, on American soil, to the American people," and repeated by President Hayes when he wrote in a message to the Senate: "The policy of this country is a canal under American control." That alone might be a sufficient obstacle to "internationalization". But there is something more, and more serious. We have a treaty with Great Britain, made twenty-eight years ago, in which it is expressly stipulated that America shall forever have the exclusive right of regulating and managing the canal, and shall be charged with the duty of maintaining and protecting it for the free navigation of the world. Is that treaty to be abrogated? And on what grounds that would be acceptable to Great Britain? Also, we have a treaty with the Republic of Panama, made twenty-five years ago, under which the exclusive and perpetual control of the canal is vested in America, and this country is obligated in perpetuity to pay to Panama a royalty of $250,000 a year. Is that treaty to be scrapped, and that royalty to be repudiated and defaulted? Or is America — quaint suggestion! — to continue to pay the royalty on account of a canal over which it has no control and in which it has no more interest than Abyssinia or the Principality of Liechtenstein? A gesture is sometimes a showy and impressive thing. But one needs, in making it, to make sure that he does not knock his knuckles against a stone wall.

Honorable Snitchers

THE request of the students at Yale for the abandonment of the honor system in examinations is not nearly so remarkable as the feature of that system which provoked it. It was a fine thing to permit the students to conduct their own examinations, without the supervision or presence of a member of the faculty, simply on their

pledge to act honestly and to receive no outside aid. But when it came to the additional pledge virtually to act as spies and to report to the faculty any of their fellows seen receiving aid, that was, in the words of A. Ward, "2 mutch". There is no honor in snitching.

More "Great Victorians"

I SHALL always regret that I did not begin, years ago, an enumeration of all those who, living or dead, were acclaimed as — each of them — "the last of the Great Victorians". There would surely be more than a dozen, probably a score or more, on the roll. And here are two more, Lord Haldane and Sir George Trevelyan, both certainly Victorians and certainly great scholars. Nor are we yet at the end of the list. Two of the greatest of the Victorian statesmen still survive, in the honored persons of Lord Balfour and Lord Rosebery, while in the realm of letters there is one of the most typically Victorian of all Victorians, Rudyard Kipling, whose greatness in the esteem of his contemporaries is attested by the fact that in Great Britain alone about three million copies of his works have been sold. The Victorian reign ended more than a quarter of a century ago, but there are still with us more than one or two of those who contributed to its greatness and who by their achievements in it won the indubitable distinction of greatness for themselves.

The Columbian Pharos

IT IS a graceful act for the Cuban Government to contribute a substantial sum toward the cost of constructing the gigantic Columbus Memorial Lighthouse on the island of Santo Domingo, and also to authorize a popular subscription for the same purpose. We cannot of course regard this as an abandonment of Cuba's claim of the honor of giving sepulture to the bones of the Admiral, or a recognition of the like claim of Santo Domingo. That is a dispute which probably never will be settled to the satisfaction of both parties. But it is a recognition of the propriety of erecting a memorial of Columbus, and of placing it on that island which was more than any other identified with his activities in the Western Hemisphere.

A Million Dollars for Football!

By Samuel Grafton

Is the game worth the gate? With its thirty million fans, its specially privileged players, its exaggerated publicity, has the commercialized gridiron become an academic problem—or a national blessing?

I

"But isn't it really an admirable spectacle?" I asked my friend who knows it all. "Just think! Eighty thousand men and women come together to see twenty-two young men battle for the honor—"

My friend who knows it all turned around so that his cigar almost punctured my right cheek. There was a leer on his face, a knowing leer, an authoritative and informed leer; altogether the least prepossessing leer I have ever seen.

"Honor!" I could see that he wanted to swear, but there were women near, and he took it out in giggling at my credulence. "Honor? Do you see Lefty Smith down there, our right end? He's playing the game for tuition and a thousand a year. Next to him is George R. Croshanker. Two of this joint's most prominent alumni are helping him to become an accountant, and all because they think he'll make a good one, of course. Right behind Croshanker is Larbereg, our fastest back. He mows ten square feet of lawn once a month in front of the training house and gets twenty-five smackers every Monday morning."

The day had changed for me. No longer were there twenty-two stalwart young men down there, battling for the honor of whatever it was they were battling for. No longer did clean-cut athletes kick and plunge and race around the ends, carrying with them the sacred pigskin and the immortal glory of their fifteen thousand school fellows. No longer was that vigorous fullback propelled into the heart of the line by the sense of duty to a cause. Instead I saw a two thousand dollar back chase a one thousand dollar back off the lot, and I saw the protégé of one millionaire do his best to butt the protégé of another millionaire in the slats. I saw the result of a "prep" school intrigue seize the ball from the very grasp of another result of a "prep" school intrigue, and I saw the product of three bribes and a scholarship run down an honest coal miner and the father of a family. The steady stream of sophistication from my right filled the bowl and the day and obscured my view of the field, until,

at last, I imagined that down there were nothing but twin sets of dollar marks; dollar marks making touchdowns, and dollar marks sending forward passes, dollar marks racing around a field and being mussed up by other dollar marks also intent on racing around the same field. It rather spoiled the game for me.

II

How much is there back of it all? Are the twenty-two stalwart young men really stalwart young men, or are they twenty-two dollar marks? Or is it possible that they are partly dollar marks and partly stalwart young men? What have we to go by? Is the game being overemphasized? Are the colleges selling their birthrights for a mess of touchdowns? And if, *Deo volente*, we are able to show that the game is being overemphasized, does that fact have any bearing on the place football has come to occupy in the national scene?

So many questions would seem to imply so many answers, but in football answers are scarce and questions are many. Undergraduates of large Eastern universities have assured me, on the honor of college men, that their friends on the teams are paid actual money, cash down, to stay in college and play football. The athletic managers of these same institutions have assured me, on their honor as athletic managers, that such is not the case, never has been the case, and never will be the case. The athletes themselves play ball and say nothing. My own experience as an undergraduate leads me to doubt the athletic managers. All of the common stories, from the legends of professors who are threatened with the loss of their jobs if they do not pass the unfortunate who can throw passes better than he can throw Latin, to the hoary tale of the poor little quarterback who met a millionaire, are probably true. The evidence for believing far transcends the evidence for doubting. In fact, so common is the story of the quarterback and his millionaire, that it is being rationalized. I spoke to the graduate manager of athletics of a university among the first five in the country in size. Point blank I asked him to tell me what he thought of the athletic scholarship. I received this gem:

"Listen," he said. "Suppose a man has a keen scientific brain. He wants to go to college and become a great doctor. His 'prep' school work shows he has a lot of talent. Well, suppose a millionaire comes along and pays his way through college. Will anybody object to that? Of course not. They think it's a wonderful thing.

"Well, suppose another boy, going through 'prep' school with this same boy, hasn't got a scientific mind but can play football. A rich man pays his way through college. Should this poor boy be deprived of an education just because he can play football? The medico can tutor, and nobody thinks anything of it. Why can't the other boy get some advantage out of his talent?"

It's a good argument, but he wasn't the first to use it. It reared its head a year ago or more from the lucubrations of more than one sport expert. Morgan Wallace developed it in an interview with Tad Jones. And its quick acceptance gives full proof of three-quarters of the stories of commercialism among football players,

and adds a strong flavor of probability to the other fourth. We may accept it, then, as fairly well established, that college football has acquired some of the difficulties and some of the remedies of the other branches of big business. We may accept it as settled that there is a certain amount of professionalism, not affecting all of the colleges, and not leaving many entirely unaffected. We may accept it as settled that there is keen rivalry for "prep" school talent, and we may regard it, from current and common newspaper reports, as undoubtedly true that the old grad, if he is a rich old grad, considers it his duty to keep an eye on his Alma Mater's team; that his influence is great in the choice of a coach, and in the choice of a second coach to succeed the first coach, and we may accept it, lastly and generally, as true that the sport is emphasized as no other sport is emphasized. And now — what of it?

III

BEFORE we start upon the quest of a true definition of the moot word overemphasis, it might be well to take a little time out and observe the spectacle of football being overemphasized. Perch yourself upon a crag high in the air and look down upon the imposing bowl. It contains eighty thousand seats, many of which are already filled. There are three roads leading to the bowl, and each one of these is congested to its utmost limit. Approximately fifteen thousand automobiles are parked near the tremendous structure, and there seem to be as many more looking for space in which to park. On foot, in automobiles, in trolley-cars, in collegiate flivvers, in every vehicle of conveyance save the hospital stretcher, the mob is descending upon the arena. High above the second tier of seats is the press box, and that gentleman who seems to be inspecting his cravat in a pie plate is really giving a description of the amazing scene to ten millions of eager listeners. The eighty thousand seats which the bowl holds have all been sold, and the lowest price for a single seat has been five dollars. Those shifty-eyed young men circulating about the entrances are offering certain of these five-dollar seats to late comers for as low as twenty-five, and the late comers are digging down deep and buying. Deducting the number of complimentary tickets, the number of student tickets, the number of visitors' tickets, all of which bring in comparatively little or nothing, the gate is well over the two hundred thousand dollar mark. The vendors of badges and pennants, the ice cream and hot dog concessionaires, and the newsboys and programme disposers, will take in, before the game is over, not less than fifty cents for every person present. Counting transportation and hotel expenses, the game probably represents a total cash turnover in one direction or another of half a million dollars.

AND this is only one of two hundred and eight games being played today throughout the country. Of course many of these will take in less. A few will take in more. But the fact is none the less evident that two hundred and eight cheering crowds are devastating the atmosphere of two hundred and eight otherwise peaceful towns, and that the alumni of four hundred and sixteen institutions of higher learning are suffering the tortures of those who expect to be damned in the immediate

future. Is the game being emphasized? Ask the twenty-one hundred official and approved referees, umpires, field judges and linesmen. Is football occupying an important place in our national scene? Ask the five hundred and fifty colleges which maintain teams year after year. Does football receive too much attention? Ask the dozen or more colleges which took in total gates of a million or so last year.

Reprehensible! Absolutely reprehensible! To think that out of ten thousand students at Dear Old U of X, some fifty men have the exclusive chance to play a million dollar game! A million dollars for football! A million dollars for football!

Wait a minute. There's something yet to be told.

IV

THE same gentleman who quoted the ingenious argument in defense of the athletic scholarship I have detailed above, spoke to me of this million dollar gate. Admitting that not one cent was diverted into the general fund of the university, he threw statistics at me in the measured manner of one who has been through the process before.

It seems that there are sixteen major sports at the university. Of these two pay for themselves. One is football. The other is basketball. The crew costs sixty thousand a year. No one ever thinks that rowing is overemphasized, and the reason no one ever thinks so is that there is no gate. He who will may come and see, and the more the merrier. Fencing, tennis, boxing, track, soccer, hockey, swimming, rifle, are also in the list of those sports which will never be overemphasized. In their gruelling and perilous autumn grind the fifty young gentlemen of the gridiron earn the funds to support lavish athletics in which many of the other ninety-nine hundred and fifty students may share.

BUT how about the national game? Doesn't baseball, at least, pay for itself?

Baseball hasn't paid for itself in years. The national game is supported, as far as the colleges are concerned, by the overemphasized one. One of the biggest inter-section games of the country last year, between the largest university of one Eastern State and the same of another, drew a total gate of seven and a half dollars, or a mad mob of fifteen at fifty cents a head. Season tickets for baseball are thrown in with season tickets for football; there is no possibility of selling them on their own. And yet the baseball squad is almost as big as the football squad, and the same number of young men are privileged to enjoy athletics under ideal conditions; all because one of the games is overemphasized.

The real point of the situation is that football isn't emphasized enough. It should receive more popular recognition as the sport which makes possible the perfect development of more than a dozen others, as the sport which spreads the names of our halls of learning, and which leads, ultimately and inevitably, to the creation of bigger and better halls for bigger and better learning. "Commercialized" football should be recognized as the most fortunate thing that ever happened to our universities. Through football, college sport earns its own way. It is the only phase of college life that is independently

established on a sound economic basis.

Sure, some of the colleges, directly or indirectly, pay their players. No coach will deny this of his opponents. Certainly, the athletes get away with things in the classroom. Of course they get more publicity than the professorial staff. And it is undeniable that the coach receives five times the salary of the expert in Spanish drama. He earns it.

Football is being overemphasized. Football is receiving too much notice. Football gives a thousand dollars a year to a certain collegiate chess team in my ken.

V

That might be called the inside story of football. There's another story which must go with it, the story which might be called the outside story of football. Professional worriers — mostly faculty members or publicists who break into print each fall — worry about the effect of overemphasis on the colleges themselves. I have shown that the effect — from the actual cash support of unprofitable sports, to the enticement of wealthy students and hence the enticement of future donations for endowment — is a good one. And now, what of the effect on the unsanctified multitude, the crowd which has never been in college, or has been in college so long ago that it doesn't matter? What of the effect, in short, on those who permit the overemphasis by paying for the tickets?

It is hard to consider an effect as a two edged thing. In most problems of cause and effect, there is a causing body and an affected one. Football is different. There are two bodies, and it affects them both. It affects the outer body far more strongly than the inner. True, fifty million dollars a year, more or less — three of the graduate managers I spoke to consider it more — pass from the outer body to the inner body, but I insist that the giver receives more than the receiver.

In the first place the comparative outsider, cramming the bowl in thousands, receives a new and a fervent loyalty, and in this day of the thuggish debunker a fervent loyalty is a precious thing. He gets what is perhaps the first opportunity he has had to yell since his undergraduate days. Ask the modern psychologist what a blessing to the repressed Old Adam in us is this emotional release! We feel the old lump in the throat when our team comes through, and even more unmanageable impediment to swallowing which arises when our team fails to come through. We feel new and vague compulsions toward doing our duty by our Alma Mater, and if we have never had an Alma Mater, we feel definite and sincere regrets. We become conscious of a new and brilliant color in the world.

And the word color is the most important word in this discussion. Football today is far more colorful than any other sport exhibition in the entire history of the world of arenas and colosseums. It is more colorful than other sport contests because it is a contest in which loyalty of spectator has reached a greater height than in any other. It is more colorful than the contests of the ancient world because the players and the spectators are of the same class, and it is more colorful also because the class is not an ephemeral one, but a long-established one, with a tradition of victory or courage

to maintain. It is a colorful game because it is a real game, a game in which half of the stands are battling with those in the other half as definitely as half the men on the field are fighting the rest.

And in that, I think, lies one of the reasons for the frequent cry of overemphasis. We are afraid of color and display, and we mistrust such things. We have reared a monster institution out of a simple game, and the institution is so monstrous that we are afraid it will topple over on us. We cannot force ourselves to believe that anything so suddenly become important can be really reasonable and good. We are incorrigibly fearful of any vicarious vent for our cave man impulses. Instead of regarding football, as we should, as a gloriously recurring pageant of strength and skill and loyalty, we look upon it as a blight, a brilliant one, perhaps, but, none the less, a blight. Instead of seeing in football an authentic folk expression as real and definite as the jousts of the Middle Ages or the games of the Greeks, we look upon it as an enormous fungoid growth. Of course it is true that the football team gets more public notice than the entire academic department of the university. But the academic department is the real fungoid growth; Teutonic philology and the quest of the elusive atom are for the gifted few, but sport and fight and yelling and loyalty and excitement are the common property of everyone, all the time.

Overemphasized football should be emphasized still more, for its therapeutic value to a nation burdened with dull gray repressions. All else is beside the point. It is true that there is a seasonal rise in the sale of radio equipment in the fall, and an especially sharp one before the important Thanksgiving Day contests. It is true that the Saturday night circulation of the journals goes up. It is indisputable that the royal game stimulates the hot dog industry beneficially. But we cannot be concerned with its economic effects upon radio manufacturing or the newsprint and pork packing industries. Nor need we be concerned about any minor detrimental effects it may have upon scholarship. We are concerned with the two hundred and eight howling crowds which storm the arenas each Saturday afternoon in October and November, and the important thing with respect to them is simply that it makes them yell.

These Teutonic philologists, intent on their search for folk literature and folk art, are stupid people. Do they not see that in a thousand years the game of football, long dead, will have acquired the same connotations as the Greek games of the ancients, and that the college boy in leather will be the heroic equal of the knightly youth in steel? Can they not see folk legend and folk interest when it is acting itself out before their eyes? Can they not see the rows of books which will be written on the game, and the scholarly discussions which will rage on the difference between a plunge through center and a run around right end? Can they not see the Ph.D. theses which will be written around the influence of the heavy tackle on the sporting vocabulary?

And there's an idea of what the givers are receiving. They are receiving something real and something very much alive, something which has

in it far more significance to the day than have all the ravings of all the academic futilists on the other side of the fence. And yet there are those who would like to stop them from receiving this, all because Jones, sophomore, receives a full column when he catches a cold, while his professor has to fall off a dock to get three lines on the last page.

THOSE who would coin the word "overemphasis" must of necessity be shrewd. Some of them have been brought to admit that the game has color, and some have even granted the fact that it is a tremendous and worthy spectacle. But they say — and this is important as the last gasp of a dying objection — the game is played for the spectators. The poor young men who don the uniforms are sacrificed to make a Babbitt holiday. They kill themselves, not so much for the honor of dear old Whatsitsname as for the pleasure of the observer.

In this connection, two quotations. The first is from Tad Jones, professional coach, and a man to whom the crowd must mean something, however little. He says:

> Any coach who encourages or permits violations of the rules is gambling with the character of his boys. Football needs to be let alone. The players like it — and they didn't use to when I played the game.

That sounds more like the attitude of a fond father than of a brutal taskmaster. The other quotation is from the annual report of the American Intercollegiate Football Committee.

> Many requests have been made that the goal posts be put back (to the goal line). The argument is advanced that it is more difficult for the spectators to tell whether the play which is near the goal line has resulted in a touchdown. The answer is clear. If the inconvenienced spectator can restrain his curiosity for about three to five seconds longer he will be advised in no uncertain terms as to whether the ball is "over" or not. Furthermore, the Rules Committee has always acted on the principle that this game was a game primarily for the boys who play it, and only incidentally for those who watch it. When the permanent safety of the boys must give way to the momentary convenience of the spectators, our ideas as to the true purposes of academic sport will have to come up for drastic and annihilating revision.

OUR ideas as to the true purposes of academic sport will have to come up for drastic revision. Our ideas —

So it seems that there are ideas back of it all. I think the ideas are the finishing touch. We have the colleges, with their multitudes of athletic teams all supported by football. We have the crowd, gaining much good from the game. We have the players, enjoying the game and liking it more each year. As we even seem to have ideas as to the true purposes of academic sport.

Will the gentleman who mentioned overemphasis awhile ago stand up and explain himself?

The One Great Issue

By Struthers Burt

To those who have seen no vital difference between the two parties this year, a famous writer retorts that mankind's most ancient battle lines are forming sharply again behind the political smoke screens

The time to begin to watch for real issues is the time when everyone is complaining that there are no issues at all. The time to scrutinize the political horizon for the forming of a new party is when everyone is agreed that between parties there can no longer be any vital differences. The time to prepare for peaceful revolution, social or political, is when everybody is so well provided for that some of those well provided for are also provided with the opportunity to think.

It is curious, in the face of history, how little this genesis of political or social change is understood. In this country, particularly, a vast number of people, many of them otherwise judicially minded, are possessed with the idea that contentment is material and discontent equally so. That is to say, they are convinced that if you give a man plenty to eat, good clothes and a car to ride about in, you have made of him for all time a good little citizen, entirely willing to forego all thought. You have done, of course, just the opposite. What you have done is to afford an increasing number of these citizens a margin of safety above the mere struggle for existence which permits them, for the first time, to indulge in the very thing you most dread.

A frontier country, a country fiercely caught up in material expansion, has little time for anything but the day as it is lived. It is when this expansion is more or less achieved, when man, if he so wanted, could lie back in the shade and take his ease, that he becomes spiritually restless and begins to foster that most dangerous thing, the imagination.

No great change—reform or revolution, peaceable or otherwise—has ever been formulated or set in motion by those actually oppressed or those whose income is so small that they must worry as to where the next dollar is coming from. For one thing, such classes have not the time; for another, they have not the power. Political and social changes are conceived and launched by the materially released who, shortly, are joined by the more courageous and more released among the working classes and, in a smaller

way, the farming classes. The great middle classes must needs live in fear of their jobs and of the men over them. In any nation there are only three classes who can afford to be spiritually independent — the rich, the man who owns his own land, and the workingman, especially the mechanic, who carries his job on his back. These classes can afford to think for themselves. Among them all real change is effected. What happens to the altruistic and imaginative rich in case of an actual revolution is another matter.

But it was Fairfax and Henry Vane and their friends who made possible Cromwell, himself a landed gentleman; the Encyclopædists and Mirabeau who started the French Revolution; Lenin, the aristocrat, and Trotsky, the intellectual, and the Russian aristocrats, the Russian; Washington, Franklin, Adams, the released and wealthy colonists, the American; the intellectual German and the richer German, the revolution which unseated the Hohenzollerns. And, to turn to more peaceful revolution, it was Erasmus, the troubadours, the Medici, the merchant princes of Italy, and a section of the French nobility, who made possible the Renaissance; and such men as Luther the monk, Knox and Calvin the scholars, and numerous princes of Northern Europe who made possible the Reformation.

Of all theories the material theory of history, accepted *in toto*, is the most fallacious and dangerous. At its best it is only a partial explanation.

THIS, then, is the old alliance: the alliance between the man who, materially, is released to the point where bread alone will not satisfy him, and the man who, through force of character and courage, has risen from the point where bread alone seemed all important to the point where its proper valuation is recognized. When you see this alliance, you can rest assured that change is in the air. The common enemy of these men is the timorous man of the middle class and his hireling, the bureaucrat; the selfish man of the upper class, and *his* hireling, the bureaucrat.

Now, exactly this alliance is beginning to be dimly visible today on the American horizon, and hour by hour the visibility is increasing. Just how long it will take to make the situation clear to numerous liberal thinking voters, still unaware of the alliance, still confused as to its import, is another question. At present there are millions of Americans in favor of such an alliance who for some time to come will continue to support unwittingly their own worst enemies. But this always happens in periods of political change. For a long while the great issue is hidden.

WHAT is the issue, and how do we recognize it?

Politically and socially there is never but one issue, and there never has been but one throughout all history. The issue is whether a man shall own his own soul or not. The quarrel is as old as humanity and has again and again been fought to a finish. In every final Armageddon those in favor of individual ownership of the soul, those in favor of freedom and personal responsibility, have won, but they have won only to leave to their descendants the same quarrel in another form. The reason for this is that man is born into a dilemma. On the

one side he finds chaos, and must to some extent regulate it if he is to live: on the other, he discovers that too much regulation ends always in oppression and spiritual death.

CHAOS is the triumph of the individual over the State; tyranny is the triumph of the State over the individual. The ascendance of either one, too long continued, means the ruin of any civilization. The one hope for the world is to teach men to walk upright along a middle course, and, until they learn so to do, to guide them just as wisely but just as little as is possible. The most utter pessimist is the man so impatient of this slow process, this often seemingly hopeless process, that he wishes to make all men wise and good by statute. Moreover, unconsciously, this same man is an atheist. He denies all wisdom beyond his own. No thoughtful man can conceive of a God, or rational plan, which would deny individual responsibility to each individual. Even the most fanatical religionist, if he is logical, must realize that any sensible God would prefer, as additions to His heavenly hosts, a few imperfect men made more perfect by their own efforts rather than a legion of spiritual robots. Law was invented to help men to live with their neighbors; it was never meant to help men to live with themselves. A man can learn the latter only through experience, observation, native intelligence, education; perhaps, here and there, a little tactful advice. Most men are willing to be governed, but few men are willing to be imposed upon. There is a point in every man's soul where he says, "Here government ends and here I begin."

As you see, therefore, the imperative inner command which bids man bring some sort of order out of disorder will, in the end, unless handled with wisdom, produce in its turn a new kind of disorder, the disorder of over-government. The French monarchy was the result of the efforts of Louis XI to crush the disorder of his feudal barons; before that, the feudal system had been the answer of the more powerful and wise to the anarchy of the Dark Ages. Had it not been for the Church after the fall of the Roman Empire, gentleness, learning, civilization of any kind would have disappeared from the world; and yet this Church produced in the end the Inquisition, this system the turbulence of the mediæval noble, this monarchy — or if you wish, centralized government — the gross injustices and ineptitudes of the later Bourbons.

Trouble arises also from the fact that the seizure of power and the use of power are two entirely different things and require two different sets of faculties. The ability to acquire power is fairly common, the ability to use power is one of the rarest gifts known to mankind. If all power were also wisdom there would be no quarrel.

LOOKED at carelessly, the process would seem a useless one. It is like the taming of the frontier. Man finds a wilderness and, so that he may be comfortable in it, proceeds to destroy it. But pretty soon a new sort of wilderness develops; a wilderness, of tin cans, hideous shacks, disorderly fences and neighborhood quarrels. Many years are needed, much education, much destruction of what has been carelessly built, much replanting, before any sort of real order and beauty can be established and man

and nature can really learn to live together.

But this process is not quite so useless or circular as it appears to be. There is, through experience, a constant elimination of particular causes, although not the elimination of the main quarrel itself. It is possible, therefore, to predict a time when, all possible particular causes having been eliminated, there will be no further fuel left, and the main quarrel will disappear entirely from the world, just as yellow fever is now disappearing. It is possible, that is, to predict a time when a man's right to his own soul will not even be considered as a possible basis for argument, let alone legislation. But this time has not yet come. One by one, all the old attempted usurpations of power have gone down never again to trouble humanity, but here and there they appear in subtler, and so, perhaps, more dangerous forms.

Slavery, the owning of a man's body, is no longer, save, as I say, in more subtle forms, a question to be fought over. Neither is Church and State, save, as in America, in a much more subtle form. Egyptian priesthoods, Greek tyrants, Roman patricians, feudal barons, unrestricted kings, all have gone down and are not likely to raise their heads again. The modern man faces an entirely new sort of tyrant, an entirely new method of destroying his spirit, the only surface similarity being, as in every former instance, that all obvious arguments, at least to begin with, seem to be in favor of the tyrant.

To begin with they usually are. There is no one, as we know, who can quote Scripture quite so handily for his own purposes as the devil. He is quoting a lot of Scripture just at present in these United States. Many well-meaning people are being deceived. Many people who hate the devil are about to vote for him without being aware of the fact. Many of those voted for, if elected, are going to administer in the interests of the devil without being in the least aware of the fact.

If you asked the average citizen today if either his body or soul were in jeopardy he would laugh at you. If you asked him if there were any danger of the old question of Church and State again arising he would laugh still more heartily. He had best save his laughter. Church and State are here already and the enemies of individual ownership of the soul, beaten in one quarter, invariably attack in another.

Priesthoods, — except in disguise, — kings, aristocracies — except in the form of plutocracies — need no longer bother the citizen of any great democracy in their cruder manifestation; his problem is to tame to his use the machines he has invented and to absorb the increase in population due to his altruism and warfare upon famine and disease; and his further problem, while effecting this submission and absorption, his greatest problem, is to prevent these other problems from being used as excuses to destroy his liberty by the same old forces of suppression. Hygiene, social comity, charity, the keeping of one's brother, commercial progress, the handling of machines, all these, twisted to his own purposes, are being used by the devil as his arguments. Rightly used, there is no argument against them; wrongly used, there is every argument. What

does it boot a man to gain everything if he lose his soul?

We are living in a complicated and crowded age. It is necessary to alter old laws to suit these changing conditions, and make new laws. Machinery has produced a totally new set of laws and conditions. So has the increase in population. To enforce these new laws, old enforcement bureaus have had to be amplified and new enforcement bureaus instituted. Naturally. No one denies that. But what all wise men watch with fear is the increase of law beyond the capacity of mankind to absorb it, and the intrusion of law into fields where law cannot step without damage to itself and destruction to the individual.

It is indeed true that the government of a great country must be run by certain delegated men. But it is not true that this government has the right to function secretly, arbitrarily, or for the benefit of certain privileged groups. It is true that a church has every right to persuade anyone within its reach to observe any canon that church sees fit, however absurd; but it is a fatal and false doctrine to entertain for a moment the belief that a church has the right to induce or enforce social laws. It is becoming evident that the next great battle in this age-old quarrel between sane individualism and suppression will be fought on American soil. The causes of the battle have been with us for a long while; the forces of suppression have, for various reasons, been able to recruit and discipline their armies here more than in other countries, and this ancient and far more important quarrel has not been cut across and delayed by actual war. Europe has lost its leadership in this respect; the European, and he is not to blame, is too preoccupied with restoring the material ruins of four years of destruction. Paradoxically enough, he has gone back more or less to a frontier state of mind. Just at present, security seems to him infinitely more important than the ownership of himself. Italy is a case in point. Were no other proof available, sufficient proof lies in the fact that America today is the only country indulging in universal self-criticism. Even forthright England has for the time being decided, like the citizen of a small town, to praise itself and censure only its competitors. The old slogan, "boost, don't knock," so popular in America ten years ago, has crossed the Atlantic, if not literally, at least figuratively. For the moment, bread does seem to the average European utterly important. For the moment, the possession of an automobile seems to the majority the final spiritual attainment. To the contrary, the American has had an automobile for a long time. There are signs that he is becoming used to one.

The very apparent hopelessness of the present political outlook in America is the most hopeful sign there is. The apparent lack of real social or political issues is a sure indication that now, at last, we have attained sufficient leisure and perspective to throw overboard the old material issues and make room for some that have a spiritual import. The apathy, up to the present, of the average voter, since the time of Wilson, is merely indicative of the fact that you can no longer fool him into being interested in a Civil War philosophy. But watch him now. Regard the curious ground-swell that

is moving the country and is likely to reach a crest this November. We are on the eve of one of the most interesting Presidential elections that have ever been held. No one can predict the result; no one can possibly calculate the immense changing over of votes that will take place; the reasons that will cause one man to vote one way, another in an opposite fashion. But one thing is certain, whichever way the election goes — whichever way it may actually have gone while this article is still current — the air to some extent will have been cleared, the main issue and the subsidiary issues will have become more defined, the battle lines will be more sharply drawn, and the battle itself will have just begun.

Up to the present there have been a few skirmishes, in which, as usual, the armies of reaction and suppression, always the first on the field, always the first to be disciplined, have won. Even a possible victory for the armies of reaction and suppression in the present election makes no great difference, anyhow. Four years from now, eight years from now, the armies of suppression and reaction are bound to lose. They have never yet won in this age-old quarrel. Time is always against them. At least, from this campaign, two actual parties will have begun to emerge, whatever they choose to call themselves — the party which believes that a man owns his own soul, and the party which believes that the average soul should be governed by a group of pleasant, capable, wealthy men who, for various reasons, have to listen, whether they want to or not, every now and then to a group of by no means pleasant fanatics. The pleasant men assume the financial responsibility of government; the fanatics the spiritual and social. Both govern secretly, and between the two the average soul is saved whether it desires that particular kind of salvation or not.

You think this picture overdrawn? All pictures seem overdrawn until the years actually paint them. The curious thing about any present moment is that it never seems momentous. Perhaps this picture seems especially overdrawn because, as I have said, the issue is not yet sufficiently clear cut. Not enough people have as yet isolated it or analyzed it, either to themselves or publicly. The first step toward definition will have been the present campaign. Thousands of voters who are voting one way this November will find themselves in the opposite party within the next four years. In a democracy the defining of issues is a slow process, made all the more slow by the desire of the ordinary politician to evade definition, but here is an issue — this issue of a man's soul — too large to evade. Despite the politicians' most strenuous endeavors, this issue is coming again to the surface. Not since the Civil War has the ownership of a man's soul by himself been the subject for so much debate. It is amusing to hear people say that there exists no real issue between the two parties!

But even if the issue is not yet clearly defined, a symbol of the issue is fairly obvious and is becoming more so every day. Remember this: most men do not think in issues; it is necessary for them to think by means of symbols. Frequently these symbols seem relatively unimportant, even actually trivial, unless the furthest

implications of these issues are borne in mind. And invariably these symbols emerge before the issue itself is completely defined. Furthermore, drunk with power, those inclined to abuse power always, without fail, furnish a symbol which in the end defeats them. For practical purposes it is not necessary that the issue be defined. Time will do that. The symbol is enough.

Christ was more important than the Cross, but it was the Cross which defeated His enemies. How a man should worship was more important than the Inquisition, but it was the Inquisition which defeated the Church. Slavery was more important than the slave, but it was the slave who abolished slavery. Church and State is a more important question than Fundamentalism, but it is Fundamentalism which is defeating the more evangelical Protestant sects. Wine is no more important than meat, — it is a food, it is a pleasure, and there are plenty of healthy teetotalers and vegetarians, — but wine as a symbol of the historic quarrel between the freedman and the spiritual autocrat is a thing worth fighting for. And do not worry, it will be fought for. Every day more and more people are realizing, if only vaguely, that the question is a far more vital and fundamental one than merely whether a man shall be allowed to drink a glass of wine.

NOTHING is more sardonically amusing to the man who has the slightest interest in history than the amazement of the spiritual autocrat at the constant liveliness and growing strength of what he has repeatedly announced is a corpse. Does the autocrat think he is talking about anything as simple as alcohol? Does he think that the real strength of the opposition is composed of selfish men, intent upon their palates? What he is really talking about is every battle that has ever been fought between liberalism and tyranny. He is talking about Roman autocracy, feudal serfdom, the Inquisition, slavery, every ghost of cruelty and arrogance the memory of which has been handed down through countless generations. One can only feel sorry for these childish creatures, and wonder how they can think other people as simple as themselves or unaware of the significant fact that those who are in favor of one form of suppression are, for the most part, in favor of another; that Prohibition, Fundamentalism, censorship, high-handed political corruption, secrecy of government, all these things go hand in hand.

THE symbol is clear — and the present bearer of the symbol is clear. All the growing forces of discontent in this country are beginning to focus about a single figure; an odd, in many ways, home-spun figure. Why? The answer is obvious. Because here at last is an utterly honest and courageous man. And you will notice one curious fact; the first to go over to him, the first to adhere to him, were the men and women of two distinct classes — the spiritual aristocrats and the simple men and women; although that, after all, is saying the same thing twice. The simple man and woman and the spiritual aristocrat fundamentally think alike. Fundamentally they know that there are only three things in the world that count; honesty, courage and the pos-

session of your own soul. They do not expect any candidate to be perfect, they do not even expect to agree with him in every respect; they may even, in some respects, look forward to disagreeing with him; but they know that to get anywhere you must first demand courage, honesty, and a belief in the private ownership of the spirit. After that you can talk about other things. One thing at a time.

It is illogical and ignorant, for example, to talk about the danger of one church, when, already, another church is in full political control. Put the latter church where it belongs, and then, if necessary, deal with the former. But you won't have to — you are talking about an old and wise church, far too experienced in past political affairs to cause you any trouble in the future. Besides — and here again is the point — you are talking about an honest and fearless man; a man far too honest and fearless for any church to put its hands on him. That is the only question.

You want a man who believes in the general ownership of the government and the private ownership of the spirit. Well, you have him.

And so the old alliance is forming? By no means altogether definitely as yet, perhaps not yet for immediate victory. But for final victory? Surely. As I have said, there are millions of Americans who have not yet realized the issue, and still further millions who, because of self-interest, because of tradition, because of this, that, or the other, find themselves in a quandary. They will vote against what they know uneasily is right. I, for one, pity any simple and direct man and woman, or any spiritual aristocrat, who does so. There is one incidental point I have never yet seen mentioned. How can any spiritual aristocrat — and this, of course, is not a class term, a social term, but has to do with a man's attitude — how, may I ask, save through lack of thought or self-interest, can any spiritual aristocrat vote for Prohibition? The essence of spiritual aristocracy is the belief that a man's soul is his own.

India's Trembling Tyrants

By Ignatius Phayre

The phantasmagoria of splendor and squalor in the seven hundred Native States of Hindustan menaced by the rising tide of Democracy

This is a "colorful" theme: the unwelcome creep of change in age-old polities, the clash of Oriental feudalism with democratic demands now stirring in the last strongholds of Asiatic autocracy, where princely families of the Rajput and Mahratta clans have ruled like Biblical Kings for thousands of years.

More or less clearly we all know what winds are blowing among India's three hundred and nineteen millions of mixed races, creeds and castes. Yet how many of us realize the complexity of a vast socio-political problem which is not national at all, but international, and still perplexes even the British genius for compromise? Lord Morley had no patience with people who would apply "general ideas" to this enormous tangle of Asiatic races. Said that great student-statesman: "It is hard for Rationalism and Mysticism to be friends, and their interplay is no easy game!"

Well-meaning folks are apt to view India as a "country" and not as a sub-continent. Here that great Orientalist, Sir George Grierson, after a lifetime's effort, has at last surveyed 179 languages and no less than 544 dialects — even with the States of Hyderabad and Mysore omitted and the Provinces of Madras and Burma. Yet we hear of Home Rule for India as a simple affair, like Home Rule for Ireland, Khatmandu and Comorin.

But my theme is not British India at all; it is the seven hundred mediæval "nations" which are isled in its hugeness. Aloof and self-centred, these States are in no way concerned with glib reformers and agitators. They care nothing for "dyarchy" and *Swaraj*, and all the paraphernalia of *hartals* and boycotts of a new and clamorous Asiatic democracy beyond their boundaries. And yet uneasiness prevails among the Ruling Families, from that of His Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, down to poor little Sandur whose entire "national" revenue is only $30,000.

For many years these Hereditary Sovereigns met in conclave from time to time at the invitation of the Great Lord Sahib (the Viceroy), who is the shadow of the august *Chakravarti*, or King-Emperor in London. And as popular aims and claims grew louder in the India outside, as Commissions

came and went, leaving drastic reforms in their wake, the Ruling Families formed themselves into a sort of regal Trade Union: this is the Council of Princes which now debates the ancient rights and privileges of its members at Delhi.

THEIR anxiety was lately voiced at a gorgeous *tamasha* in Kapurthala. Here His Highness, Sir Jagatjit Bahadur, celebrated his golden jubilee on the *gadi* or peacock throne of a nation some 630 square miles in extent with a population equal to the city of Bradford. Rising at a sort of Baghdad feast in cloth of gold, with great diamonds blazing in his turban, this Sikh sovereign said: "The most difficult question of the day is the position of us Ruling Princes, and how the future of our States is to be adjusted in relation to the Government of India after constitutional reforms have been developed a little farther."

We who were present at that banquet rubbed our eyes. It was like Haroun al-Raschid worrying over the "flapper" vote and new Parish Councils! Here were we in a fairy palace of the Punjab between the great rivers Sutlej and Beas. Out there in glowing tropic gardens a ghostly city of tents was pitched for Oriental nobles. Through the bazaars stalked the mighty elephants of Milton, "indorsed with towers," as well as camel cavalry and fierce-whiskered men-at-arms in shining chain mail. Free kitchens were in generous blast, doling out savory *kabob* and sticky sweets. And under the *pipal* trees by the tank, royal largesse was freely put into every dusky hand of the ploughing *ryot*.

Is there any survival so picturesque as that of these seven hundred feudal lords; any problem of our day more fascinating than that of the new relation of these age-old States to the British *Raj* beyond their alabaster towers and harem-courts, in the prosaic era of "petrol-policies" and universal franchise? They are like islands in a stormy sea whose chieftains are in danger of destruction. For murmurs arise among the "voiceless ones". A new Press dares to criticize the Ruling Families; democratic infection blows in from "outside", where the Gandhis and Lajpet Rais lift the impious claims of India's masses. What concern of the Native Sovereigns or of their subjects is such vulgarity as this? Here is the crux and crisis.

THESE picturesque polities are not exempt from new currents of thought. So even they must needs adjust the rule of Joshua and King David to this year of grace — as the young Nawab of Bhopal plainly told the Chamber of Princes. His mother, the famous Begum, conferred a Constitution on her State six years ago, and then stepped off the throne in favor of her son, who was educated in that special School of Native Royalty which the political sagacity of Britain established long ago. The young Nawab has often supported his mother and Lady Irwin, the Vicereine, on platforms of the All-India Women's Conference on Educational Reform. He was interested also in the School for "free and freedom-loving girls and women" at Shantiniketan, which is directed by the Bengali poet-philosopher, Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

As a member of that Royal Trade Union in Delhi, this enlightened Prince supported a resolution affirming the urgent need for all the anxious

Seven Hundred "to maintain good systems of government for the welfare of their States and peoples". This Nawab, the ruler of a nation rather smaller than New Jersey and with the population of Baltimore, is one of the three delegates which the Council of Princes sent to London to lay their considered "case" before Sir Harcourt Butler's Committee of Enquiry into the Indian States. The other two were the Jam Sahib of Navanagar and the Maharajah of Patiala. Their position was eloquently summed by Bhopal himself to his new petty Parliament: "I am deeply impressed with the need for marching with the times. . . . From criticism directed at the States, nobody can ignore the fact that ugly clouds are gathering, and that a storm may burst. So unless the Rulers construct solid embankments of internal content, prosperity and goodwill, they run the risk of being wiped out of existence!"

The people, His youthful Highness declared, must have "moral and intellectual improvement". Their material progress, too, can be assured by "the development of natural resources and communications". Most important of all, "the absolute power of the Ruler should not be used in arbitrary and capricious ways". And lastly, "There must be a proper apportionment of revenue between the Sovereign's privy purse and the State Administration."

PIQUANT point is lent to the Nawab's words by the "doings" in Alwar, a little nation in Rajputana whose Prince has quite other ideas of his own. A man of forty-six, this Maharajah thought to celebrate his silver jubilee by adding yet another wife to an expensive harem "behind the veil". His choice was a girl of sixteen, an houri of high Rajput clan in a neighboring State.

Now the Alwarites dreaded this wedding, for which new taxes were to be imposed. And we all know what these "Arabian Nights" nuptials can run into, with that strange Indo-American match in mind when Miss Nancy Miller, as "Devi Sharmishtha", became the pagan Hindu bride of Sir Tukoji Rao, ex-Maharajah of Indore; a lavish affair of elephants and jewels and rose-garlands, with the Senior Maharanee eyeing the new white rival whom her roaming consort first met in the Casino at Geneva.

HIS Highness of Alwar had also gone abroad, and had been bitten with Western ideals. In Florence he had stayed in a grand old *palazzo*, such as Dante and Machiavelli must have known. That mansion must now be copied in his own State as the home of his new wife, who might not care for the architecture of a Taj Mahal! But a grand palace had only just been built in Alwar, and furnished with the usual medley of superb Indian works of art and garish European stuff. What did it matter? Let the whole edifice be pulled down, and the Italian fabric be put up in place of it.

"But," protested the native taxpayers, "this palace, Your Highness, has already cost six million rupees!" Alwar was very angry indeed. He was angrier still when the daring executive body of the new Indian States Subjects' Conference got out figures relating to his own lavish household. Out of a total State revenue of £337,500, Alwar Naresh took £202,500 for himself. On the devil-engines of Ford

Sahib and his like, the Ruler spent £37,550, with another £27,503 added for garages, chauffeurs and upkeep. His Highness's Lucullan kitchen ate up £11,250, and the entertainment of guests ran into a further £52,500. The entire sum set apart in the National Budget for the Forest Department vanished in joyous tiger-shoots and *tamashas* of hospitality to foreign guests. And as a sort of afterthought, a mere crumb of £7,000 fell from the autocrat's table for "Education in the State"!

Alwar Naresh sent out drastic proclamations to deal with the meetings of protest. There must be no "discussion of any subject likely to disturb the Peace of the Realm, nor any exhibition of placards, banners or printed matter relating thereto". Yet his critics were not silenced.

It is not, of course, for outsiders to judge between these Asiatic rulers and their native subjects; but certain it is that the *Sircar*, or Paramount Power, keeps a paternal eye upon the whole seven hundred of them, for they represent not less than 80,000,000 of India's peoples.

The iron hand in a velvet glove varies greatly in its grasp of control. These Sovereigns may not wage war or make peace, or send Ambassadors to each other, or abroad. Their barbaric Armies are limited; they may employ no European without special sanction. Some of them pay a fixed annual tribute, and the *Chakravarti*, or King-Emperor, can and does intervene in case of misgovernment. Within these limits the more important Rulers remain absolute dictators in their own Native States. And in area these range from Hyderabad, which is as big as Great Britain and has 13,000,000 subjects, to "nations" made up of a few villages only.

Unique among them all is Nepal, whose Maharajah — Tribhubana Bir Bikram — alone bears the title of His Majesty. This is a military oligarchy; but all power was forced by the nobles into the hands of a Prime Minister in 1867, much as the "divine" Mikado of Japan was represented in the old days by a Shogun, who handled mundane affairs by the sea in Yeddo. No outsider may enter this remote State at all without special permission. A British envoy resides at Khatmandhu, with an escort of Indian Sepoys; but he does not interfere in the warrior Government of this singular monarchy. And for martial services rendered, the Maharajah of Nepal receives from British India an annual "present" of ten lakhs of rupees. This mysterious closed State remains the finest preserve of big game in all Asia.

These rulers, as we all know, have a passion for jewels, like the famous "Koh-i-Nur", which Queen Mary now wears on great occasions. It was a Gaekwar of Baroda who paid £90,000 for the Brazilian diamond of 254 carats known as the "Star of the South", picked up by a negress in 1853. The present Prince has a carpet, four feet square, sewn solidly with huge diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls. This magpie passion extends to the humblest *ryot*, or small farmer, who buries his gold, or loads it upon his women in the shape of anklets, nose-rings and other ornaments.

Residents and Political Agents represent the British *Raj* at these lavish Courts, where intrigues of love and

hate and ambition form romances that any writer of fiction might envy. All these Princes have Aladdin-like ideas of life. The present Maharajah of Benares, although over 70, is still a mighty *shikari* of tigers; and he can afford to lend an English bride a fairy marriage-coach of pure white ivory and silver, which cost many thousands of pounds.

So in the new "democratic" day we see long-silent native subjects questioning the acts of their Sovereigns. "Why," it is asked, "does the Gaekwar register his racing colors with the English Jockey Club, and bid huge sums for yearlings at the Newmarket sales?" Fifty years ago this opulent Mahratta Prince dwelt in a mud hut and tended cattle like the humblest *ryot*. Now he is lord of two million souls in a land bigger than Massachusetts, and a royal salute is fired at his coming and going.

Even more interesting than the lavish Nizams and Gaekwars are the lesser Princes, such as Mayurbhani and Jawhar. Their superstitions are wonderful, their belief in necromancy, astrology, spells, curses and talismans. Purna Chandra Bhanja Deo, Maharajah of Mayurbhani in Orissa, was fully convinced that the "Evil Eye" had been laid upon him and his. What is certain is that this feudal Sovereign, who had braved tigers and rhinos in the jungle, has just died of tetanus from a cut on the cheek from a safety razor! This young ruler was only twenty-eight. His father, too, perished mysteriously at the age of forty-one from a spent bullet in a round-up of leopards in his own State.

As for the Rajah of Jawhar, this is a true Shepherd King of Genesis surviving into our own day. Vikramshah Patangshah became the "father" of a poor illiterate people of the backward Koli class. Ascending a humble throne in 1917, this Prince opened schools with free meals for the students. He gave his subjects the long-coveted rights over the trees of their *malki* lands: he even lent money from his slender purse to encourage business projects. Prince Vikramshah heard petitions in person under the village *pipal* tree; his own style of living was of the simplest, and his "palace" in striking contrast with that of Udaipore, which lifts its jasper turrets and shining filigrees from the centre of a sacred lake covered with lotus-buds and guarded by sacred crocodiles.

But one and all are represented in the Chamber of Princes in Delhi—the only Royal Parliament in the world; or more accurately, a Trade Union of Monarchs, both great and small. In the present crisis, they have prepared their "case" with meticulous care and cost.

What I have ventured to call their Trade Union seeks a new adjustment of its members' relations with the Paramount Power. Nor will they be satisfied with any makeshift answer or compromise. In the last analysis, the Council of Indian Princes will appeal direct to the British Parliament and people. For they are determined to safeguard the rights and privileges which for thousands of years have belonged to the Ruling Families and to purely Oriental States which have no more in common with *Swaraj* and the agitation of "white" India than they have with the further face of the moon.

"Fail, Fail Again!"

By George S. Brooks

A true story, save in names, of one of the methods by which American business suffers losses of half a billion dollars a year in "bankruptcies"

"Poor Mike Conroy's gone. Gone cuckoo," announced the bartender of the Full House Club, a discreet speak-easy on Fulton Street in downtown New York.

"You don't tell me," protested the solitary customer on the drinking side of the service bar. This customer, as it happened, was a detective captain from Headquarters.

"I do tell you," repeated the bartender, with Irish warmth. "Gone cuckoo, poor fellow."

"Is he locked up?" asked the patron, solicitously. "In th' funny house?"

"Naw." The bartender wrung out his bar cloth and laid it on the drying rack. "It'd be better for him if he was. Mike's went west, to Syracuse, and bought him a shoe store."

"I don't believe it. Not him. Him with th' best private detective business in New York."

"But I'm tellin' you. He is in th' shoe business in Syracuse. Me cousin," here the bartender dropped his booming voice to a confidential whisper, "you mind me name cousin, Tim Cronin, him that was a patrolman over to Old Slip Station before he went bootleggin' for himself?" The bartender paused until the customer nodded his recollection. "Well, Tim seen poor Mike right in Mike's store, in Syracuse. On Salina Street, it was. He talked to Mike and Mike's name was over th' door, too."

The elderly detective captain shook his head, sadly. "I wouldn't a believed it. No sir. And in his time, Mike was a Grade A detective; and he could of been Inspector, if he hadn't quit th' department to start his own agency. Well, well! Poor fella! It's tough to see 'em took that way."

Such was the origin of the story that flew about police circles in New York. For Michael Conroy was a capable man, a popular man, and almost celebrated for his success as a private detective. For fifteen years he had specialized on cases that involved business fraud and had built slowly and surely a reputation for unswerving honesty, shrewd manipulation and a discreet tongue. Numbered among his clients had been great corporations and wealthy men. All this he left behind, when he purchased a little shoe store in an up state city.

Life insurance companies have proved that the "dangerous age" in most men's financial careers comes in the years between fifty and sixty. In that decade, salaried men are prone to seek a business venture, with some vague idea of providing for their old age. Michael Conroy, weary after his years of police pay and case fees, had gone over into the one business of which he knew nothing.

THERE is no particular reason for chronicling the vagaries of the retail shoe trade, on Salina Street in Syracuse. But Michael Conroy found that the former owner evidently had reasons for selling which were much more fundamental than an academic desire to "retire and go west to live".

The store was on the wrong corner; the store had a bad reputation; the large stock was out of date and style; the good will of the business for which Michael had paid $4,500 did not ring up a dollar on the cash register, and Michael's two clerks found time to organize a baseball pool in the neighborhood.

As weeks went on, Conroy's good-humored Irish face took on perplexed lines, which the clerks noticed.

"He's comin' out of his trance," said one clerk to the other. "He won't find it so easy to unload as it was to buy it."

They both laughed.

In the latter part of August, Michael Conroy came to his store one morning and told the clerks that he was leaving for a short trip.

"Got to get away for a day or two," said the store owner. "Trade's so slack, now. It'll be a good time to go. Look after things, kind-of. And if you should need me, I'll be in Atlantic City. Hotel Atlantic. I'll be back Monday."

Conroy did not look like himself, as any of his old friends would have said. There was a certain seedy tone to his clothes; perhaps because they were not pressed. His shoes were not shined, as of yore. His speech was less direct, and even his opinions of the weather, in the club car on the train, were prefaced with a modest, "It seems to me".

The clerk at the hotel gave Conroy one glance. "Nothing cheaper'n $4.50 European."

"With bath?" asked Conroy, modestly.

The clerk shook his head in a superior manner. "Single, with bath's $7.00."

"I'll take the four dollar room."

"I said $4.50."

"Well," Conroy hesitated, "I'll take it."

The bell boy who led him up to the room and threw open the single window that overlooked the hotel kitchen and garage, scornfully pocketed a ten cent tip. In the days of his prosperity, Conroy had invariably given quarters.

MICHAEL CONROY spent an aimless afternoon along the board walk. He watched the sand sculptors on the beach, the net haul on one of the piers, and gazed in the shop windows. Then he went back to his hotel and waited around the news stand, until the afternoon New York papers arrived.

A florid, flashily dressed man of fifty approached the news stand. "All of 'em," he ordered, in a lordly manner to the girl.

"Hello, there, Mister Schultz. All the New Yorks and Phillys, too?"

Conroy looked up from his paper.

"You needn't buy a *Sun*, friend," he said, politely. "I'm done with this one."

THE news stand girl's lip curled. Schultz grinned at her and then accepted the paper Conroy proffered.

"Thanks," he said. "Any of mine you'd like to see?"

"Sometimes I read *The Post*."

They sat down near each other in the lobby. Schultz noted that Conroy turned to the market page.

"Interested in stocks?"

"Well," Conroy hesitated, his forefinger marking a quotation in the column, "when business was better, I used to buy and sell a little. I made money at it, too," added Conroy, proudly.

"What business you in?" asked Schultz, negligently.

The girl at the news stand, who could overhear, sniffed. "Him buy stocks," she muttered. "Th' cheap piker."

"Shoe business, in Syracuse."

Into Schultz's eyes came a gleam of interest. "I've been in the shoe business myself. How's business now, up your way?"

"Terrible. Terrible."

"Say. Let's take dinner."

"Dinner?" Conroy inquired. "Well, I dun'no. I had kind of thought I might go back, t'morrow mornin'. Back to Syracuse."

"I mean dinner tonight."

"Oh! Sure. I always say supper." Conroy smiled at his own error. "Well, I don't care. If you're ready to eat."

Schultz threw down his papers unread. "Come on." He started for the hotel dining room.

"You ain't goin' to eat in there, are you?" Conroy plucked at the other's sleeve.

"Why not?"

"It's terrible expensive. I kind of thought I'd slip out to Childs's or somewhere."

"Come on. I'll buy it."

"I'd rather stand my share."

Schultz shrugged. "Have it your own way. Childs's it is." They walked out of the lobby together.

At ten o'clock that night, their friendship had progressed so far that Schultz was sitting on the bed in Conroy's tiny room.

"That's th' way it's done, Conroy," said Schultz. "There's nothin' easier or safer. You can't lose. It'll let you out handsome, with somethin' in your pocket. And . . ." Schultz threw back his head and laughed. "There ain't nothin' to prevent you from goin' somewhere else and doin' it all over again. As many times as you like. That's how I made my dough in the shoe business."

"But if they should catch you," objected Conroy.

"Did they ever catch me?"

"No . . . ."

"LISTEN. Tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have my sucker list. It shows every firm that gives me credit and how much. It's a good list. I've made my two hundred thousand out of it."

"You'll let me. . . ." Conroy hesitated.

"I'll sell it to you. For three thousand dollars. And give you my personal guarantee you'll get your money back, inside of six months. How's that?"

Conroy considered, waiting a full minute before he answered. Then:

"Why should I pay you three thousand for that list, Mr. Schultz?" he inquired, mildly. "I can go to your

receiver in bankruptcy and get the list for nothing." He paused again. "And have the names and amounts sworn to, in the bargain."

Schultz flushed angrily, then caught himself, threw back his head and laughed. "You'll do, Conroy. You'll do. And I thought you was dumb. Listen. Suppose I run up to Syracuse with you and look your store over. If things is promising, well . . . we might go into business together."

Conroy nodded. "I'll pay your fare one way, if you'll come."

Schultz laughed again. "Listen, Conroy. If we make a deal, you won't have to be worrying over railroad fares. Not us."

Conroy's clerks were electrified by the changes which followed Schultz's visit to Syracuse. Conroy's store was transformed. The dead, grimy appearance of the place, the listless attitude of the proprietor, disappeared overnight. Old stock was put out on bargain tables at such fractional values that it melted away. The show windows and the shelves were filled with new and modish shoes.

"Th' boss must of raised some capital in Atlantic City," the clerks agreed. "Well, that money'll go just like his other did. He's been selling old stock for about a half what he paid for it."

By early October, the shop was modern in every particular. Seven thousand dollars cash had been spent for new goods. Then, one evening, Conroy strolled into the Western Union office and dispatched this cryptic message to Schultz at a Philadelphia address.

"Fanny is now ready." It was unsigned.

The next morning, a Philadelphia hosiery manufacturer was asked, by a customer, about the credit standing of one Michael Conroy of Salina Street, Syracuse.

"He wants to buy some fixtures from me," explained the customer.

The hosiery credit man looked up Conroy's standing and found only that Conroy had always paid cash for merchandise purchased there. "I'll ask the Braddock agency," said the hosiery man.

Twenty-four hours later, as soon as the Conroy store was open for business, a presentable young man strolled in and asked for Mr. Conroy.

"I'm Michael Conroy. What'd you want?"

"Mr. Conroy, I'm a credit reporter."

"I don't want to bother with you. Get out." Conroy's manner was exceedingly gruff.

"Now, Mr. Conroy. You're enlarging your business here and you'll find it convenient to have a rating with us."

"I don't want credit, see?" Michael Conroy could be and was very emphatic. "This is a cash store. I get cash and I pay cash and take my discounts. I haven't had any credit and I don't want any credit. Now, besides, I'm busy. Good day."

Such an attitude bespoke business rectitude. The reporter was interested. "Mind telling me what your stock's worth?"

Conroy waved his hand toward the well filled shelves. "Say twelve thousand there and three thousand more on the road and all paid for. Put that down on your paper and get out. I'm too busy. . . ."

"Well, Mr. Conroy. Have you any other assets?"

"Assets? What's them?"

"Why, something you could raise money on, if there happened to be a dull time in the business."

"Sure." Conroy nodded. "I got some notes."

"How much?"

Conroy made a show of being reluctant to tell the names of the persons to whom he had loaned money, but in the end he allowed himself to be persuaded. He showed his visitor a sheaf of negotiable paper, which he had purchased at the bank against this very occasion.

"Now Mr. Conroy. How much cash have you?"

Again Conroy was insulted. He stormed, he raved, he swore at the reporter. But, at length, after another explanation of the meaning of "credit", he told the reporter that he had over $5,000 on deposit in the First National Bank.

And then Conroy played his trump card. He shook hands with the reporter.

"I got a short temper, son," he apologized. "I don't need to do business with you, but you're not a bad fellow. Tell me. What size stocking do you wear?"

"Eleven and one-half."

Conroy wrapped up a half-dozen pairs of his best silk hose and handed them to the caller. "Take these along and forget that I was so ugly when you come in."

The reporter thanked him, called on the agency's confidential man at the bank, and learned that Conroy had nearly $6,000 on deposit there.

That night, Conroy wired Schultz in Philadelphia. "Fanny arrived today." The credit had been established.

It was about this time that Conroy fired his clerks, employing in their places two young friends of Mr. Schultz, who had come on from Philadelphia. He also began to buy liberally on credit, since many jobbers were offering him handsome terms, wholly on the basis of the credit report.

In January, Schultz made a flying trip to Syracuse. He looked over the bulging shelves and store room.

"Now's th' time to buy for the bust, Conroy." Schultz grinned at the prospect. "You got $30,000 worth of credit. If you can't buy $150,000 worth of goods with that, you're no good. My truck'll be here, in the alley back of the store, at midnight every Tuesday night."

Some twenty manufacturers, on the strength of Conroy's $30,000 rating, extended ninety day credits to him for spring and summer goods worth more than $125,000. Conroy and his two assistants worked late in the store every night. All day long they unpacked shipping cases, emptied the cardboard boxes, which were placed hollow on the shelves. The shoes and findings and hosiery that had been in them went out on the truck on Tuesday nights, consigned to Schultz's Philadelphia warehouse.

Schultz paid Conroy exactly fifty per cent. of the value of these stolen goods. He sold them discreetly to the trade at eighty per cent. of their value, making a net, safe profit for himself of thirty per cent.

Incidentally, as Schultz had boasted to Conroy, he bought some goods legitimately from each firm Conroy was defrauding. This was done so that in case exposure threatened, no one could swear the goods found in the

Schultz warehouse had been stolen. Schultz could prove *bona fide* purchases of identical lots.

Conroy's first payments fell due on April 8. By March 20 his store had been so thoroughly looted that scarcely $2,500 worth of stock remained, and that was all in the windows, the show cases, or on the bargain tables. The shelves in store and stock room held only impressive but empty cardboard boxes.

ON APRIL 2 the Association of Retail Credit men was holding a meeting in the ballroom of a New York hotel. The chairman of the meeting hastened through the routine business, then rose to speak.

"Gentlemen: you will remember that, last year, an emergency fund was raised, to be used for fraud investigation at the discretion of our trustees. Let me introduce Mr. Michael Conroy of New York and Syracuse, who will tell you more about this money."

Michael Conroy, his eyes twinkling, stepped up to the platform.

"Some of you may remember me," he began. "I'm Mike Conroy and I've had a shoe store on Salina Street, in Syracuse. About twenty of you have been awful nice to me."

Various men in the audience grew very red faced.

"I've spent $18,000 of your money, and I've got $60,000 more of your money in my pocket, in cash, which isn't a bad profit for nine months' work. Especially when I didn't know anything about the business. My store's all ready to go into bankruptcy, and I don't believe it'll pay you more'n ten cents on the dollar.

"I did a mean thing this morning, gentlemen. I went down and arrested my partner, Mr. Schultz, on a charge of grand larceny and receiving stolen property. I shouldn't say a word against Mr. Schultz. He invited me to go into business with him, showed me how to get a credit rating of $30,000, how to buy a $125,000 stock with it, and then took the stock off my hands for $60,000 cash.

"In fact, gentlemen, Mr. Schultz has just about persuaded me to take the money you owe me for locking up Mr. Schultz, and to go into business with it. You gentlemen are so obliging about credits, I think I'll move to Troy or Albany and start a shoe store."

THERE were a number of snickers about the room; not, however, from the representatives of shoe and hosiery manufacturers.

"As soon as you instruct your treasurer to write the check for my modest fee," continued Michael Conroy, gravely, "I'll give him back your $60,000 and the lease of my Syracuse store. And in the mean time I'll tell you Mr. Schultz's own motto for success. '*If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again!*'"

Told by a Girl Bolshevik

Reported by Walter Duranty

A poignant tale of Russian Revolution and of the dead past that could not bury its dead, as related by a young Russian woman to an accomplished American journalist

When the great famine came on the Volga in 1921, my brother was sent with a relief train to Kazan, to feed the children, and there he met the nameless girl whom afterwards he married. Kipyatok, they called her, because she prepared the boiling water — *kipyatok* — at the railroad station; for it was forbidden to drink unboiled water on account of the cholera which raged that summer along the Volga, taking no fewer victims than the hunger.

No one knew her name, nor anything about her save that she had come there one day in the winter before, off a train from the East, and at once had taken charge of the hot water, because the old woman in the hut had died that morning of spotted fever, and the place was vacant and the people on the trains wanted hot water for their tea.

She remembered nothing of her former life beyond having walked to a station much further east with some peasants from a small village, and then travelling many days in the train; but who she was or where these peasants had gone or why she left them, she could not say.

Each time a train halted at the station of Kazan, she would come out of her little hut and cry "Kipyatok! Kipyatok!" in a clear, melodious voice, for the people to come for boiling water with their teapots and samovars, and so the workers on the railroad called her "Kipyatok," and by that name she was known to everyone.

A big girl, slim and well built, with hair like yellow corn, cut short over her neck, and eyes as blue as the flowers that grow in the corn when it is ripening. About eighteen, she seemed, when first my brother met her, and the top of her head reached to the level of his lips, though he is above the average height. Clean, too, and hard-working, her one-piece costume of faded cotton, blue like her eyes, with no ornament but a necklace of flat amber beads such as the peasants wear, with a little pendant of a green Ural stone encircled by a band of gold.

She had washed and swept the hut until the bench by the stove was white as if bleached, and piled fresh straw upon it, and upon the floor, so that

all was clean. Four young children were sleeping there when first my brother saw her, refugees from the German villages lower down the Volga, whose parents were dead or lost. They could speak little Russian, but Kipyatok gave them shelter and black bread and hot tea, with occasionally soup if she could beg meat or vegetables from people in the trains, though few had anything to give.

So my brother first saw her when she came to his train, asking if it was indeed true that he was bringing help at last, and could he give her some scraps of food for her hungry children. It was like that, you know, in the first days of the famine. No one could think help was really coming. They had suffered so much and waited so long.

My brother's train was the first that brought food in quantities to the Province of Kazan, although four of the Americans, who afterwards saved tens of thousands of lives in that region, had arrived the week before to begin organizing their great work, and many carloads of their food were said to be on the way from Moscow.

After three days he took Kipyatok to work with him on the train, because she was good at persuading the parents to let their children go to the "homes" to which the Americans were now beginning to supply food. For the hot water, an old woman was found without difficulty, as you may imagine, among those starving thousands, and the German children were taken to the first of the homes where the American food was distributed, though they all cried dreadfully at leaving Kipyatok and her little hut. But workers were so few and so badly needed that she herself accepted my brother's offer without hesitation, although for his part I think he loved her then already.

Very soon, he told me, she began to mother him as she had mothered the children, forcing him to rest sometimes, and eat, when he wanted to keep on night and day and said it would choke him to swallow food when so many were dying of hunger.

So she came to love him too, almost unconsciously, and one day when he proposed that they should go to the marriage bureau and declare themselves husband and wife and sign the documents, Kipyatok just smiled and nodded, putting her arm around my brother's shoulders and looking into his eyes.

I was hurt and jealous when Andrey wrote and told me he was married, as we two were alone in the world, my father having died before the war, and my mother and sister killed by a chance shell at their house by the sea near Riga when the Germans were besieging the city. I was angry to think that henceforth another was dearer to Andrey than I, and at first I hated this new wife of his, with her ridiculous name.

But a few weeks later I received from her a letter, in a big, round hand, like a child's, the first she had ever written, she told me, since Andrey had taught her how, and in places when her pen wavered I could trace stronger strokes where he was guiding her hand. So dear and friendly a letter, that as I read it I saw their heads close together over the paper, two of them full of love for me instead of only one as before, and suddenly the cold lump in my heart melted and I was glad to

think I had a new sister in place of my own sister who was killed. In the spring of 1922, Andrey came back with his wife to Moscow, for the famine was now mastered, thanks to our work and the food from America.

In Moscow, Andrey was put in charge of one of the departments of the Metal Trust, and by good fortune was able to get two rooms and a kitchen above his office, one for him and Kipyatok and one for me, who had lately been brought back to Moscow to do Party work among the women in the factories.

There for a time we were most happy, the three of us, awaiting the fourth member of our family, that should be born in July; almost, we reckoned, on the anniversary of the day my brother had been so badly wounded five years before.

KIPYATOK used often to say she had two children already, my brother and me, to look after, because neither of us had known what it was to have a real home for so long, and were so deep in our work that we took no heed of food or clothing or even of health, so that always she must be guiding us and teaching us to live in a proper and regular fashion.

She was wise, this big sister of mine, despite her lack of education, and seemed to know instinctively how people should be treated when trouble arose in Andrey's work or mine, until gradually we both came to rely on her judgment, and follow her advice. In her spare time she read much of the works of Lenin and other leaders, and was especially interested in everything about the position of women in the Soviet State; above all, of peasant women in the villages, whose lives thus far seemed no less hard and backward than before the Revolution. It was decided that after her baby was born she should apply for membership in the Party, and perhaps in a year or two she and my brother would be able to go together to the country to organize the life in the villages on a happier plane.

AND then, about the middle of June, the first shadow came. One morning, as I was going out as usual to my work, Andrey called me into his office and said he was worried about Kipyatok, who two or three times had had strange nightmares and talked in her sleep. But the worst of it was that she talked a language he could not understand. I laughed and told him not to fuss about trifles, and said you could hardly expect a person to talk very plainly asleep. I was amused that my brother, who was always so selfsure and calm, should be as nervous as any other young husband.

"You don't understand," he said. "It is not just ordinary nightmares — that wouldn't matter, but this — I don't like it a bit."

He told me that ten days before, after we had spent a Sunday picnicking in the woods at Sparrow Hills, and came back late in a hot and crowded streetcar, something queer had happened. "I woke up suddenly," he said, "and heard Kipyatok muttering away to herself in some kind of gibberish. Her face was flushed and haggard. I put my hand on her head, thinking she might have fever. At once she became silent, but when I took my hand away she began muttering as before, very fast, in a sort of breathless whisper. Then all the blood went from her face until even her lips were pale and

she gave a low choking cry and woke up. I asked her what was the matter and she said. 'I don't know; that is, I don't think so. I don't remember;' and with that went to sleep again, quite peacefully."

"Well, that isn't very dreadful," I said. "She was probably overtired, and people often have dreams they can't remember afterwards, good or bad."

"Yes," my brother said. "But that's not all. Last night it happened again, but in a much more definite form, and I assure you I am not exaggerating a trifle when I say that it was terrifying. Do you know anything about Kipyatok's life before she came to Kazan?"

"Why, no," I said, a little startled at his question; "except what she told us about coming down to the railroad station from a village somewhere in the East with some peasants. I asked her once if she couldn't remember anything more, and she said no, that before that her mind was all foggy. She couldn't even recollect the faces of those peasants, or their names."

"Well, I will tell you," said my brother. "Last night I was waked up by Kipyatok clutching at my arm. She was sitting up in bed with her eyes closed, muttering the same hurried whisper as before. But this time her face was twisted with fear. I was frightened and shook her by the shoulder. Then she opened her eyes and said several strange words aloud. 'Kipatusha,' I cried, 'it's all right, it was only a dream. There is nothing to be afraid of.' Then she looked at me and for a moment I went cold at the expression in her eyes. Then she made the same choking sound as the time before and threw herself into my arms sobbing, and before I could straighten her out she was asleep. But I lay awake, for a long time, because this time I had caught distinctly the words she had said aloud at the end. It was a phrase in French, twice repeated. 'Ah non, c'est trop! Ah non, c'est trop!' I'm sure of it, and the tone of her voice was dreadful."

"But Kipyatok doesn't know any French," I exclaimed in surprise. "Only two days ago she asked me the meaning of a French quotation in a treatise by Trotzky, and said she would never make a good Communist until she learned French and German."

"It was French," said my brother stubbornly. "I shall get the Trust doctor to come and have a look at her."

The doctor was a cheery old fellow who pooh-poohed the nightmares and said Kipyatok was as healthy a specimen as he'd ever seen.

Andrey was sent off to visit a factory soon afterward, and didn't get back until the day before Kipyatok was to enter the clinic.

Well, it seemed as if the doctor was right, for the baby was born very easily; a boy, as Kipyatok had said, weighing eight and a half pounds, and we all thought it the most wonderful child in the world.

After two weeks, Kipyatok came back to the apartment and all our lives centered on the baby, who was as strong and healthy as his mother and good as gold. In August, when he was about three weeks old, the weather became terribly hot, and Andrey suggested that Kipyatok and I and the boy should spend a fortnight in the country, at the Trust Rest House.

It was a wonderful drive through the green woods, after the stifling Moscow cobbles, and everyone sang all the way, and once we stopped and plucked green fir branches to decorate our truck. The Rest House was splendid, a long low building in the middle of a large park, with green lawns and flowerbeds in front sloping down to a small lake. It used to be the château of Count Gorchenko. My brother and Kipyatok had a big room in one of the wings, with old gilt and brocade furniture and many pictures, and I had a smaller room opening out of it, and there was our own private bathroom just behind.

On Monday morning my brother went back to Moscow by the early train, and for the next three days we were very busy organizing a little play to be acted by the children.

THURSDAY was the hottest day of the year, and in the afternoon Kipyatok told me she was going to bathe in the lake. She bathed for nearly an hour until I grew anxious and called her to come out at once.

"You can't think how much better I feel," she said, as we walked back to the house. "I sleep badly down here, what with the heat and the baby. But now I shall sleep."

But the next morning she was feverish and hadn't slept at all. She stayed in bed all morning and at noon I brought her lunch from the kitchen. She said suddenly, in a fretful tone that was quite unlike her, "You know, Nadya, I can't bear that picture over the mantelpiece. I wish you'd get them to take it away." The painting was a copy of the Rembrandt in the Museum at Petersburg, the "Return of the Prodigal Son," and the house commandant told me it had been done by a French artist.

"It can't be removed," I said; "Don't you see it's painted on a panel set into the wall?"

"Well, I don't like it," she said, in the same peevish voice. "The faces all are watching me all the time, and I don't like this room either. I wish we had never come here."

SHE slept for two or three hours that afternoon, and seemed better for it, and enjoyed her supper. I washed the baby and sat with Kipyatok until she went to sleep. Once, in the night, I thought I heard her speaking, and ran in with my candle. But she was lying quite silent, fast asleep, though her face was flushed and she had thrown off the bedclothes which I rearranged without waking her. In the morning she complained of feeling tired and wouldn't eat breakfast. She had no longer any fever, but her eyes were dull and her face drawn and listless.

She dozed fitfully during the morning, but at lunch time she was sleeping so soundly that I thought it better not to wake her. She was still asleep about two, when I heard the camion and ran down to meet Andrey.

I told him Kipyatok had had a touch of fever, but it was past and she was asleep, which was the best thing for her, and I thought she'd be all right when she woke up. We entered her room on tiptoe and found her still sleeping, with the baby, who had been out most of the morning on the terrace, also asleep in the curve of her arm.

"You sit quietly beside them," I said to Andrey, "while I go down and get some lunch. Kipyatok'll be so pleased to see you when she wakes;

she's been looking forward to your coming all week."

For a while after I had gone, my brother sat waiting by the bedside. The room was very quiet save for the occasional cries of children playing on the terrace below, and a beam of sunlight brightened the faded gilding of the bed and a long sofa at its foot. Andrey thought he would read a little, and reached for a book from the pile on a little table beside the bed. He was careless and upset a bottle of water with a loud crash. The baby woke with a wail, and Kipyatok sat upright with a single convulsive movement, almost throwing the child off the bed. Her eyes were wide open and she stared wildly at her husband.

"Go away!" she screamed suddenly. "How dare you come into my room!" and before he could say a word she went on, "Go away, go away, I beg you — I have never done any harm to any of you — please, please go away!"

She covered her eyes with her hands and swayed from side to side, moaning.

Andrey laid his hand on her shoulder and said, "What's the matter, Kipyatok, my dear little wife? It's all right. There's no one here but me, Andrey. It's Andrey, Kipyatusha."

Then he felt her whole body shudder. She grew rigid and, taking her hands from her eyes, put them on the bed at her sides to support her, looked him full in the face and said coldly, "Who are you? What are you doing in my room?" And then she changed again and lost that haughty air and said half aloud, "He's wearing a red rosette — one of them — God help me, what shall I do?" and covered her eyes again for a moment, and then said weakly: "Please, please don't hurt me. I've suffered enough! Oh, enough!" and began to cry, but without any tears.

You can imagine how Andrey felt — he was almost beside himself. But when she stopped sobbing a moment and jerked off her necklace, snapping its clasp, and held it out to him saying, "Take this, it's all there is left!" he lost control and snatched the necklace and threw it in a corner of the room and tried to put his arms around her. "Kipyatok, Kipyatok, my little wife, there's nothing to be afraid of — it's I, Andrey, your husband. Don't you know me? Don't you know the baby?"

"What!" she screamed, glaring around her. Andrey said she positively glared. "You my husband! The baby! What baby?"

"Your baby, of course," Andrey said, almost bursting with distress. "Look, he's crying. He wants you to take him in your arms and comfort him."

The woman gave a sudden dreadful shriek.

It met me at the foot of the staircase and drove me up the steps three at a time with my heart pounding in my throat.

I found Kipyatok sitting rigid, with blazing eyes, her face all bleeding, her nightgown torn, and Andrey, his face white as snow, standing in the center of the room, holding the baby stiffly in his two hands over his head. I will never forget how the face of the father in Rembrandt's picture looked down on that scene. As I ran toward her, Kipyatok cried out once, and fell back insensible. I turned like a fury on my brother.

"What have you done to her?" I yelled. "Give me that baby at once, you great fool, and get out of here."

He went without a word. That poor baby was almost blue in the face, too frightened to cry, but when I soothed him and patted him and put him back in bed and tucked him in he began to bellow. I was actually glad to hear it; anything was better than that dreadful silence. He became quieter and finally whimpered himself to sleep. Then I turned to his mother, who lay white and still with the blood trickling down from her cheek on the pillow. In order not to think, I murmured over and over a silly rhyme, "There was a cat who killed a rat and ate him and became so fat," while I wiped her face with a wet towel. Then I put a cold compress on her forehead and her limbs relaxed and her breathing came easier. Little by little the color came back to her cheeks until at last she was sleeping naturally with her arm once more curved around the baby beside her.

I straightened up the room, brushed up the pieces of broken glass from the bottle, found Kipyatok's little necklace, and put it in my pocket to give her the next day, and then I went downstairs. My brother caught me in the passage and the marks of his fingers were blue on my arm for weeks. I hardly knew him, his face was so changed. He tried to speak, but couldn't.

"It's all right," I said, "they're both fast asleep and —"

"All right!" he cried. "But, Nadya, she was insane; she wanted to kill the baby, and looked at me as if — oh, I can't tell you — she looked as if she hated me, I — "

Of course, I'd been terribly upset by the whole business, and I don't know why, but I suddenly got angry.

"Stop it, Andrey!" I cried. "You and Kipyatok may both be crazy, but I'm not, and I'll thank you to tell me as sensibly as you can what it's all about."

That calmed him, and he described how she'd waked up suddenly and hadn't known him, and he tried to explain, and she'd got worse, and then he caught hold of her and she screamed and scratched her own face and looked at him dreadfully and tried to kill the baby, but he'd caught it away from her, and then I'd come and she'd fainted.

"Andrusha, you're a perfect fool!" I told him. "As if any woman would want to kill her baby, much less our Kipyatok."

Then we talked it all over and he told me what he had concluded. Kipyatok must have belonged to one of the old families. Probably she'd seen her parents killed or something like that, so that she lost her memory. Then maybe afterward the peasants were sorry for her and took care of her, but when the famine began her peasants had left their homes like so many others, and somehow she'd lost them and come on to Kazan. And this illness had brought the whole thing back to her. And that was why she'd looked at Andrey like that, and scratched her face and tried to kill the baby.

I didn't know what had happened, except what Andrey told me, as I've said, but I did know Kipyatok's cheek was scratched, and the rest of what he said about her sounded reasonable, because a lot of bad things happened

in the early days of the Revolution.

I oughtn't to have admitted that, since it made Andrey worse. He was going away at once, he told me, and he'd never see Kipyatok any more, the look of hate in her eyes was so awful and —

"What do you mean?" I said, "not see your own wife just because she was sick and — "

Andrey wouldn't let me finish. "You don't understand," he said. "She's gone back to her old life. She's another person now. She doesn't know me. Oh, Nadya, if you knew how she looked at me! I'm going off at once to Moscow to ask them to send me to Vladivostock or Kamchatka or anywhere, so it's far away."

MEN *are* children. I stared him straight in the eye and said, "Andrey Mikhailovich Lupov, if you do anything of the kind, I'll never speak to you again. How dare you talk like that? You will come right upstairs with me, when you've finished your dinner, and you'll sit by Kipyatok's bed till she wakes up and then, perhaps, later, you'll apologize to me for being such a fool as to make me ashamed of my own brother. You call yourself a Bolshevik!"

Would you believe that it took me nearly an hour to get that boy upstairs? He made me so angry, sitting there by his wife's bed, with a face like death and hell, that I hardly felt nervous any more at all myself. Finally Kipyatok woke up, and smiled, and said, "Oh, Andrusha, I've missed you terribly. It seems as if I'd not seen you for years and years."

Andrey, the poor fool, just gaped at her, mouth open like a fish, and she went on gaily. "But just look at our Malchik, how he's grown since you last saw him!"

WELL, as I went out of the room I felt in the pocket of my leather jacket the necklace Kipyatok had lost. I started to go back and give it to her, but when I took it out I saw the stone had fallen out of the band of gold. It was nearly dark, and I stepped out on the porch to see by what little light there was left if I could fix it.

Then I noticed the gold band had been a ring, and there was something engraved inside of it. It was awfully dark, and I held the ring up level with my eyes, but the name, if it was a name, I couldn't read. I was about to go in and light a candle when the sun gave one of those last little gasps of light you've sometimes noticed, and I saw, not the name, it was still too dark for that, but a crown. It wasn't a coronet; it was the imperial crown. I know, I've seen it over in the Gokhran.

Well, I never stop to argue with myself. I walked straight down to the lake and threw it as far as I could. As it hit the water, I thought to myself, "God knows where it came from or how Kipyatok got it, but you never could tell what kind of silly legend might have come of that ring if anybody but me had found it."

Kipyatok never even asked about it.

Can New England Come Back?

By Percival White and Walter S. Hayward

Mr. White — himself of that Mayflower stock whose self-sufficiency he criticizes — is a market specialist, expert in manufactures. He and his collaborator discuss a problem of the highest regional significance

With two per cent. of the nation's area, with seven and a half per cent. of its population, with forty per cent. of its savings, New England no longer has an industry in which her dominance is unquestioned. In Cleveland, Ohio, founded by New England families, are found the enormous metal-working plants which once belonged in Worcester. In Cincinnati is the centre of the country's machine tool industry, once localized in Hartford. In Wisconsin and in Mississippi are great paper mills, which have migrated with their owners from the region of the White Mountains. In Portland, Oregon, are lumber owners who were brought up in Portland, Maine. In every part of the country are settlements which are as much colonies of New England as New England itself was a colony of Old England. These latter-day pioneers have left the "stern and rockbound coast" where they were born and reared, and they have taken their industries with them.

From Atlanta to the sea, along the road once laid waste by Yankee armies, are to be found New England's cotton mills, rooted in the cotton fields themselves, their spindlage increasing year by year, to the detriment of New Bedford and Fall River. A large portion of these Southern mills are financed by New Englanders, and run by New Englanders — New Englanders resident in the New South.

In High Point, North Carolina, no less than in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is manufactured the furniture once built by the cabinet makers of Massachusetts. In St. Louis, San Francisco, and Chicago are the shoe factories belonging by tradition's right to Lynn and Brockton. Detroit has closed the automobile factories which once flourished in Hartford, Bridgeport, Springfield, and Providence.

The plains of the Northwest grow the country's wheat. This wheat is shipped to Minnesota milling companies, and the flour is sent back to New England owners, whose grist mills now no longer turn. The banking

business of the country has drifted gradually from State Street to Wall Street. In every town of the country are to be found merchants who have forsaken bleak New England and set up elsewhere new "Boston Stores".

New England no longer supplies her own poultry and dairy needs. The dairy industry, in fact, is regarded as in an alarming condition, because the number of cows in New England is steadily on the decline. The red school house, with its windows boarded up; the abandoned farm, with only its lilac bush left to tell of happier years; the mill village, its water wheels still, its drab tenements deserted, its pavements grass-grown — this is one side of the New England of today. The New England which led the country, first in agriculture, later in shipping and commerce, and lastly in manufacturing, now counts its pennies and clips its coupons.

PHYSICIANS have not been wanting to diagnose New England's ills. They have not always agreed with one another, while the patient herself has often been inclined to adopt the attitude that the malady is largely imaginary and as much the result of panic as of actual indisposition. The troubles of New England, according to those who live outside the Pale, are due partly to age, conservatism, provincialism, and self-satisfaction; partly also to mere inertia.

In one sense, age includes within itself all the other ailments. New England has three centuries of tradition behind it. The frontier spirit that made the term "Yankee" a synonym for creative energy has flown elsewhere. New England wants to conserve and maintain what it has. The control of its businesses is often in the hands of trust companies and legal firms, where it has been placed in the interest of the widows and orphans of the men who founded them. The business executives of New England, according to their critics, at least, sit at ease in their desk chairs, too comfortably ensconced to take the trouble to understand the needs of their customers, and oblivious to the changes which are transforming other parts of the country. Automobile manufacturers of Detroit, for example, find that New England manufacturers do not want to be told how a certain thing can be done that has never been done before; that they do not visit their important customers to find out by personal contact how the interests of both buyer and seller can be better served; that they do not understand the meaning or value of proper advertizing; and that they are perfectly satisfied with themselves and heedless of criticism.

TO BE more specific, two great weaknesses in New England industry are due to moss-backed management and failure to understand the first principles of merchandizing. As an example of the former, a financial house asked to have a profit and loss statement made out every thirty days by a company which had been invited to do some financing. The answer was that such a procedure had never been heard of and was totally impossible. In regard to the second point, the weakness in merchandizing knowledge is obvious — New England does not know her markets. Products are manufactured and people may buy them or not, as the case may be.

There has rarely been, until recently, any attempt to find out what people want to buy and then to make the articles accordingly.

New England industry, in the popular mind, is limited to two products; first, textiles, and second, boots and shoes. As a matter of fact, these comprise but thirty-one per cent. of New England's industrial output. Yet it is true, on the other hand, that the prosperity of many New England towns is built around a factory or group of factories devoted to the manufacture of one of these products. When hard times hit these industries, the results are obvious.

SINCE the post-war reaction, the New England textile industry has been in a blue funk. Textile towns, of which Lowell is a good example, have had such bad inferiority complexes that they have been inclined to regard their misfortunes as an act of God, rather than as an interesting economic phenomenon born of over-production and the natural tendency of an industry to congregate where production costs are lowest. They have not even sought to find out the underlying causes of depression, preferring an agonizing uncertainty to the sure diagnosis of a research expert. The mere fact that the Amoskeag Company, the largest plant of its kind in the world, with 800,000 spindles, could seriously consider liquidation, is evidence of the spirit abroad. Many smaller mills have already moved South. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of equipment now being made for new textile mills or additions of all kinds is being sold to Southern mills.

Disregarding Southern competition, disregarding also the traditional excuses of Northern mill owners that they must pay higher taxes, conform to more strict labor legislation, and import all raw material, the plight of the New England textile industry is due, at least in part, to contributory negligence. Business stagnation is not to be cured by wage cuts, but rather by the adoption of the scientific method of solving problems. There has been little substantial research in the Northern textile industry; little forecasting of economic and industrial conditions, little planning and scheduling of factory operation, little use of cost systems to control overhead. Most important of all, there has not been enough endeavor to keep up with changing conditions in distribution. For example, the New England firms which have always marketed through commission agents find it difficult to compete on equal terms with firms marketing direct. Furthermore, the speeding up of changes in style has necessitated much closer contact with market needs than ever before, and this contact has been lacking in the case of the majority of textile mills. Intuition, which masquerades often under the name of "past experience" and "common sense", has been preferred to knowledge of facts.

IN MANY ways the term "New England" is psychological as well as geographic. New England *is* a "state of mind". As a section it is different from the rest of the country, and is well aware of the difference. This distinction is something more than a matter of accent; something much more intangible. The person who arrives in Boston from Chicago immediately feels the slower, more

conservative, more mature tempo. The outsider does not like it. New England is not popular with the rest of the country.

Many people draw a parallel between New England and Old England — a rather deadly one in many ways. "Here," they say, "is the same blight of industrialism, the same over-population, the same inability of an urbanized people to feed itself by means of the products of its own section. We hope New England does become a failure in industry; it will then be a better place to live in."

OPPOSED to this there is a large and ever larger body of opinion which would make over New England, and would have it hum as industriously as Detroit or Chicago. This opinion is becoming organized in the hands of capable leaders who are putting themselves at the head of a movement for the Renaissance of New England. There is a "Progress Week" in Boston, a "Spirit of Lawrence Week" in one of the oldest of New England's industrial communities, an "Exposition of Progress" under the auspices of the New Haven Chamber of Commerce. There is a new consciousness of sectional unity, more potent than at any time in the past. The keynote of this changed psychology is "Coöperation". The public is being converted by the most modern methods of propaganda and publicity. Behind all this movement is the organizing and stimulating influence of the New England Council, formed of business leaders from each of the six States, which is now studying the problems of New England with the help of the best governmental and professional talent.

Herbert Hoover said very truly of the New England Council that "It is not the actual result in action that this Council may secure in the establishment of new industry, or the expansion of industry, so much as the consciousness of the responsibility of the community for collective action in promoting its industrial welfare." In its effort to build a New England Consciousness, it publishes a *New England News Letter*, gives news service to New England newspapers, holds annual New England Conferences, and itself meets officially four times a year. It has induced the United States Government to make a survey of production and distribution in New England. This is to be the most complete and exhaustive investigation of its kind ever attempted. Special committees have been appointed to study particular problems. Some of these have already reported, stating the chief obstacles to progress and suggesting remedies.

IN AGRICULTURE, for example, the problem as it seems to the experts, is first, to secure the grading and standardization of the quality products of New England farms; and second, to effect a merchandizing system for them along modern lines. The first will be accomplished by uniform State grading laws; the second by educational publicity. The forestry programme, as outlined, is particularly interesting, since forests are regarded as the natural crop of most of New England. Crowded in population as it is, it still possesses three and two-tenths acres of woods *per capita;* even Connecticut having one and one-tenth acres. European experience has shown that eight-tenths of an acre *per capita* is enough to make a State self-

supporting as to timber products. While fire protection and control of forest pests are urgently needed, there is an even more urgent necessity to have forest taxation adjusted so that owners of forest land may hold their property over long periods. In most of the New England States, owners of woodlots sell standing timber as soon as it has salable value, because of the method of assessing taxes annually on the value of the timber, rather than waiting for the assessment of the tax until the timber is cut.

In another field, the big power companies and State regulatory bodies have already been brought together and a plan worked out whereby power rates across State lines shall be submitted to the Public Service Commission of the States concerned. Many of the larger banks, furthermore, are coöperating in a survey to determine the relation of commercial banking to industry. There has been a suspicion in many quarters that banks were not helping out wholeheartedly or else were not well acquainted with the latest methods of banking. In addition to this, each industrial community is being invited to take an inventory of its assets to serve as a basis for planning its future, and to find out definitely its industrial gains and losses. A special committee has been appointed to further the development of aviation, in which New England is behind.

One of the most interesting lines of development is the move to make New England a resort. The examples of Florida and California have tantalized the shore and mountain recreation centres of New England with dazzling pictures of what might be. Many communities have abandoned their ancient policy of "splendid isolation", of suspicion of strangers, and of cool aloofness. The necessity of courtesy to visitors is being impressed on traffic officers, garages, and local merchants. The "Welcome" signs are being newly painted. Information booths are provided. Maine has passed an "open door" act, whereby non-residents can operate their automobiles for an unlimited period in the State provided they are properly registered in their own States. Tourist camps are being taken under State regulation.

This spirit of coöperation and coördination is to be noted with wonderment and, indeed, with admiration. It means something.

New England now wavers between the prosaic but profitable path of prosperity and the ancient and honorable way of the Forefathers which somehow had led into the Slough of Despond. It is not yet by any means unanimous in opinion, although the articulate portion is vociferous enough in declaring that it wants it slice of the pie of progress. Yet, even with the best will in the world, New England has not proved that she can "come back". She enters late into the race, and there are many stable doors that are being locked too late. Nevertheless, as an experiment in mass psychology, as a proof of the power of publicity, and especially as evidence of the constructive force of coöperation for mutual benefit, this effort of New England to regain her ancient position will be watched on all sides with the keenest interest.

For Safety, the Air

By General John F. O'Ryan
President of the Colonial Airways

The author, leader of the 27th Division in France, does most of his extensive travelling by air. He sees speed as the secret of American prosperity and the commercial airplane as an opportune answer to our growing traffic problems

Thousands of transatlantic tourists have returned to America this year more impressed than ever by the luxury of European air travel. They spread broadcast their praises of its regularity, safety and convenience, and so keep alive a question that has been repeatedly asked during the last half dozen years.

Why has our country, where the airplane was born and where every other means of transportation is most highly developed, lagged so conspicuously behind Europe in perfecting commercial air lines?

The answer is quite simple. We have not had a Government subsidy, as have the European nations. Until very recently, private capital has witheld support because operating returns could not be foreseen that would warrant the huge investment necessary for building *de luxe* ships and maintaining regular passenger service. In Europe, however, the leading Governments have financed construction of powerful planes for passenger service because of the assumed need for potential bombing planes and for a trained reserve of pilots and mechanics who could be shifted quickly into military service.

In the United States we have not felt that this military need is so pressing, and conditions have favored a line of development which, while slower, is economically more substantial. This development has been through the air mail. In postal and express service the pressing demand is for night transportation, so that mail may leave one city at the end of the business day and be delivered next morning at its destination. In European countries distances are so short that the railroads can furnish such overnight service. But in the United States only the airplane can thus tie up widely separated cities.

Hence, while American aviation is still in its infancy for passenger transportation, it is growing, through the air mail, upon much sounder lines than abroad. Obviously its growth will now soon include well organized and well patronized passenger routes. Privately owned airplanes for individual trans-

portation will remain only playthings for the very wealthy, like their yachts and private railroad cars. To purchase a plane and keep it fit for safe flying is far too expensive an undertaking for the incomes of average men who can easily afford motorcars. Some business firms use airplanes of their own to furnish shortcut transportation to points reached only in roundabout routes by rail. This type of privately operated plane will rapidly increase. Otherwise, the only safe and economical development of passenger flying must be in large commercial systems under management that can afford the most expert pilots and the most meticulous maintenance of the equipment.

THAT the demand exists already for such service was shown when an experimental Boston-New York passenger line was started about a year ago. The schedule was fixed by the necessities of the New England air mail and was most inconvenient for passengers, and the terminal landing fields were remote from the two cities. Yet though the one-way fare was $35, the line was overwhelmed with patrons. It was found that the American public, men, women and children, would patronize a properly operated air line. The experimental service was after a time discontinued, pending the availability of a better New York terminal port. The chief problems now are to establish convenient landing fields, and to arrange passenger schedules more satisfactory than those for the mails.

As for safety, the public is aware that recent accidents have been chiefly to flyers of the "gypsy" type, to private owners not thoroughly skilled, or in the "stunt" and pioneering phases of the industry. The Colonial lines have not lost a passenger or a pound of mail or merchandise, in two years, during which regularly scheduled planes have flown 375,510 miles. The further development of the technical organization of all the large aërial transportation companies will permit a steady decrease in the remaining hazards.

As a matter of fact, it is interesting to discover that the air is not a comparatively hazardous medium for travel, but is free from many of the outstanding perils of earthbound traffic. Hitherto, all forms of transportation have been confined to the same horizontal plane. We have merely become hardened to the almost incredible loss of life traceable to this fundamental limitation of human movement. We have railroads, trolleys, horse- and motor-driven vehicles, and mankind itself, all struggling to move in various directions on the same plane, their many paths constantly crossing. Frequent collisions are part of this condition. The damages annually paid by the railroad companies alone, based on collision, constitute a colossal tribute demanded by this limitation of ground transportation.

THE increase in population is emphasizing the acuteness of the problem thus presented. This is illustrated by the public demand for the elimination of railroad grade crossings. But as a means of preventing collision it is a palliative only. The fundamental cause of our great collision loss is that we have all been restricted to movement on the same horizontal plane. Only now, with the advent of commercial air transportation, do we find the opportunity to avoid the hazard in

radical and fundamental fashion. Now we have a third dimension—height. In the air there are many horizontal planes. Aircraft may there be assigned separate levels; northbound craft on one level, southbound on another, with east and west bound planes on their respective levels. Compare this extraordinary freedom from collision hazard with the dangers inseparable from ground travel. If the reader would be impressed by the difference, let him fly over some crowded area and look down upon the tangled traffic streams below him, each stream flowing in its own course, but ever crossing the other streams, and always elements of each leaving the main flow and meeting other elements, pedestrians, bicycles, motorcycles, motor cars, motor trucks, horse-drawn vehicles, trolley cars and railway trains. From a high altitude they seem like a lower order of life; like ants, for example, serious and effective in their own world, but fettered and limited from the larger point of view.

But this matter of the availability of different levels in the air for the movement of aircraft, does not tell the whole story of the air's greater freedom from danger. It is to be noted that ground transportation is fettered also in relation to lateral movement. Trains, trolleys and motor cars are tied to tracks or narrow roadways. On the other hand, aircraft have unrestricted freedom of direction. At any instant when in flight they may be turned to right or left or upward or downward. Does this extraordinary and novel elasticity of movement which characterizes air transportation, and which will mean so much in the elimination of collisions, mean nothing to the bankers and insurance men of the country?

But even this does not complete the story of the promise of aircraft. We must consider the limitation of speed imposed upon all forms of ground transportation, when a change of direction is to be made. Then it becomes necessary to reduce speed to a point which will permit the change of direction to be made without turning the vehicle over. An automobile or train running at fifty miles an hour must reduce speed to ten or fifteen miles in order to make a 90-degree turn without accident. It is largely this requirement which reduces so greatly the average speed of trains and automobiles operating between distant points. In the air there is no such restriction. It is as if the airway were banked at the precise angle, in relation to the weight and speed of the plane, to enable it to turn without any evidence of centrifugal thrust.

Thus, when the airplane banks or tilts in making a turn, the cabin passengers are not conscious of any thrust forward in the original direction, nor of the banking of the plane. To them it seems that the surface of the earth has tilted. Such is the smoothness of sharp changes of direction in the air. The plane may maintain its mechanical speed irrespective of anticipated turns or changes of direction, and this means less elapsed time between point of departure and destination. Furthermore, there is obviously the large saving of elapsed time due to the directness of the air route as compared with the devious windings and climbings of the average ground route. Saving of time me saving in costs of operation as well!

So the airplane has not only opened up new conceptions of speed, but has begun to promise collateral features of striking value, which are now at last being recognized and appraised in the commercial sense.

It is fortunate for the development of air transportation that at the outset of its relation to the Federal Government a policy was adopted akin to that underlying the Government's responsibility to the Merchant Marine. From the inception of our Government, it has undertaken to provide and maintain the way into and out of the harbors of the country without expense to private enterprise. The same policy underlies the Government's development of the airways of the country. These airways are provided with intermediate landing fields every fifteen to twenty-five miles along the air route, and these fields and the route itself are provided with appropriate beacons and landing lights to enable the pilot to land at night.

Any thoughtful and observing person who travels on a great railroad line and notes the army of men and the wealth of modern machinery there at work in bettering the way between the terminal cities will be impressed with the measure of the cost and of the relation of that cost to the earning power of the road. One is still more impressed with the financial aspect of this burden of construction and maintenance of way when it is observed that the burden is apparently a continuous and ever expanding one. Not so in the air, nor even in relation to the Government's obligation in regard to the airway. No ties, rails, switches, spurs, sidings, tunnels, bridges, grade crossings, or automatic safety stop devices are required for air transport operation or for the airway.

But after all, the economic advantages of sheer speed, alone, are of far greater importance to American prosperity than is commonly realized. The great disparity between the standard of living here and abroad may be traced very largely to our extensive use of time-saving devices. The telephone, the telegraph, the typewriter, the cash register, the mail chute, the adding machine — these are only random examples of the multitude of time-saving devices employed by American industry more intensively than anywhere else in the world. In the aggregate this spells a really different form of civilization from that of most other countries. But within recent years our rate of speed has reached its maximum — has actually decreased — in one most important field, that of transportation. We have in the United States a sufficient number of automobiles to transport all the population of the United States in one movement without leaving a single child behind. The consequence, however, has been traffic congestion and the now familiar snail's pace crawl in city streets and along main highways.

For instance, motor trucks this year are moving a less number of miles an hour than they moved last year owing to the increased congestion on the streets and highways of the country. The railroads, too, have apparently attained their maximum of speed in the commercial sense. The Twentieth Century Limited between New York and Chicago was once an eighteen-hour train. Today it is a twenty-hour train.

It is disconcerting to realize that, in

a field where the saving of time is so vital, we have already reached the limits of speed. If we are to maintain our American prosperity — and this of course is a relative term — we must maintain our lead in time-saving methods. To insure this we must turn to the air for transportation. This does not mean that in our time we will see staple products or raw materials, carried in large volume by air, but it does mean, if time is not to be wasted, that key men and all classes of small shipments and of mail and documents, where speed is the essence of the movement, must move by air.

If a realization of this truth were to be acted upon tomorrow throughout the country, adequate equipment would not be available to transport more than a small fraction of the new traffic. Fortunately, the demands will not arise in any such peremptory fashion, but nevertheless they are developing with great rapidity.

So far as costs of operation of an air transport line are concerned, estimates of operators vary over a range as wide as from thirty-five cents to two dollars a mile. On a route of 500 to 1,000 miles, with single motored planes operating daily (less Sundays) one trip each way, the cost should not run over eighty cents a mile. With traffic increases justifying an added flight in each direction over the route, that cost should be reduced by twenty per cent. The trend of cost is downward. Manufacturers are getting into production. Ships and motors are becoming increasingly efficient. Capital and maintenance costs should come down. On the other hand, the traffic trend is constantly upward.

The outstanding needs in the air transport industry today are the following: A decrease in the remaining hazard attached to the mechanics of flying; larger airports and an increase in the number available; the use of an effective system of radio communication between ships in the air and the ground; and the defeat of the fog menace.

Planes equipped with air-cooled motors of the higher grade find no difficulty in operating successfully in the lowest winter temperature. The modern plane, specially equipped, has little difficulty in landing upon and taking off from the snow.

The era of safe air transportation is here. The well organized air transport company operating in a promising field now has little difficulty in securing capital needed for expansion. Americans will soon be buying airplane tickets in as matter of fact a fashion as they now buy airmail stamps.

Beyond the Black Gobi

By Owen Lattimore

Through the unknown "Land of the Three Don't Cares" and into the snows of Dead Mongol Pass; the first explorer to make the westward crossing of Mongolia's most desolate desert

In a station yard a train of empty freight cars was backing slowly toward a round-shouldered mountain of stacked bales of wool, and by the gleaming rails, unmindful of roaring engines and clanking trains, stood a line of tall, sullen camels, lean and weary at the end of their hundred marches from Chinese Turkestan. Outside the yard, a score of caravans were stirring the loose dust into a golden haze, through which filtered the weak sunlight of a late winter afternoon. Camels bringing their burdens for the last unloading, to be stacked like offerings before the long trains, shuffled past unladen camels being led away by slow-gaited men dressed in roughly-tanned sheepskins; men whose feet, in clumsy cloth shoes patched with camel hide, were guarded against the deadly Mongolian cold by bandages of knitted camel hair.

This was Kuei-hua, on the railway from Peking to China's Northwest Frontier; Kuei-hua, which the Mongols call Kuku-khoto, the Blue City, on the edge of the Mongolian Plateau, where freight trains and camel caravans exchange their wares. Among the men of the caravans, a sullen breed half Mongol and half Chinese in their traditions, suspicious of strangers and only at home in the loneliness of the Mongolian caravan trails, I was searching for one to take me on the sixteen-hundred mile journey through Mongolia to Chinese Turkestan. Other men had gone into Mongolia on sporting or scientific expeditions, but I was bound on a different errand. My purpose was to follow up the caravan routes which lead into the furthermost recesses of the Asiatic continent, to live the life and study the manners of the caravan traders, which have endured unchanged through countless centuries, but are doomed in time to vanish before the advance of railways and motor roads.

The modern traveller, when he leaves the world he knows, takes with him an elaborate transport, sometimes including even automobiles, and always a multitude of servants; but I had set myself against carrying an atmosphere of my own civilization laboriously through Asia.

I tried instead to match the color and tone of the caravan life, eating the same food and talking the same language as the men about me, and sharing a small tent with my camel man and one Chinese servant.

A DAY'S march from the railway, the last trace of the civilization that railways bring is left behind; with the first pitching of the tent we entered on the nomad life. It is a hard life. The caravan men boast that they are "servants to camels, not to men," and the routine of their life follows the needs of their camels. For this reason a great deal of the travelling is done by night. Explorers like to travel by day, in order to see as much as possible, and therefore do not mind using up the strength of their camels. Merchants are above all anxious to get their heavy loads to the distant cities for which they are bound, without exhausting the camels, which represent their principal capital investment. They therefore let the camels graze during most of the day, when it is easy to see that they do not stray. Late in the afternoon the caravan starts, and marches at the slow camel-pace of two or two and a half miles an hour until late at night, often until after midnight. Then camp is made; the camels kneel in long lines, so that their loads can be parked in orderly rows, and are then brought to the front of the tent, where they kneel in close ranks for the rest of the night.

A fire is made in the tent and the men, after drinking a few bowls of tea, roll themselves in their sheepskin greatcoats to sleep. Before dawn they are stirring again; more tea is brewed and the men mix in it either parched millet, looking like canary seed, or parched oat flour. Then, at the first hint of light, the camels are turned out to graze, under charge of two of the men. About noon a huge meal of coarse spaghetti is eaten, enlivened with sauce made of fermented mildewed bread, soya beans, bean curd, ginger, red peppers and minced mutton. This is the only meal of the day, except for the millet or oats which the men take with their tea. Late in the afternoon the camels are driven in and loaded, and the next march is begun.

FOR more than two hundred miles we travelled through wide pastures and rolling, grassy hills, where we were often in sight of Mongol encampments and of the sheep, camels, cattle and ponies of the nomads. Even the best land in Mongolia, however, is so thinly populated — there being less than one person to the square mile — that plenty of room is left for game. In the hills are wild sheep, much like the bighorn of the Rockies, and on the plains the antelope run frequently in herds of many hundreds. When wild animals are found in such large herds the Mongols will not shoot them. They believe that the soul of a saint must have migrated into the body of one of the animals, and that the presence of the saint has attracted the others. They are therefore afraid of shooting, for fear of killing the saint and bringing divine wrath down on their heads.

The country in this first part of the journey is comparatively well known, and parts of it have even been mapped, as it has been traversed by a number of travellers. Further to the West we entered a much more sandy, desert region, almost uninhabited and much of it totally unexplored, though

the trails are known to the Mongols. We were now following a route hitherto unknown to geographers and only used by the caravans during recent years. They use it now because the best known caravan road, known as the Great Road, goes further to the North, where the Mongol tribes have asserted their independence of Chinese rule and are hostile to Chinese traders. The trade of Northern or Outer Mongolia is now a monopoly of Soviet Russia, which also dominates the country politically.

TRAVELLING by the new road, we traversed for many days the sandy deserts of the Mongol Principality of Alashan. In these regions the only permanent buildings are the temples of the Lama priesthood. There are sometimes several hundred Lamas in one of these temples, doing no work whatever and supported entirely by the gifts of the pious and superstitious Mongols. The temples are centres where the Mongols gather for their religious festivals, and at these times the Chinese traders come from great distances to hold fairs and trade with the crowds. If the temple is at a junction of caravan routes, a permanent community of traders' posts may be built up about it, growing eventually to an important trading town like Urga, Uliassutai or Kobdo—the only cities in a land of nomads.

The greatest of the sand dune areas of Alashan is at the western edge of the Principality. It took us two days to work our way through the highest of these dunes, where the sand lay in long snaky hills, many of them a hundred feet high or more. The crossing of such dunes is much dreaded by the caravan men, because the strong winds frequently wipe out in a few hours every trace of the trail.

LEAVING the dunes, we reached a curious river, the Edsin Gol, which marked roughly the half-way point of our journey. The river has its source in high, snow-capped mountains far to the South, in China. At certain seasons, when the water is being used by farmers in China to irrigate their fields, the river becomes nothing but a string of stagnant pools. At other times it is a quarter of a mile wide, with a strong current, and difficult to ford. The valley of the river is like a corridor running northward into the desert until it reaches a region of marshes and salt lakes. By this corridor the great conqueror Jenghis Khan made his first invasions of Western China, which resulted finally in the Mongol conquest of China and the establishment of a Mongol dynasty at Peking. The most famous Emperor of this dynasty was Kublai Khan, under whom Marco Polo took service as an important Imperial official, after succeeding in his great journey overland from Europe to China, in the Thirteenth Century. By the banks of the Edsin Gol there stood once the prosperous city of Etsina, which Marco Polo described. The ruins of the city, deserted for centuries, still stand in the desert as a witness of the former importance of the region in war and trade.

West of the Edsin Gol is the widest, most desolate and least known part of the great Gobi Desert. This central part of it is called the Khara or Black Gobi. The total breadth of it at this point, where it had never previously been crossed

from East to West by any explorer, is about 240 miles. In the central part there is a distance of nearly 100 miles between wells. It is called the Black Gobi because the hard, sandy clay of which the soil is composed is covered with flat, slaty pieces of black gravel, gleaming sombrely in the glaring desert sunlight, which give it an inexpressibly sinister and deathly appearance. In the ordinary way a caravan does about fifteen miles at a march, but the longest waterless stretch of the Black Gobi we covered in three stages of more than thirty miles, keeping on the march for twelve and thirteen hours at a time. Such forced marches, without water and with almost no grazing, are a severe trial to camels whose first freshness has already been taken off by six weeks or so of desert travel, and many a camel drops for the last time in the Black Gobi, watching the caravan pass by and leave him to his fate. There is hardly a furlong on these exhausting stages that is not marked by the bodies of camels.

On emerging from the desert we entered a region of scattered grazing grounds. A Russian explorer who passed along the fringe of it nearly thirty years ago is responsible for its being marked on the maps as utterly desert; but it is in fact thinly inhabited. It is known to the caravan men as the Three Don't Cares, because the territory is not claimed either by the Mongols or by the adjacent Chinese Provinces of Kansu and Chinese Turkestan. The inhabitants are all Mongol renegades and outlaws, so that the region bears a bad name.

We were already salted in knowledge of banditry. At the time, I remember, what impressed me was the way these fellows went ahead through the dangerous regions with what seemed to me, as a Westerner, too much fatalism, too unprotesting a readiness to accept whatever might befall. Looking back now, I admire their hardened lack of nerves. What could be done, we did. What arms we had, we kept ready. We closed up the order of march, especially at night, so that there should be no stragglers easy to cut off. There was really nothing else to be done. If we met a caravan that had word of troubles ahead, we went still more cannily, ready to turn off the trail at the slightest alarm. After that, destiny was no longer in our hands. If we met men in numbers great enough to master us, that would be our bad luck. If we met them in small numbers, we might get through. We could not turn away too far from the line on which wells were to be found; though more than once, when warned in time, we did turn aside to make a forced march past some place — usually near a well — where danger was reported.

There was hardly a caravan man who had not at some time fallen in with "meeters-by-the-road", as they call these raiders of the Gobi, while I had taken my first lessons earlier in the year, when camping with my wife in the border country near Kuei-hua. Then again, while dodging through one of the worst belts of the grassland country, I had had an encounter early in the dawn, among mists rising off the flanks of broken hills. My small caravan was alone at the time, and I was the only man armed. We ran

head on into a small band of mounted men, all armed with carbines, rifles and Mauser pistols.

EACH party checked its pace, and we drew slowly toward each other. Two of their men dismounted and took up careless attitudes — careless except that they unslung their carbines and kept them pointed nonchalantly toward us. Under my sheepskins I got my hand on my revolver, but that was all I could do. We began to parley at a discreet distance, both parties halting in an undecided way, our camels huddling together and their ponies reaching down to crop the spare grass. These men were not true Chinese, but Salars — bearded, reckless looking fellows, of a Turkish tribe from the western Province of Kansu. They were not out to rob, but were running a valuable cargo of opium, carried on pack-ponies. They might, in less troubled times, have been willing to "go over" us on the chance of pickings, but they were more anxious just then to get news of the road by which we had come, for they were afraid of meeting a stronger party than themselves, who might take their opium. In the end we exchanged news. They warned us of bad points in the country we were just entering, and we did as much for them. Then we sidled past each other, and the tension was over.

Here again, in the Three Don't Cares, the order of the day was to put our arms in evidence when strangers appeared. Any Mongols who approached our camps were careful to dismount at a distance and walk toward us, to show that they had no hostile intentions.

Passing warily and under arms through this territory, we camped at last within sight of the snow-mantled mountains of Central Asia — the most easterly extension of the T'ien Shan or Heavenly Mountains. Later, when we had approached the range, we tried to cross it by a pass with the uninviting name of Dead Mongol Pass — so called, some say, because of the death of a party of Mongols; but as others say, because it is always cold enough to freeze Mongols; which means something fearsome in the way of weather.

MY OWN caravan numbered only eight camels — another having died on the way — but I had been travelling in company with two large trading caravans of about a hundred and fifty camels each. At the foot of the pass we joined a group of other caravans, which had been waiting for favorable weather. When we made our attempt on the pass there were over a thousand camels in single file. On entering the pass we found it to be a long trough, almost level, filled with snow. We went ahead without much trouble, as the trail had been packed hard, until we were well into the valley, when the leading camels blundered into soft snow, which had been blown down from the mountain sides in deep drifts. Men on horses and men on foot tried to find or force a way through it, but the attempt was hopeless and in the end we had to give it up. When it came to turning back, however, we found that we were in a trap. Turning a thousand camels in single file, in a narrow valley, was no easy matter. The snow on either side of the narrow, packed trail was deep and soft, and when the camels fell into it they had to be unloaded and got out

by digging and lifting. The temperature dropped steadily; in the glimmer of starlight on snow the little that could be seen was confusing. A sharp wind rasped over the snow, terrifying the men with the thought of an approaching storm, and there was nearly a panic. My camels were near the head of the line. It was nearly dawn before we got out to the mouth of the pass and camped. When it was light again I returned to the pass with a caravan man to try to rescue two camels which had been abandoned in the snow; but though they had been covered with felts, they were so numbed by the cold that it was hopeless.

Having failed to cross the range, we had to take another way, along the side of it. This led to my being captured by a border patrol. The frontiers of the Province of Chinese Turkestan are very strictly guarded, as the Governor wishes to keep clear of the civil wars which for a number of years have devastated the interior Provinces of China. The Governor just at that time was afraid that his own Province might be invaded by Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian" General, and I was suspected of being one of the Soviet Russian officers known to be in the army of Feng.

IT WAS a dreary place and a dreary arrest. We were camped in a shallow depression in the everlasting desert; a place where the concentrated rays of the sun kept the snow thin. In every direction an imperceptible ascent to the desert brought one into sight of black, sterile hills and sinister levels of wind-scoured snow. A tattered soldier rode out from the post to look us over, and rode away. Then he came back, with the two officers of the garrison, and a patrol. One officer was a Mohammedan, and with little difficulty he was wheedled and bluffed to stand on my side as far as he dared. The other was a scamp, a typical frontier scavenger, shifty-eyed, treacherous as a cur and eaten up with the most ornate suspicions.

He wanted not only to halt me until my "case" could be referred to higher authorities, but to go over all my belongings, unpacking and pretending to list them, with the perfectly evident intention of confiscating, for his own sole benefit anything he dared to take. It was a nasty position. Too strong a bluff would lead to the wildest accusations before the provincial authorities, and too much weakness would lay me open to something unpleasantly like being plundered. It was touch and go at the first encounter, but I managed to stand off the hungry soldiers, keeping my loads unopened, and to insist that a dispatch be sent at once to the nearest high authority. Then I resigned myself to "diplomatic detention" in this hole in the Gobi. I was cut off from all communication. Everything depended on whether I could impress and puzzle my captors enough to make them afraid of sending too exaggerated accusations against me to higher quarters.

A FORTNIGHT passed, during which I was allowed to go about during the day, under guard, but was forced at night to sleep in filthy and uncomfortable quarters next to the Chinese officer commanding the post. Had I not been able to speak Chinese, I should have been in danger of worse treatment, but at length my creden-

tials were confirmed and I was allowed to proceed. At one time, when I had protested that I was not a Russian, I was accused of being a Japanese, and of having a forged passport. White men, other than a few Russians, are almost unknown in Chinese Turkestan and Japanese are quite unknown. The Japanese, however, have been heard of, because of rumors of anti-Japanese riots in the coastal provinces. I was frequently called a Japanese, simply because I said I was not a Russian, and because Americans had practically never been heard of except as a semi-fabulous people whose food was entirely made by machinery, living in a country where everything was made of gold.

After my release, I had still over two hundred miles to travel in order to reach the city of Kucheng-tze, the end of the caravan route. As all the caravans had gone by, we had to complete the journey alone with our eight camels. It was now December, and the winter had set in with unusual severity. The scanty grazing was buried under snow, and the starved and frozen camels grew steadily weaker. We struggled for over twenty days through snow that grew deeper and deeper. The camels became so weak that several of them had to be lifted to their feet at the beginning of each march. We ourselves were often almost without fuel, and running short of provisions. We lived largely on the meat of antelopes which I shot. To make matters worse, the owner of my camels, an ex-bandit and a bad character generally, blamed the delay and his bad luck on me. He became at times half insane and threatened to murder me, so that my Chinese servant and I had to keep a constant watch.

Over this last stretch we found an appalling number of camels abandoned in the snow, having become too numb with the cold to follow the caravans. The caravan men will never kill a camel that they are forced to abandon. They are afraid that its angry soul would follow the caravan and do harm to the other camels. Camels have such an astounding vitality that even when weakened by starvation and left unsheltered in such bitter weather they may live for a number of days. We passed many which were so thickly plated with frozen snow blown against them by the fierce winds that they could not even turn their heads; they lay there in a torpor, gazing after us with terror in their dimming eyes.

At length, after struggling against constant high winds and increasing cold, we came in sight of the range at the foot of which stands Ku Cheng-tze, the first great city of Chinese Turkestan, the capital of the ancient caravan trade, and the gateway by which at last I attained to the most remote Province of China, in the very centre of the continent of Asia. On the second of January, 1927, filthy, weary, swaddled in sheepskins, stumping along in felt boots, indistinguishable from any camel-pulling caravan man except for my bristling beard, but triumphant in having carried the journey through, I led my camel under one of the towered gates of the city, on the hundred and thirty-seventh day after leaving Kuei-hua, sixteen hundred miles to the East, at the beginning of the unknown road.

Italy and the Peace of Europe

By Count Carlo Sforza

Does War lurk behind Mussolini's chronic Imperialism? His predecessor in charge of Foreign Affairs draws a striking parallel between Italy's future and Japan's

I

I was Minister for Foreign Affairs in the post-war period, when Mr. Lloyd George had not yet dismissed his hope to create an artificial Greek Empire in the East. I strongly opposed the Lloyd Georgian projects. I thought — and I openly declared — that an Hellenic invasion of Turkey would be a grave mistake, and that if it were desirable to redouble the life of Turkish nationalism and militarism, that would certainly be the best way to ensure it.

During the Spa Conference, Mr. Venizelos, then, as now, Hellenic Premier, presented himself there and sought to have his way before the Supreme Council of the Allies. The Council was composed of Mr. Lloyd George for England, M. Millerand for France, and myself for Italy. Mr. Venizelos set forth his reasons: he was sure of success. Mr. Lloyd George looked happy for his fresh discovery of — he believed — the heroes of old Greece. I was the only one who replied, opposing Mr. Venizelos's arguments by showing the danger that Greece would run. I finished my reply with these very words: "My only regret is, that the attitude of Italy should be attributed to want of sympathy or even distrust towards Greece. I feel myself, on the contrary, inspired by sentiments of deep concern for her true interests. Italy is strong enough to wish rich neighbors. We want prosperous and peaceful neighbors, for ideal reasons, but also for practical reasons. The Greeks, in gaining too much, risk losing everything. One may die of hunger; but also of indigestion. I am quite sure," I added, as Mr. Lloyd George looked much displeased, "that in this hall there is at least one person who feels the deep sincerity of my words, and that person is Mr. Venizelos."

When I had finished speaking, I felt that rare pleasure that one never experiences from the applause of crowds and parliaments: I looked at Mr. Venizelos, and saw from the expression of his open and intelligent face — the only one Greek face with blue eyes — that he had appreciated the deep sincerity of my words, and that, if for only a moment, the impression had come upon him that

some day they might prove true. But the die was cast, and everybody knows in what tragic fashion it ended for Greece.

What I said for Greece a few years ago, I deeply feel for the policy of my own country in the Balkans and, more generally speaking, in South-eastern Europe: no matter if Greece is a small country and Italy a Great Power. The problems of foreign policy are moral problems much more frequently than cheap Machiavellians are likely to believe; and moral problems are irrespective of size.

If Italy is sure — as she has always been — of her future, she has a paramount interest to work for peaceful and reliable friendships in the Balkans, helping to democratic developments from Yugoslavia to Rumania, without importations of more or less fashionable and more or less troublesome royal crowns. It is only through a policy of peace that the Balkans may become, intellectually and industrially, the best and nearest Italian market.

Mazzini, our great democratic apostle, foresaw in the 'forties, during his exile life, our political programme in the Balkans in pages that might still be our gospel: "The peoples of the Balkans will rise some day; they will constitute independent nations. We must promote union, progress and peace among them; we must, in a word, do just the contrary of what short-sighted and selfish Austria always tries to do."

II

The imperial Austria to which Mazzini was alluding has disappeared. Half a million Italians died in the trenches for that. Is it possible to make people suspect that the old Austrian policy of *Divide et impera* is not dead?

Lord Salisbury — the last of a great line of Conservative British statesmen — used to say that the chief responsibility for all the silly things said or thought about the gravity of the Anglo-Russian relations lay with the geographical atlas, which gave the impression to the casual observer that the Russian Bear was waiting round the corner, scarcely concealed behind the Himalayas, for the chance to jump and hurl himself upon India.

It would not surprise me if a like simplicity of concentration had helped to create the nostalgia for a lost Austria-Hungary which it has been sometimes the fashion to cherish in Western Europe. Men of mature age had, many of them, grown used to seeing on the map a vast, unicolored blot, joining itself to those others which symbolised Russia, Germany and Italy. To the south lay lesser barred stains of color, Serbia, Rumania, Albania and others, and from them used to come rumors of wars and uprisings. Small wonder if, watching the barred stains spread northward, amid the complications of a post-war period, a sharpened regret was felt at the disappearance of solidity which had formerly been presented by the Hapsburg monarchy.

In France, where, especially in the aristocratic salons, the nostalgia for old Austria and the mistrust for the Balkan States was stronger, I have often talked about the Austria of yesterday and the Balkans of today with some French statesmen who, out of regret for the Hapsburg monarchy, nourished a secret dislike for the new political formations. One of them was

Paul Deschanel, whom I saw a great deal after his resignation as President of the Republic, while I was Ambassador in Paris.

Leaving aside — I used to say — the rights of nationality, the feeling of Italy, the consequent alienation of Italian, Serb and Rumanian sympathies, apart from all this, you would have based your chief support on artificial and unsound constructions. Think of one who, for all his lack of equilibrium, was no common mind, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, assassinated at Sarajevo; what was the aim of his "Trialism"? The only way to save Austria, but also the surrender of Austria as a Germanic power, and her becoming a State where the Slav elements, your despised Balkan peoples, were raised to the same authority as the Austrians and the Hungarians.

Now, the campaign against the Balkan States is waged in England by Lord Rothermere and his *Daily Mail*. He has discovered that Hungary has been wronged by the Peace Treaties. Certainly, the Oriental Treaties, like the Versailles Treaty, are by no means perfect. But the great difference between former Austria-Hungary and the new Balkan States is rarely pointed out by the most bitter critics of the present situation: it is hidden behind political reasons and pathetic complaints about frontiers. It is in this reason, in this deeper truth, that a far-sighted Italy ought to look for a definition of her policy.

In Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, the peasants have more and more become the masters of the land, replacing the former supremacy of the old aristocrats. Bulgaria always was a country of small landowners. The only Balkan exception remains Albania, where the Begs still represent what the feudal nobles were in the Middle Ages. But, apart from Albania, it is only Hungary that in Eastern Europe constitutes an oasis of proud "*latifundia*" surrounded — and menaced — by an ocean of small properties, all belonging to peasants, or semi-peasants, or little bourgeoisie with no tradition or prejudice of caste. These small landowners, be they Yugoslavs, or Czechs, or Rumanians, may have many faults — and, indeed, some of their Governments have. But they are the reality of tomorrow; they are, much more than they think themselves, the greatest growing reason for peace in the European East.

The Hungarian aristocrats know that their landless peasants look with envy and admiration to their Slav neighbors. This is why — perhaps sincerely, unconsciously; the recesses of the human soul are so deep, and the art of self-deception so innate in human nature! — the Magyar oligarchy agitates the flag of archi-patriotism and reconquest. They hope, by that, to have the peasants forget that they have no land.

Meanwhile,— fatal retribution,— it is in autocratic Hungary that seeds of Bolshevism may be detected: while in Czechoslovakia and in the Balkan States it is a practically unknown plant. (Stambulinski, the murdered Bulgarian Premier, was simply an Agrarian: his fault was his will to create a permanent peace with Yugoslavia; when he was attacked as a Bolshevist, it was only to find a bad name to have him hanged.)

Feudal Austria-Hungary, with her fifty million subjects with nine

different languages, knew that her safety lay in the constant jealousies of the races struggling in her non-"melting pot": Croats against Magyars, Magyars against Austrians, Slovenes against Italians, and so on. It was not enough: Austrian diplomacy was always at work for mischief between, let us say, Bulgaria and Serbia, or Rumania and Bulgaria. Balkan nations at peace with each other might have meant progress for them and diminution of power for Vienna. An artificial source of hates has therefore disappeared with the disappearance of the Hapsburg monarchy, which was indeed nothing else than a sterile oligarchy of courtiers and bureaucrats, with no spiritual message for the world.

ITALY, with her five hundred thousand dead in the battlefields of the Alps and of the Carso, has been the main author of Austria's collapse. No great power is now any more watching from the upper valleys of the Danube to create artificial hates, to keep alive the divisions of Eastern Europe, in order to further its influence, its sterile prestige — to use this most hateful of all the words belonging to the arsenal of old diplomacy.

Italy may have, must have, a great future in the Balkans; but the foreigners who, admitting that Italy has the right to expand, think, in some vague, sympathetic way, that she may usefully take as her mission the *Drang nach Osten* of old Austria, do her wrong.

Italy cannot have vanquished Austria-Hungary only to copy the sterile Hapsburg traditions, sterile because based on petty visions of diplomatic jealousies.

III

HISTORIC and geographic parallels smell always of a certain mental artificiality. There are never two political situations quite alike. But I could not help, last year, when staying for the third time of my life in the Far East, perceiving certain analogies between the fate of my country and Japan's. A French publisher had asked for a book on the Chinese situation. I was one of the few men left not having written a book about China. So I went, wrote, and now am like everybody else. It is when going from Japan to Manchuria that one cannot help feeling the analogies I alluded to. In both countries, Italy and Japan, marvellous beauty of nature, allied to a comparative sterility of the land, with the exception of some fortunate plains; in both a tremendous constant increase of the population; in both a fatal necessity of expansion, taking, according to the periods, the most different forms.

Everything seemed to dictate to the Japanese their effort of penetrating Manchuria: the privileged position created there for them by the treaty of Portsmouth in 1905; the impossibility of finding outlets for their emigrants in the United States and in Australia; the lack of enthusiasm among Japanese masses for settling in tropical zones like the French Indochina and even their own Formosa; the proximity of Manchuria's fertile plains; the patriotic conception — appealing to a race with a strong sense of the dramatic — of seizing the hilt, Manchuria, of that geographic sword, Korea, which menaces the very heart of Japan.

The conquest and assimilation of Manchuria became for years the

order of the day throughout the nation. But fact was, in the long run, stronger than enthusiasm. And the fact was simply this: that the more the Japanese increased their political hold, the more they were losing in trade and importations.

IT WAS only yesterday — the Seventeenth Century; is it not yesterday in Chinese history? — that Manchuria was a savage land set outside the boundaries of the Middle Kingdom. In 1644, the Chings — sovereign Lords of Manchuria — violated the futile barrier of the Great Wall and marched upon Peking: whence, installed on the throne of the Mings, they made themselves masters of all China. But China always takes back what seemed lost for her: today, Manchuria is occupied by more than twenty-two million Chinese. In 1905, on the morrow of the Treaty of Portsmouth, they were about two millions. The best lands go all into the hands of the Chinese. The Japanese sell, and go back to their islands.

After two decades of military violence, of diplomatic intrigue, the Japanese have learned at last, in Manchuria, that war does not pay. With the rapidity of change, so essential to their nature, they have now found another aim to their Manchurian policy: that of maintaining sufficient authority to ensure order, and with it, prosperity; provoking new needs to be satisfied, and, above all, respecting Chinese sovereignty. At the present day, Manchuria is the most prosperous province of China.

Will this experience move the Japanese Government to adopt an analogous policy for the whole of China? There is one of the gravest problems in the Far East, and, perhaps, in the whole world.

The recent bloody events in Shantung are no reason for despair. In Japan, — as in too many countries of the after-war period, — the contrast is deep between the new tendency of the nation which has instinctively learned the lessons of the war, and the particularist interests of castes still in power. The Shantung expedition is so manifestly contrary to the permanent interests of the Japanese national and economical life that it may be considered as a vain and transient attempt of the castes in power, to try again on Nippon the intoxicating wine of militaristic adventures.

I dare to affirm that the intoxication will not be serious, and that the forces of reality will soon win.

IF JAPAN finds again the strength and the courage to be accused of feebleness by the braggarts of militaristic and nationalistic "patriotism", — as it happened when last year Tokio resisted the British Cabinet's suggestion of a punitive expedition to China, after the Nanking outrages, — a great era may some day be unfolding before her sons, not only in Manchuria, but in the whole of China.

But this Japan will be a new Japan, with no more the old gnashing mask that Kaiser William II reproduced in a picture which he called *The Yellow Peril*, and which he sent to all his crowned colleagues.

The same will happen for Italy in Eastern Europe, if only Italy remains faithful to the democratic doctrine of Mazzini. No militaristic mask can help Italy in the task of conquering in the Balkans the situation to which history and nature entitle her.

The Real Gene Tunney

Seen by the Captain of the *Mauretania*

S. G. S. McNeil

A figment of publicity? A mysterious personality? A poseur? —At sea, freed from press pursuit, Tunney showed briefly his natural self, here revealed by the veteran Cunard skipper with whom he sailed for Europe

In the twenty-one years since she established the record for the transatlantic passage, the *Mauretania* has carried celebrities literally "too numerous to mention". Some of the most famous names of our time have appeared upon her passenger lists. At each end of her voyage, her decks have been repeatedly stormed by newspaper men *en masse*, clamoring for interviews with notables of world-wide fame.

But never has any celebrity aboard the *Mauretania* been more assailed by attentions from the throng on the dock, more besieged by reporters, more badgered by photographers, more hounded by every agency of "pitiless publicity," than a certain modest young man with an engaging smile who sailed with us to England a few weeks ago.

Against the vociferous opinion of all the rest of the world, Gene Tunney boarded the *Mauretania* tenaciously holding to the theory that he was now a private individual whose affairs should no longer concern the public.

Two things impressed me from the outset about this most extraordinary figure in the annals of sport. The first was that popular curiosity about Gene Tunney's true self has been in inverse proportion to his popularity as a heavyweight champion. The very journals that were inclined to carp at him while he wore the crown showed a furor of interest in his smallest acts once he had renounced that crown.

The second impressive fact about Gene Tunney was that his desire for the seclusion of private life springs from an innate nobility of character that makes him as lovable a young man as I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

It is probable that the privacy now desired by the retired champion has never been so completely his, since first he entered the ring, as it was during the few brief days he spent on the *Mauretania*. Behind him was a career that had forced him to keep himself constantly in the public eye, surrounded by an atmosphere of the

pugilistic camps. And ahead of him, though he did not realize it then, was a time when he was to be thrown into the den of London's literary lions, and mobbed by the populace in England and on the Continent as only Lindbergh before him had been mobbed.

But for the short time while he was at sea and out of range of the newspapers, Tunney could be simply and genuinely himself, among people who understood and respected him for his native fineness. As soon as he realized that the attitude of his fellow passengers was courteously casual, he cast off his restraint. Consequently, those of us who associated with him during the trip had a remarkable opportunity of knowing the real Gene Tunney. Our impressions were summed up as follows by a passenger who himself bears a name not unknown:

"Gene Tunney is my ideal of the boy whom I would like to claim for my own son."

IF, IN a few words, I can do my bit to put Tunney before the American people in his true light, I am anxious to do so, because I believe he is neither understood nor appreciated by the majority. In fact, he is more of a mystery in the land of his victories than he is on the other side of the Atlantic. In Europe he has been frankly taken at his face value. In America the opinion is widespread that, whatever Gene Tunney is, he cannot possibly be what he seems to be. Some people talk about him as if he were a figment of press agentry, painfully affecting literary interests in order to live up to the Tunney "tradition". The rank and file of fight fans, on the other hand, howled for Dempsey because they considered Tunney too much of a highbrow, lacking the real fighting punch.

I am at a loss to understand this American attitude, because Tunney — once he is free from the false position in which publicity has put him — proves to be the living model of America's own finest ideals of manliness. Gentle, generous, modest, wholesome, courageous, determined, preëminently successful, his kindliness tempered by the cold, scientific precision that carried him to the top against the mere brawn of the "born fighter" type — what more can be said of the perfect man? Except these further things which must also be said of Gene Tunney, that he has a keen sense of humor and alert intelligence in a fine physical frame, with never a touch of insincerity in his makeup.

FROM the moment he came aboard, he showed neither the haughtiness that makes a pretense of isolation, nor the timidity that fears questioning. He might have shut himself up in his stateroom, as many a celebrity does. Instead he settled down on the sun deck and endured with all the cordiality he could the quizzing administered by reporters whose personal inquiries irked him. Four news photographers secretly stowed themselves away somewhere on board, as we left our pier, in the hope of extracting a few final tabloid sensations out of Tunney. When we discovered them they were buzzing around the retired champion like flies, and he was enduring it all with gentlemanly poise. I sent the four photographers ashore with the pilot, after giving them a dressing down that I hope they will long remember, for their act was an infraction of regulations that might have meant heavy

penalties for us. I told them I hoped they would be held on the pilot boat for three days, on bread and water, and charged $75 a day for their board.

But even that didn't rid us of the tabloids' attentions. Before we were long at sea we were bombarded by radio messages, asking for details of Tunney's life on board.

I discussed the first message with Tunney himself. I argued that, after all, he had achieved his fortune through the immense popular interest in the world's heavyweight championship and that, despite his retirement, he might make concessions to the public, respond to reasonable interest in him as a public figure, and give the clamor six months or so to die down. He felt, in reply, that he had already given value received, and ought to be allowed to fade out of the picture at once. Still, he consented to send the papers one radio message about his enjoyment of the trip and his future plans.

Did that satisfy the press? Not at all. Messages continued to come to me and to the chief radio operator that were outrageous in their obvious purport — the effort to stir up some sort of a petty scandal. We ignored these calls, of course, but what puzzled me was the intention that clearly lay between the lines of some of the newspaper queries. They seemed eager to find some way of pulling Tunney down from his pedestal — to make him a fallen idol for the mob to gloat over.

No wonder Tunney seeks privacy; no wonder he was retiring for the first few days. When I met him one evening on deck, and asked him to come inside and dance, he sought to put me off. At last he consented to watch the dance, but he would not take part in it. Later, however, his restraint wore off, and he could be seen on deck at any time, talking naturally and casually with all comers, or reading — not popular novels but books of serious value.

One day, when he complained that he was putting on weight, I taught him deck tennis. The next afternoon three youngsters asked him to make a fourth with them at deck tennis and he joined in their game with a pleasure that was as obvious as was their pride in playing with him. But later I had a still more interesting glimpse of Tunney under that final test of a great man — his genuine affection for children.

One evening I had a small gathering in my cabin, including a pianist of international fame. She asked me for my autograph.

"Why ask for mine, when there is a real celebrity coming?" I said.

She looked at me in hopeful awe.

"Not — not Tunney?" she exclaimed.

When Tunney arrived and they had been introduced, she showed him hesitantly a letter from her small son. In awkward, misspelled words, the boy had written something to this effect:

> I think you are going to sale on the same boat with Mr. Jene Tunny. I hope you have a chance to talk with him. Of course I'm a Britisher and Heeny was Australian, but I'm glad Mr. Tunny won, because hes my ideel of a great man.

Tunney read the letter with a smile of pleasure that was touching; and he volunteered to autograph a newspaper picture of himself that the boy had enclosed. Then — and this was the

simple, spontaneous gesture that won all our hearts — he asked, almost shyly,

"May I have your little boy's letter — to keep?"

When the proud mother acquiesced, Tunney carefully tucked the letter in a billfold from his pocket. It obviously was not an affectation, but a charmingly sincere act. I think that little lad's letter meant more to him than would the homage of all the fight fans in the world. When his proposed walking trip through France was mentioned, he said:

"I have been there before, you know, during the war."

He might have let it go at that. But his modesty led him to add:

"I never served at the front, though. Apparently they didn't think I'd make a good enough fighter, and they kept me back of the lines."

IT SEEMS strange that Tunney has been criticized for not being the born fighter in the ring which he would undeniably have been had he been sent to the front. His very lack of boastful, bloodthirsty qualities is certainly an added reason for praising his scientific triumph in an activity that was normally distasteful to him. And, oddly enough, the very sporting experts who will talk loudest about boxing as "the science of the gloves" were among the first to write ironically of the chap who alone has proved it to be sheer science.

But beyond all other qualities, I was most interested in Gene Tunney's complete poise. In small social gatherings, in the dining saloon, at our boxing matches (which he refused to referee, so completely did he insist upon his severance from the ring), in any company of any mixture, his composure was so democratic yet graceful that he put everybody else instantly at ease. When he was offered a drink, as repeatedly happened, he did not refuse, or make remarks about his own teetotal standards that might have embarrassed others. He cordially accepted a glass, touched it to his lips for a mere whiff, then unobtrusively put it aside. Gene Tunney's poise is such that if he were formally introduced to the King of England, any embarrassment would be on the other side. His native grace is his greatest charm. He is one of nature's gentlemen.

AMID the recurrent slanders on modern youth, I think of three names that refute the charges so long bandied about. Certainly there is nothing wrong with a generation that has produced Charles Lindbergh, Helen Wills and Gene Tunney. They stand out as admirable specimens of young America, and as models for it. After playing deck tennis with Helen Wills, recently, — and may I remark, in passing, that her famous poker face vanishes completely when she is being beaten? — I said to her:

"I'm British, of course, but I hope you continue to wear the championship crown until a greater interest enters your life. There could be no head upon which laurels would rest more fittingly."

The same might have been said of Tunney. He is far too big a man to be merely heavyweight champion of the world, but he has done inestimable service in raising the standards of sport generally, and there is no head more worthy of laurels or more likely to wear them in any field of human endeavor he may enter.

The Deacon Flies

By Burges Johnson

Taking a literal bird's-eye view of Europe, the Yankee sage philosophizes upon the likenesses and vagaries of various peoples

The Deacon has flown. I do not mean fled; I mean that he flew. He and his wife, and his chin-whisker, and his clipt nasal speech, and his ineffaceable Yankeeness, got into a plane at Barcelona and flew to Marseilles and Geneva. Naturally he liked it. Any man who can patch the machinery of a Ford car with fragments of a retired hayrake is not going to shy away from any mechanical contrivance, whatever his years or its purpose.

His wife was evidently a bit fluttery, but she followed him with the same gentle determination that led her first to taste snails in his company. It was our privilege to fly with them.

Most of the hours in the air he spent leaning far out of his window, looking down. When he did draw in his head to shout some comment to us above the noise of the propeller, his naturally rosy cheeks were rosier with wind and excitement, his blue eyes sparkled in their setting of deep wrinkles, and his tousled hair and whisker made a fluffy gray halo around his face.

We watched the massed buildings of Barcelona give place to detached factories and scattered villas, and the tangle of masts and the smoke of the harbor merge into a broad white beach edging the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. Then we turned inland over endless cork forests and the crags and cañons of the Pyrenees, and looked down into the ruins of old towers built by Roman or Phœnecian or Arab or Celt. Then over the sea again, past the jutting rocky promontory that guards France. Then dunes and sand-bars and deserts of sand, and bays and rivers and cities and bathing resorts and fishing boats and the salty flats around Marseilles, where we alighted for an hour of *terra firma* and omelet and bread-and-butter and French beer. Then up again over more marshes and rivers and little and big towns, and then hills, and higher hills, and mountains after mountains, with chasms growing deeper, and peaks higher and bleaker, until suddenly a white cloud in the sky ahead became the snowy crest of Mt. Blanc.

"Another of my fixed beliefs about Europe is busted," shouted the Deacon at me. "I've always heard that every square foot of France was cultivated. But I've seen enough unpro-

ductive, uninhabited land just in this one trip to hold a million more folks. When they get really overcrowded they can drain their swamps.

"They've got all the geography we've got," he added after a moment, "only it's done up in a smaller package. Mountains as high as ours, rivers as useful, marshes an' desert as useless, an' all the rest of it. If only they had decent coffee an' pipe tobacco, they'd have a great country."

OVER our lunch table at Marseilles he chatted more comfortably. "I'd like for every American to get abroad at least once in his life. But then, if all of 'em came over, they wouldn't meet much of anybody but other Americans, an' the trip wouldn't do 'em any good. We're as provincial as any folks in the world. Take that lady in the hotel at Barcelona. What she remembered best about Carcassonne was the fact that she met some nice Chicago people at the hotel; an' Paris to her was nothin' but a succession of folks that knew folks that she knew back home. She never really got abroad at all."

"What have you gotten out of it, Deacon?"

The old man munched away thoughtfully. "Waal, it's disproved a lot of generalizations. I guess the whole process of education is first learnin' facts enough to generalize with, an' then gettin' so far underneath the facts that you find the generalizations ain't so.

"Take this part of the world," said the Deacon, gesticulating gently with his bread. "I knew it was picturesque an' its people artistic; yet they build new factory towns as ugly as any in America, an' stick up billboards all over the place. I thought America was speed-crazy; but I've changed my mind after tryin' to cross the streets in some of these cities. I thought we were 'way ahead of 'em in transportation, but travelin' by airplane here has been commonplace for years. I had a notion that Frenchmen were in general polite an' Americans rude. But since I've seen French men jostlin' women off the sidewalk or fightin' 'em for subway seats I have to do some more guessin'. I've believed that the tippin' system was un-American. But I've been insulted in a Boston barber shop because I didn't give one, an' I've had so many Barcelona taxi drivers refuse a tip I know for certain they don't take 'em.

"What have I got out of it? A kind of a new idea, for me, that one modern civilized people averages about as nice as another. A Frenchman can be as speedy or as impolite as any American, if he wants to be, an' a lot of 'em do. An' neither nation has any monopoly on quiet homes an' comfortable home life. I've got a hunch," added the Deacon, "that when we Americans stop generalizin' about Europeans, an' learn that they're just folks, like us, we'll join the League.

"WHAT puzzles me most about Europe just at this moment of talkin'," said the Deacon over his pipe, "is how its peoples have managed to stay separate an' distinct fer so long. Take a colony of Italians an' put 'em in California in a settlement of their own, 'an in two generations they've merged with their neighbors, an' you can't find 'em. France an' Spain an' Portugal all put together ain't much bigger than Texas, I figger; yet different groups of people

in that little territory have been talkin' French an' Portuguese an' Spanish an' Catalan an' Basque fer centuries, an' stickin' to their own separate habits of eatin' an' dressin', an' never even learnin' how to talk to each other. I could understand it better if the whole place was bigger."

"How about our Spanish-Americans?" I argued. "They tell me Federal judges in New Mexico still have to hold court in Spanish."

"So I've heard," said the Deacon; "but when you figger that one county there is as big as Portugal, with the inhabitants passively resistin' English influence, an' that it's only about seventy-five years since the mergin' began, you'll find a surprisin' lot of change has come in that short time. In another fifty years they'll be merged, more's the pity, an' they'll all chew gum at movin' picture shows, an' throw pop bottles at baseball umpires. But Portugal is almost surrounded by Spain, the two of 'em bein' about as big as Ohio, an' they can't understand each other's talk after a thousand years.

"I'M GLAD you persuaded us to look into Spain," said the Deacon, as we were getting ready to enter our plane again for the second leg of the journey. "I'm glad if only because it proved one of my fellow-Americans wrong. I like to think America as a whole is always right, but at the same time I know she's full of wrong-headed individuals that I'd disagree with in an argument. I met this one at a hotel an' he said there was nothin' to see in Northern Spain, an' we'd ruin our digestions. Waal, there was lots to see, an' France hadn't left us any digestion to ruin. I'd rather have seen the cathedrals in Barcelona an' Gerona than any two others, an' even if I can't manage three meat courses at every meal in hot weather, along with soup an' salad an' hordooves an' cheese an' cream-puffs an' bananas, I'm interested to see a whole nation of folks that can."

I agreed with the Deacon. Perhaps that hotel acquaintance of his will read these pages. If so, I must tell him that we saw but a corner of Northern Spain most easy of access. But in that corner we saw ancient Greek and Roman ruins, present day streets so narrow that two donkeys could not walk abreast, an ancient cathedral dome with the widest span in the world, folk-dancing in the streets to hauntingly sweet music, Monsalvat of the Holy Grail, bullfight and pelota, brown sailed feluccas on the blue Mediterranean, and, not least, we lived in a hotel built around a Fifteenth Century church, where one saw no other Americans or Britons, where one could fish in the sea from his bedroom window, and eat broiled lobster every day after selecting it alive from a cache among the rocks.

WE LEFT the Deacon in Geneva, after one excursion together up the cog-railway to the Mer de Glace on Mont Blanc. "Climbin' the Swiss Alps in a choo-choo car is like bein' wafted to the skies on flowery beds of ease," he remarked, "an' I certainly never thought I'd see any sense in that hymn." His interest in the home of the League of Nations was intense. "I can't see any sense in Uncle Sam's stayin' out," he said to me. "But it's been a trick of politicians everywhere, since politics began, to dodge the really big domestic questions an'

get all het up over furrin relations. Nine Senators out of ten don't want to tell us where they stand on the liquor question, an' when you ask 'em if the farmers need Government aid, they say 'Waal, yes an' no'; but they can froth at the mouth on the subject of the League without losin' a vote, an' mebbe gainin' some. They've got the public mind so cluttered up with junk in the way of argyment, that a lot of folks now really believe joinin' the League would jeopardize the Constitution, an' the Monroe Doctrine, an' Washington's Farewell Address, an' mebbe bust the Ten Commandments.

"The trouble is that if we joined the League we wouldn't give it any more thought, afterward, than we give now to the Hague Court or to an exhibition at the Barcelona World's Fair. We'd take it for granted. An' then some poor Congressman might have to tell us just where he stood on domestic questions."

"But you must admit that it is our traditional policy to avoid foreign entanglement?"

"You bet!" agreed the Deacon; "same as it's a traditional policy with ship-owners to avoid hurricanes, submerged rocks, waterspouts, an' pirates. The only sure way is not to go to sea. But if they do go, I notice the successful ones adopt all the latest safety devices.

"I learned to recite Washington's Farewell Address when I was a boy," added the Deacon reflectively, "an' I set great store by its advice to avoid furrin entanglement. An' since I learnt it, we've been entangled with Spain an' Mexico an' England an' Venezuela an' China an' Japan an' Colombia an' Peru an' Bolivia an' Nicaragua an' Cuba an' Turkey an' Liberia an' Russia an' Haiti an' San Domingo, not to mention allyin' ourselves with half of Europe in a European war. It's kind of late to argue against goin' into the League on account of its bein' an entanglement.

"I tell ye," concluded the Deacon, "if Washington had known that future Congressmen were goin' to learn some of his Address by heart an' then use it as a substitute for thought, he never would have made it."

"But aren't a majority of our people evidently against joining the League?"

"No, Sirree! They're against joinin' what a few Senators say the League is. When they get more direct information they'll change their minds;" and with final emphasis he tapped the bowl of his pipe against a statue of John Knox.

December

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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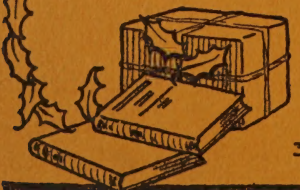

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From etching by Luigi Casimir

The financial heart of America: Broad Street, New York, looking toward the pillared façade of the Stock Exchange.
See "What's Happening in Wall Street," Page 673.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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A Prophetess at Large

BY C. H. BRETHERTON

I SEE that Mrs. Aimée Semple McPherson, founder, prophetess, and business manager of The Four Square Gospel and Lighthouses, Incorporated, has set about converting England. Mrs. McPherson told a correspondent of *The Evening News* that she did not think it would be so very difficult. Has she not already converted Los Angeles?

I am interested, because I lived for several years in Los Angeles when the City of the Angels was not so big or so angelic — or evangelic — as it is now. Nobody attempted to convert us in those days. Probably we did not need it. You see, Prohibition had not come in then. A modest horn of the old familiar juice was not a thing you had to be saved from, either by a prophetess or a stomach pump.

There were, as I recollect, a few prophetesses knocking about, — one of them kept the best girls' school in the State, — but they were a retiring lot. They did not go after you with hell fire in one hand and the collecting box in the other and convert you whether you liked it or not. Of course the earnest seeker after conversion could find it. There were Holy Rollers and Doukhobors and other sects of whiskery primitives, who plucked brands from the burning, but they did not, as you might say, carry the war into the enemy's country. Certainly there were no million dollar temples and no monthly offerings of a modest seven thousand dollars or so for the prophetesses to keep body and soul together on. I rather think that five hundred smackers (I understand that is what the Federal Reserve Banks call them; in my day they were known as bucks, plunks, seeds, bones, simoleons or iron men would have bought up the whole supply of salvation in Los Angeles. As for San Francisco, where the stuff was really needed, I doubt if you could have collected ten dollars' worth in a week.

IT IS some years since I was in Los Angeles, but friends write to me from there and sometimes send me the

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Sunday edition of the local papers. I cannot gather from these that Los Angeles requires saving from much except Prohibition and the new city hall. Minor threats to its sanity do indeed seem to exist, but from these it is well able, I imagine, to save itself; just as in my day it saved itself from the Southern Pacific Railroad and spitting tobacco juice on the sidewalk.

But what of this benighted isle of ours, the helpless prey, if the reporter understood Mrs. McPherson aright, of cocktails and petting parties, whatever they may be? We too, it seems, require to be saved from the soul-searing enticements of threepence a hundred bridge and the insidious poison of what I believe is known in the more sophisticated West as heavy-necking.

Well, I am all for virtue; but the prophetess's job here has turned out to be tougher than she imagines. The trouble is that over here we are either too godly or too godless to need salvation, mostly the former. We have no Underworld, not since the dole. As for the Middle Classes, they either do not want to sin or cannot afford to, mostly the latter. There are the Wanton Rich, of course, but there are not many of them and those of them that there are are too intelligent to abandon the evil they know for the purely suppositious pleasures that prance in salvation's sterile wake.

But there is a more fundamental reason why Mrs. McPherson has been unable to do any particular good over here. She does not know it, yet it is illuminatingly revealed in the first words wrung from her by the assiduous news gatherer. "The English," she said, "if you can get at their hearts, are the most emotional people in the world." Now I admit that the English are a deal more sentimental than they let on to be. Whether they are emotional, which is not at all the same thing, I am not so sure. But this I do know, that nothing on earth will get them to be emotional about their souls. Since the Reformation, and perhaps since long before that, the English have learned to treat religion as a rational and not as an emotional exercise. An emotionless austerity goes to the very essence of practically every English sect and creed. There is, I agree, the Salvation Army, but the Salvation Army secures its recruits by practical philanthropy and practical humanity. Its corybantic Christianity is but the sign in which it conquers — and it conquers only the Down-and-Out.

For the rest we are most of us, as Dr. Mahaffy once expressed it, either σώθεις or σωζόμενος; either we have secured a lead pipe cinch on salvation by joining the right sect, or we are in a temporary state of rectitude from which indifference or lack of what I may call the sinews of sin prevent us departing.

In any case we are, in so far as religion is concerned, as unemotional as terrapins. But other difficulties, as Mrs. McPherson soon discovered, lurk in her four square wake. In America the mass production of emotion has reached a fine art. In Britain it is hardly understood. You have only got to see our proletariat, on whom alone it is practised, listening to a Communist orator in Trafalgar Square to realize that. We are the most individualistic race in the world, and view with intense suspicion any in-

vitation to get together, whether for the coöperative sale of turnips or to burn down the Houses of Parliament. There are several reasons why the English proletariat has not listened to Mrs. McPherson. Her fur coat and seven thousand dollar monthly "offerings" are one. Her American accent is another. That her husband, prior to divorce, was a milk roundsman, might have helped her, had she mentioned it. But the real obstacle is that our proletariat is still too primitive to take its talkings-to from a woman. Among our toiling masses woman's place, when she is not engaged in rushing the growler, is still the home.

As for the educated classes, Mrs. McPherson could not make any headway with them, for the simple reason that she is not in their class. Perhaps I should say that she is not, in the matter of education and intellect, in the class of those from whom we are in the habit of receiving religious instruction and education. It must be remembered that in the smallest, remotest and least promising parish in England, be it in the slums of London or the waste places of Cornwall, the parson is a gentleman and scholar, who has taken his classical degree, generally with honors, at Oxford or Cambridge. These men are not spellbinders. Their Sundays are more likely to be Coué than Billy. Their sermons are genteel soporifics. But that is what the English, to whom Sunday morning church is a rite, like Sunday roast beef, want.

There remain the small bourgeoisie, the Lower Middle Classes, as we call them. Some of these in their tin chapels treat religion as an emotional exercise. To that extent they are laid open to Mrs. McPherson's assaults. Her difficulty here is that she has been competing at a disadvantage with other exponents of her own game. She has been like a man who tries to sell New York real estate in Los Angeles. For our tin chapel spellbinders, in their own English way, deal in hell fire and the personal devil and hallelujahs and all the other apparatus on which Mrs. McPherson's own technique is founded.

All the same I concede that she might have scored a success or two in the tin chapels, especially in the South Wales area. But would she be content with that? It would be small pickings, as brands from the burning go, for one who, according to her own statement, has half Los Angeles queued up outside her million dollar auditorium waiting for a chance to crowd in and repent.

And that brings me back to the point that first caught my attention. I want to know what it is that Greater Los Angeles is so eager to repent of. When I was an Angeleno our virtues and vices were alike of a mild, provincial order. There may have been a certain elaboration in our method of getting the incoming stranger to put his name on the dotted line, but we neither robbed banks nor lived publicly in sin.

Mrs. McPherson told the *Evening News* reporter that she was sure we English were "sick of card parties and cocktails." She is of course unaware that owing to the high cost of hooch an English cocktail would not make the hair stand up on a white mouse, and that our card parties are conducted entirely by middle-aged ladies of impeccable morals in the country,

and retired colonels in Bloomsbury boarding houses. But is Los Angeles sick of cocktails and card parties? I will admit that even in my day we might in an odd while get sick of cocktails, though not where anybody could see us. And now and again we might rise from an all night session at stud poker sadder and wiser men. But these were rare occasions.

Somehow or other I cannot believe that Los Angeles is wasting its vaunted pep merely on cocktails and card parties, which are, after all, very secondary items in the resounding litany of human vice. If Los Angeles is queueing up to be saved, then I think it must want to be saved from something more devastating. The Editor of *The San Francisco Argonaut* says that ninety per cent. of the adult inhabitants of Los Angeles "pursue some strange cult". People do not pursue strange cults to get away from sin. They are much more likely to be in search of it. I think that when the Los Angeles real estate shark bursts into Mrs. McPherson's tabernacle mewing for salvation, he is really in search of a respite from a magnificent but arid materialism, a preoccupation with ideal-less commercial pursuits upon which alone man cannot live.

Mrs. McPherson sets children dressed as red devils to prance before him, turns on the imitation hell fire, and cries, "I will save your soul!" But it is not his soul that wants saving, but his intellect. Mrs. McPherson does not save that. On the contrary, she invests the soul-saving business with the very same magnificent but arid materialism that he seeks to escape. What Los Angeles is queued up for, only it does not know it, is civilization. And Mrs. McPherson is not a product of civilization.

"How have our morals been changing?" Percival White, who wrote in The North American Review *for November on New England's industrial problem, contributes to our January issue an amazing statistical survey of the shifting foundations of American life. The survey is amazing not only because of the trends shown, but also because Mr. White has accomplished this difficult task of making statistics come to life. His figures lure one on from paragraph to paragraph and leave one pondering over curious social drifts of the day*

Our Essay in Extermination

By Charles Norris, M.D.
Chief Medical Examiner of New York City

Poison, poison everywhere, and increasing thousands are daily drinking it. Shall we simply shrug our shoulders and say "So much the worse for them"?

"A judicious man," said Carlyle, "looks at statistics not to get knowledge but to save himself from having ignorance foisted on him." If Carlyle were living today his comments on Prohibition would be less temperate than this apothegm, but no more to the point. Among the minor curses attendant on the Eighteenth Amendment not the least is the passionate zeal of statisticians. "Figures cannot lie, but liars can figure;" and the judicious public needs to heed Carlyle's warning. There is small hope of real knowledge in statistics alone. Our best guide is common sense coupled with common experience, and the best we can do with statistics is to analyze them dispassionately lest more ignorance be foisted upon us.

But there is one sort of figures that cannot be fogged with fancy or frenzy. Between October 6 and 8, 1928, twenty-five men and women died in the city of New York from wood alcohol poisoning. They are definitely dead and there is no doubt as to the cause of their death. These are not statistics but the bare record of a tragedy as shocking and in a sense dramatic as a fearful crash on the subway. The facts demand our attention and arouse our consternation. Such catastrophes demand investigation and an official accounting; they received it in this case from both City and Federal authorities. No less do they demand the attention of the judicious public, which must here face its duty or find a despicable refuge in ignorance.

Much more is involved in these fatal figures than a fractional acceleration of New York's mortality rate, as is clear from the varied treatment accorded them in the public press. Newspapers with a pronounced dry bias dropped them overnight from the front pages. The moister press worried with them for a week. Furthermore, people in high places felt constrained to issue statements concerning them, discussing not the deaths nor their manner but their relation to the Constitution of the United States. They were generally regarded, in fact, not as a local calamity but as a commentary on our

Government and a symptom of our national health and sanity.

This compound tragedy is a challenge to the American people. The blame must be fixed, and it cannot be carelessly shoved on to the unfortunate deceased nor loosely fastened on governments, laws and statutes. One thing is certain: If the tragedy is ignored, the American people must eventually bear the blame for worse offenses. Responsibility will increase with every repetition of such disasters, and there is no reasonable doubt that there will be others. It is time for reflection, if not for action or repentance.

Such cases as these are loosely described as deaths from "poison liquor". Vital statistics agree with this diagnosis to the extent that deaths from wood alcohol are listed among Poisonings, while the casualties of ordinary alcoholism usually appear under the heading of Deaths from Natural Causes. Wood or methyl alcohol is a poison, and probably the commonest, cheapest and easiest to get. We use it in our automobile radiators and around the house in cleaning fluids, paints, insect sprays and beauty lotions. It is present in over two hundred articles of common household and industrial use. Nobody drinks it intentionally unless he contemplates suicide, just as no one drinks Lysol as a beverage, though fifty-nine used it for suicide in New York City during 1927. In a word, wood alcohol is not "poison liquor". It is simply poison. If it gets into liquor, the liquor is poisoned.

So these five and twenty Americans died not of poison liquor but of poisoned liquor. Who poisoned it? The Government? By no means. There is a lot of loose talk about Government poisoning of drinking alcohol, and most of it is sheer poppycock. The Government permits, it is true, the use of wood alcohol as a denaturant. So do most civilized Governments, for good and sufficient reason. In this country the maximum percentage of wood alcohol prescribed by Government formula for the denaturing of grain alcohol is ten per cent., and this only in Formula No. 1. This is a complete denaturant, of which there have been seven, though four have recently been revoked. Special Formula No. 1 is something else again. It is intended for partially denaturing grain alcohol for countless industrial uses, and it prescribes five per cent. of wood alcohol. According to people who should know, a lethal dose of wood alcohol varies from an ounce in special conditions to five for the strong constitution. To achieve a quick and effective death from alcohol denatured according to the Government formula, a healthy drinker must consume a great deal of it and do so quickly. To this extent Wayne B. Wheeler was right when he insisted that the Government was not poisoning liquor by increasing its denaturing proportions from two to four per cent. of wood alcohol. When a man dies from this sort of drinking there can be reasonable doubt as to whether the methyl or the ethyl alcohol is responsible. He has had enough of either to account for him.

Wood alcohol is a poison and always has been without benefit of Prohibition. People who drink it in strong doses die, quickly and inevitably. Thirty-eight did so in New York in 1919, a year before Prohibi-

tion. The twenty-five victims of recent date in the same city drank some concoction wherein wood alcohol was used in place of ethyl alcohol to supply the customary "kick". There is no mystery about their death; the mystery and problem are concerned with the reason why they drank it. The answer, as will be seen, is a serious indictment of Prohibition before the court of public opinion.

LEST we grant too great importance to these twenty-five involuntary suicides, we turn to the tables of deaths from "natural causes". In 1927 there were recorded in New York City 719 deaths from alcoholism. With the exception of myocarditis (heart disease) and arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries and old age), this is top score among several hundred sufficient reasons for mortality. Here we come into the deceitful company of statistics and must needs watch our step. The score is clearly not complete. It represents the total of deaths observed in city hospitals, checked by autopsy, or reported to and approved by the Health Department. But the Department of Health, according to its own confession, "rejects certificates of death from private physicians in which the word 'alcoholism' is the main or contributing cause". For this very good reason private physicians will rarely make such a report and expose their deceased customers to the indignity of a post-mortem examination. For equally obvious reasons, private physicians will prefer to ascribe death to other "natural causes" when they can, in the case of clients in good standing or society, and there is no reason why the Health Department should go behind their report. If it does, it is handicapped by the physiological fact that good alcohol is oxidized out of the body within twenty-four hours, and autopsies must be prompt to catch the evidence. If the body is already embalmed, detection of alcoholism is impossible. There are therefore no reliable or trustworthy statistics in regard to the fatal effects of alcohol in New York City, but it is certain that the real total is much in excess of the published figures. There should also be added many deaths by accident, asphyxiation, etc., directly due to drunkenness. In one year intoxication was a known contributory factor in 69 deaths by asphyxiation out of 261 in Manhattan, and traffic accidents are notoriously flavored with strong drink. Beyond question alcohol is easily at the head of all causes of death listed in the tables.

IT IS a familiar fact that these figures have steadily increased since 1920. It is less well known that they were steadily decreasing up to that time with no other encouragement than the improved temperance of the American people. This is denied only by those who have special reasons for denying it. A certain Mr. Pickett, research secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose job appears to be to discover what his employers wish discovered, stated recently that "the death rate has decreased tremendously, but it is significant that there is a rather small decrease in the South Atlantic Division". You bet it's significant. It is significant because this is the only division which can collate and publish figures that amount to anything, and it is significant because these figures

tell the wrong story for the comfort of Prohibitionists. This talk of the decreasing death rate is a red herring drawn across the path of intelligent investigation. Wherever records are complete, the death rate from alcoholism is back to pre-war strength or worse.

MR. WHEELER has said that "the drop in the death rate for the first seven dry years was equivalent to the saving of over a million lives. Prohibition can claim credit for a large part of that". There is no doubt that it can claim it and does, but to do so with justice it must also explain why the death rate from alcoholism in New York rose steadily from 87 in 1918 to 719 in 1927, — the largest figure in eighteen years, — and has begun 1928 to the ominous tune of 518 in the first seven months. It must also explain the statement of Congressman Loring M. Black that "there were 11,700 deaths from alcoholic poisoning in the United States last year". Its claim that the special wages of sin against the Eighteenth Amendment are confined to the cities and particularly to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, has no authority while accurate vital statistics are impossible in rural districts and improbable in most other places. And for further confirmation of the rising tide of liquor hazards there are figures from hospitals and insurance companies. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in one survey marks a rise from 77 alcoholic deaths in 1920 to 638 in 1926. The Canadian branch of the same company, on the other hand, records only 100 deaths from alcoholism among over a million policy holders in the entire period from 1911 to 1926. Five New York hospitals show decreasing figures for acute and chronic cases of alcoholism from 14,236 in 1914 to 4,580 in 1920, and since then a steady increase to 13,204 in 1927. The New York State Hospital reports a steady increase in admissions for alcoholic insanity. Arrests for drunkenness in all big cities make appalling totals, though in New York at least no arrests are made of people found staggering in the streets if they are apparently able to get home without assistance.

THE alcoholic casualties are tremendous, outnumbering in many places the traffic toll which gives us such grievous national concern. What are these people dying of? Not of wood alcohol, which is the popular scapegoat for the deadly consequences of illegal drinking. A wood alcohol death, as we have seen, is listed among poisonings. Death by alcoholism means death by excess drinking of alcohol, encouraged and accelerated more or less by sundry poisons put into active service by our benevolent Government. Dr. H. V. Atkinson of the State University of Iowa declared early this year that "most cases of poisoning as a result of drinking bootleg liquor are due to the ingestion of an overdose of ethyl (or grain) alcohol". The alcohol kills though the poisons help, and before we vent our indignation on a Government befuddled by a practically insoluble problem we should in justice seek some clear understanding as to just how far "poison liquor" is poison and how far it is liquor.

The active ingredient of bootleg liquor is grain alcohol. For this the drinking man will accept no substitute,

and if he does he dies, which is bad for the bootleg business and frowned upon by its more enlightened representatives. Wood alcohol, it is true, differs from ethyl or grain alcohol by only a chemical fraction, but this fraction makes all the difference in the world, and indeed may lead directly to another world. The difference in net results is greater even than that between corrosive sublimate and calomel, which are equally close kin in chemical constitution. But apart from the essential alcohol there are other things in bootleg liquor and many of them are poisons. These are additions, accessories after the fact, or by-products of distillation.

THERE is considerable difference of opinion as to whether grain alcohol itself is a poison. On this matter we cannot trust fanatic Prohibitionists and need not trust our own personal experience, though common sense admits that sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't, or else the human race would never have reached the flower of the age which produced the Eighteenth Amendment. Charles L. Dana, whose volume on *Nervous Diseases* is universally acknowledged as authoritative, has this to say:

> Ethyl alcohol is generally classed among the narcotic agents. It has, however, a primary stimulating effect upon the organs of the circulation, respiration and digestion, and also upon the brain. It is a food in the sense that about 90 per cent. is used up in the body and transformed into heat and energy, like sugar. It is not, however, a very good food under ordinary conditions, but it can be used as such. Alcohol is also correctly said to be a poison, using the term to mean anything irritating or injurious to the organism, though this may be said of almost any substance that is taken into the system, if used to excess.

So alcohol in moderation is not a poison, but men can drink enough of it so that they die of poison. They can and they do. In what special respect, then, are post-Prohibition whiskey, gin, *et al.* "poison liquor" in the sense that pre-war stuff was not?

The chemists of the Police Bureau of Philadelphia reported in September, 1928, that of thousands of samples analyzed, 95 per cent. contained poisons. Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, toxicologist for New York City, says: "Of the whiskeys that come to my attention I would say that 95 per cent. of them are really unfit to drink." If these statements mean that 95 per cent. of contraband liquors are poisonous in fact, then the decimation of our urban populations should be frightful. The casualties are admittedly bad, but they are clearly not so bad as that.

A NUMBER of factors modify the first alarm of these figures. In the first place, it has been found that many pre-war liquors submitted to these same tests reveal a proportion of poisons. The tests are exact and exacting, and would probably reveal poisons in such ostensibly innocuous beverages are as generally classified as "pop". In the second place, these tests are chiefly confined to seized liquors, and most seized liquors come from low dives, speak-easies and private stills, or from bootleggers who cannot afford expensive protection and deal in low grade stuff with a low grade of trade. Only a fraction of them come from the upper levels of thirsty society. The tests reveal the condition of the worst liquor afloat and will reveal little more until high-class cellars and the aristocracy of bootleggery come under inspection, which time is

not yet. The third factor concerns the nature of the poisons.

Most of these have elegant, extensive and terrifying names and are remnants of denaturants at one time intended to make the alcohol undrinkable. About 80 such denaturants are in use for the purpose and 72 of them are neither deadly poison nor impossible of separation if some one cares to take the trouble to remove them. The commonest belong to that bootleggers' favorite, Formula 39B, which is intended for denaturing alcohol for use in perfumes, toilet waters, barbers' supplies and lotions. Bootleggers like it because it can be "de-formulated" without too much trouble and without leaving suspicious tastes and smells behind it. Of all these denaturant poisons or near-poisons, some are approximately deadly and some simply threaten indigestion, and all of them call for a pretty heavy dose to do real and permanent damage. In order to be conclusively and promptly poisoned by them in the dilution in which they usually appear in bootleg liquor, you would first have to drink yourself to death.

On the other hand many of them have toxic effects in repeated doses. They irritate the stomach walls, upset the liver and choke the kidneys. So, for that matter, do strong coffee and tea to a definite degree, but the possibilities of the handmaidens of Prohibition are more varied and vicious. In this respect wood alcohol comes back on the scene as a poison. Whereas good grain alcohol does its work and disappears in a very short time, wood alcohol — even in small doses — is not completely eliminated, and by repeated ingestion can become an extremely dangerous poison. Slow poison from bad liquor is an established fact, even though its physiological history cannot always be traced.

These denaturants were originally added to the alcohol under Government control and connivance. But let us not blame the Government too harshly. Something must be added to grain alcohol to prevent its being all drunk away and thereby denied to legitimate industry and business. Since Prohibition the denaturants have been multiplied and their character adapted to special uses for the alcohol, but there has been no intention of enforcing Prohibition by a death penalty or slow torture. The unfortunate difficulty lies in the fact that no one has yet devised a practical way to make alcohol fit for business and at the same time unfit for drinking without also making it more or less poisonous.

There is another subtle sort of poison in much illegal liquor which more or less defies analysis. New distillate, no matter how carefully made, contains elements unfriendly to man. Proper aging removes these elements or transforms them into harmless flavors and bouquets. It is a curious thing that pure alcohol, plus water, plus sugar, plus flavoring do not make good whiskey. They ought to, but they don't. Good whiskey is brewed by Father Time out of relatively bad whiskey or young whiskey. A similar subtle change takes place in wines and to some extent in beer. Wines are at their best at an average age of four years, and beer at six weeks; though an English brewer of ale in more leisurely days would have blushed to send out a brew under three months and his

prize ale was aged for nine. It is quite certain that most home brews or distillates never achieve any such antiquity. They are consumed young, green and raw, and damage comes of it.

THESE are the essential hazards in "poison liquor", shorn of their polysyllabic names. The more dangerous of them are there because it is too much trouble and expense to get them entirely out. The rest come from carelessness or ignorance. But they are not alone responsible for our mounting mortality rates from alcohol. These are due to a much simpler cause — that people are drinking entirely too much and too often of strong liquor. And in this there is as much of irony as tragedy and Prohibition is brought to a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. Because, forsooth, hard liquor is forbidden, more and more people are going to death on its flood. By law and logic there should be no hard liquor. Where does it come from?

The answer is a matter of public knowledge. The Federal Government admits that while 80,000,000 gallons of grain alcohol are manufactured yearly under permit, only about 70,000,000 gallons of it turn up again in legally manufactured products. Ten millon get away. A second source of supply is in part revealed in official figures from Canada. During the year ending August 31, 1928, 1,153,710 gallons of whiskey were exported from Canada to this country. A third significant fact is that a common wash boiler under proper management will manufacture forty gallons of pure ethyl alcohol a day. Why ask where it all comes from?

People are dying of too much alcohol and the wrong sort of alcohol, because they are thirsty, can get nothing else, and can get it easily. Walton Green, Prohibition Investigator, has said: "All the Prohibition agents in Christendom can't watch the thousands of fake manufacturers who are buying from the denaturer and selling to the bootleg plant." Lincoln C. Andrews estimated that there were at one time hundreds of thousands of private stills in operation. *The New York Evening Post*, during the last wood alcohol furore, announced that its own investigation had revealed 15,000 speakeasies doing business in New York City. Philadelphia city government in the throes of a clean-up declared war on several hundred such joints known to the police by name and address. Unbiased observers have admitted that the number of speakeasies in every principal city now exceeds the saloon record of pre-Prohibition days. On country roads every other gasoline pump has a side-line in liquor, and road houses flourish everywhere at the edge of city limits.

LINCOLN C. ANDREWS, driven to a corner by the outcry against Government poisoning of alcohol, said: "Before the law became operative, there was pure liquor available, and there was no incentive to drink the denatured liquor." The Navy had the same experience in enforcing its own private prohibition laws, and was long ago compelled to stop the use of wood alcohol in its paints and varnishes lest it lose an unpleasant proportion of those sailors who insisted on drinking them. And there is a worse tragedy in our present situation. Old and normal tastes for beer and wines must now be

largely satisfied with deadlier intoxicants — doubly deadly intoxicants. The Canadian system makes a contrast and points a moral. Their plan is to make it increasingly difficult to obtain more powerful liquors; the harder the liquor the harder it is to get. Our own, as it has worked out, is to make it difficult to obtain the relatively harmless drinks, while bootleggers make it easier all the time to get the dangerous ones.

WHAT can be done about it? To invoke the law is an evasion of the issue, for these matters are already outside the law. Prohibition, we are told, should be enforced by more Prohibition and all would be well. But real enforcement means prohibition of importation, closing of all commercial and private stills, elimination of home brew, wiping out of bootlegging, and the establishment of a corps of strictly honest Prohibition officials, beyond temptation and beyond reproach. None of these things have been done, none of them can be done. We know now that Prohibition is one thing and Prevention another. We are paying a tragic penalty for optimism and good intentions unsupported by good sense. At the end of eight years without good liquor an increasing proportion of our nation is drinking itself to death on bad liquor.

It must be recognized also that the damage is worst at the point where it hurts most. Dr. Charles L. Dana, quoted above, says that "alcoholism and habits of alcoholic excess in this country almost always develop before the age of thirty". And Prohibition has undoubtedly bred a glamor to surround alcohol with a hazard for young habits and immature minds; it permits the tanning and galvanizing of young stomachs and countenances young debauchery.

It has indeed destroyed the saloon, but it has given us a more deadly substitute. It has destroyed the grace of an old gesture of friendship, and taught a new hospitality in terms of gallons. It has thumbed the nose at essential decency by permitting the prostitution of the law for the protection of an offense. It has failed to reduce, moderate or control heavy drinking. It has created a new social order of bootleggers, and its blunders have protected an infant industry until it is now so secure in the law and the profits as to be a real menace to our national security and integrity. And death follows at its heels.

"A JUDICIOUS man looks at statistics not to get knowledge but to save himself from having ignorance foisted upon him." Twenty-five citizens have been done to death by poison in one city. Nearly ten thousand in the same city will die this year from strong drink. Our national casualty list for the year from this one cause will outstrip the toll of the War. These are the first fruits of Prohibition — not in terms of savings banks or factory efficiency or the votes of pussyfooting legislators, but in terms of life and death. This is the price of the Great Experiment, which has cost the nation already $178,000,000 and deprived the Government of taxes approximating a billion dollars a year. This is the net dividend of our noble experiment — in extermination.

Mussolini at Close Range

By Katharine Dayton

In which a former skeptic about this "one-man stuff" spends twenty magic minutes in the Presence, and grovels forevermore before the new Napoleon

In the first place, we think it only fair to make it quite clear that this article is going to be as one-sided, biassed, and 100 per cent. pro-Mussolini as any you ever read. And in the next place, let us assure our readers that, although we were a little over two weeks in Italy and a whole twenty minutes with Mussolini, we are emphatically *not*, contrary to the usual procedure in this sort of thing, going to say What either of them Needs. So stop teasing, all four of you. When auntie says no, she means no! Now go on with the story.

Not that we were always, as the phrase goes, thus. Time was, and not so far away, either, when we would have been ready enough to be so. Like a true citizen of what, for want of a better word, we will call a Democracy, we were always perfectly willing to be governed by a minority if it could get away with it; but the faintest suspicion of this one-man stuff would get us all wrought up and doing the usual constructive things like shaking our head, saying there ought to be a law, and the like. In common with most of our fellows we felt that this here, now, Mewsolini was certainly wonderful and all that, but wasn't he a little *too* — well, *you* know! And in addition to a desperate attempt to be broad-minded — though at our age we should have known better — and read everything written on both sides with, of course, the inevitable conclusion that no one would ever really know what all the shooting was for, we didn't like his pictures. In them his eyes were always far too black and starey, his jaw too pugnacious, his whole attitude and expression too much that of an ex-pugilist who has been given the wrong number.

In short, as we look back over it all, we realize that quite unconsciously our attitude towards him was similar to that of the gifted Messrs. Moran and Mack towards the saxophone solo — even if it was good we wouldn't like it! All of which probably accounted for our acceding so blithely to an editor's suggestion that, as we were going to Italy anyway, we ought to try to see Mussolini and get a story with — now, don't say a word, because this is hurting us much more than it hurts you! — a humorous slant.

A humorous slant! Heaven send the

man will never know how near we came to going epic on the spot, and coming home all broken out in odes and things, instead of just the simple, girlish, bigoted, blindly enthusiastic, hero-worshipper we are!

As for this Needing business — while Italy has Mussolini she doesn't need a darn thing! And Mussolini himself has everything!

Everything, we repeat; including, to an excessive degree, that supreme quality that all true conquerors have possessed, and, lacking which, the most gifted of soldiers and statesmen may be able and valuable, but rarely great — Charm; that natural charm which has always been a whole armor to the living great of the earth, fending off till after their death the swarms of busy little buzzard-biographers who dare look only in their cadavers for the things that buzzards look for.

For Mussolini is a great man. So great that there is nothing funny about him; which, after all, is probably one of the most acid tests of greatness. You can admire him or despise him, loathe him or love him — there is no middle ground with such a man — but you simply cannot laugh him off. If you won't take our word for it, just try, and see how silly you look! Personally, we love nothing better than what we are persuaded is a sufficient excuse for a good grovel; and when we meet a man who is so perfect an instrument for a superb Idea that those fussy old spinners, the Fates, choose him as the shuttle to weave a fresh and vivid pattern in the once gorgeous but admittedly frayed and fading tapestry of his country's history — well, all we can say is that when we met Mussolini we groveled till it hurt! Yessir! Stiff old grovelling-muscles we had never used before, and probably never will again, were brought into play. And even now we're a little lame.

But please don't misunderstand and think we started our grovelling perfectly cold. No, indeed. Our grovelling had its inception on the liner which took us to Italy, and was thereafter an absolutely natural, orderly process, culminating in the Chigi Palace in Rome. For you begin at once on an Italian ship to sense the new spirit of Italy — or its old spirit revivified — and of Mussolini. You sense it in the speed and conduct of the ship, which competes in those things with the best of other lines, and far excels most in charm of atmosphere; in the cleanliness, the well-cooked food, the pleasant service where every member of the crew is selling you the new Italy as hard as he can; in the thrill of your first glimpse of the Roman salute — that inspiration of Mussolini which bridges instantly two thousand years to bring before the vivid Italian imagination its magnificent heritage — with which the good-looking, serious young officers greet one another. Or when the husky, handsome young smoking-room steward, who turns loose the most high-pressure brown eyes and white teeth and dimples we ever saw at the mere mention of Mussolini, tells you he hasn't the faintest desire to come to America, for Mussolini has work for everyone in Italy now — that same Italy which for years let so much of her youth seek its opportunity in other lands. Or when another steward — older, more serious — says, a little hesitantly, that he doesn't know — peepl' say many thing — but all he

knows is that his city of Naples was ver' bad city — ver' dirty — ver' poor — ten, maybe twelve peepl' livin' one room, but no more now — Mussolini won't let them! Just like that! More and more we get the impression from these simple and very intelligent people that this man must combine in himself the most striking, not to say endearing, characteristics of our old friends Santa Claus and the Bogey Man.

But we really sense the deadly earnestness of it all when, landing at Naples, we receive our first — and, we hasten to add, our only — dirty look from a perfectly beautiful Black Shirt soldier, merely because we protest against having our head mashed by a trunk! The whole point lies in the fact that the trunk belongs to a returning Fascist dignitary, whose enthusiastic followers are expressing their joy by dragging off, in lieu of his chariot, his luggage. Unless you are capable of imagining what it would be like to receive a really dirty look from Adonis, in the snappiest of olive-grey-green uniforms, with the snappiest black shirt and collar and eyes and trench cap, you may not realize why, then and there, we definitely abandoned the idea of treating Fascism with — God forbid! — a humorous slant!

As a matter of fact, we don't intend to treat Fascism with any sort of slant; and we purpose to leave criticism of it, both constructive and the more widely-known brand, to better men than we are. But while only those who know the old Italy can realize what has happened in the past few years, every newcomer can feel the energy, the earnestness, the singleness of purpose inspired in this people of such diverse traits — such an enchanting and aggravating mixture of indolence and industry, simplicity and guile, gaiety and passion — by Mussolini.

But we must get on to Rome and the Chigi Palace. Everywhere along the way we recognize evidences of the old formulas used since the beginning of time for the imposition of new systems. Work for everyone — intense nationalism — the large civil list — suppression of criticism — and, of course, strong-arm stuff. *Of course* strong-arm stuff! What do you expect? Has any people ever followed a leader who simply called "Here, kittykitty-kitty!" or its equivalent, to them? Hasn't every truly revolutionary period had its dictatorship, either of an individual or a class? Well, then — stop interrupting us! And above all, we are keenly aware of such fixity of purpose, such strict obedience to the law — there is no bootlegging of the prohibited white bread in Italy — that one either falls in step with it, or one breaks stone in Sicily. Which last is distinctly not this one's idea of Fun On A Hot Day.

To make a story, which is really much longer, short, by the time we reached Rome we were so thoroughly sold on the Idea which rules Italy now, and so thoroughly Mussolini-conscious that, although we had blithely armed ourselves with the proper credentials, the last thing on earth we desired was to meet him. Our inferiority complex, which had several times during the journey reared its ugly head, now boldly cast off its overcoat and false mustache and came right out in the open. We thrilled to the thought that we were actually in Rome during the

reign of a Cæsar, but the idea of intruding on his overcrowded hours, — even if it could be arranged, which was becoming increasingly difficult — was too awful. Imagine a man who holds five government portfolios — War, Aviation, Interior, Foreign Affairs, and President of the Council, or, in other words, fills the offices of Secretaries Hoover, Kellogg, Davis, and two others we haven't even got — and whose official day begins at nine and continues till all hours of the night during the hottest summer Rome has known in thirty years, having to submit for even ten seconds to being goofed at by us! Hideously aware as we were that we had never swum or flown or done anything of sufficient importance to merit even a presentation to Mayor Walker, can you wonder that, when we learned Mussolini would see us, although it was his last day for audiences, at eight o'clock that evening, we sunk to a state where we felt as if, to put it conservatively, we would have to stand on tiptoe to look a pansy in the eye?

In this frame of mind, if that's what it was, we arrive at the Chigi Palace — which, by the way, you may be as interested as we were to know is pronounced exactly the way it doesn't look, or "Keegee". Passing the very business-like Black Shirt guards, who make us feel the way we always do in a bank, we go up a great stone staircase and through a beautiful room — we remember chiefly the tapestries and the huge centre-table with a stunning ship-model of an ancient Roman bireme — to the anteroom where we are to wait. This, too, must have been a beautiful room, but the tapestried chairs and wall seats are just now smothered in furniture-covers and look the way furniture-covers would look in an anteroom by eight o'clock of a hot August night. Here we spend three or four years in as many minutes; some of us doing our bit to scrunch nervously the furniture-covers a little more; some of us trying to pretend it will be out in a minute and won't hurt anyway; some of us just standing around looking silly. But all of us indulging in that horrible indoor anteroom sport of wondering what we'll say and — what made this particular game all the worse — what we'll say it in. Unhappily, we had just learned that Mussolini would prefer not to speak in English. This is a crushing blow to an already well-nigh shattered nervous system, as our only two Italian words don't hit.

Miserably, we search the place where we used to keep our brains for something — *anything* — to say, and just any little old French words to say it in, when we are joined by Mussolini's secretary whose lyric, official title is Capo Ufficio Stampa. Although, between the gruelling heat and what must have been a terrific day of Stampa-ing, he must be exhausted, nothing about him, except perhaps his gently wilting soft collar, shows it. Instead of choking us with a priceless tapestry, as he must long to do, and throwing us out the window for the idiotic interrupting nuisance we are, with charming courtesy and simplicity of manner he makes us sit down and himself reproves the unruly, billowing furniture-cover on our bench. In spite of his efforts to put us at our ease another ten or fifteen years drag by while everybody says how hot it is, and we go on with our desperate hunt

for something to say — and how!

A young embassy attaché passes on his way out from his interview. What *do* people say! He doesn't look so terribly bright, either! An Ambassador . . . how about *je suis* . . . uh . . . uh . . . no, we'd never make that grade in a million years! Uh . . . *je suis* . . . A priest who is writing a church history . . . uh . . . Good Heavens! The secretary has disappeared and in his place is a small man in a frock coat who wants us to follow him.

SUDDENLY we realize we're the only woman in our party of four — curse those chivalrous meanies, we've got to go first! The man in the frock coat almost runs ahead of us. We snap into it — there's something in the air now that makes us — through another great anteroom, round a corner into a tiny one, and then through great carved doors into the huge Salon of Victory, so huge that the mammoth table in its furthest corner, the three men around it, seem miles and miles away — and completely and absolutely forget that we don't know what to say! We don't care! We are vaguely aware of more marvellous tapestries; blazing chandeliers reflected in the bare, polished floor; a big easel with a half-finished portrait of Mussolini on it; a sculptor who works steadily at a bust of him; a great green-blue bronze globe of the heavens, which we will learn later is the only relic of Nero's sunken Golden Galley, not so long ago recovered from the Lake of Nemi. But the only thing we really know is that we are swirled across that room on the most tremendous current of power, our ears ringing with the blare of invisible trumpets and the beating of wings, and our eyes blind to everything but the man coming towards us from behind that great table. And the only thing we really care about is that at last we know, as we have always longed to know, what it must have been like to meet Napoleon!

For whether he means to be or not, Mussolini is, startlingly, like Napoleon. It's nonsense to say he has himself painted that way — there simply wouldn't be any other way to paint him! He looks infinitely more like the pictures of Napoleon — not the dumpy, heavy ones, but the earlier Napoleon of the David sketch, or the Girodet portrait at Versailles — than he does like his own photographs. And it's not only in the challenge of his direct glance — a glance that one must, for self-preservation, meet as directly — or the remarkable resemblance of feature and form and expression. There is about him that same tremendous native dignity — a dignity with nothing of the strut about it; a dignity so absolutely a part of him that it will be his always, as it was Napoleon's, at the ebb as well as the flood tide of his power and popularity.

WHAT he says, naturally, on such a trivial occasion, doesn't much matter. There is no reason why he should cast gems of statesmanship before us; we are not after one of those beautiful-women-and-tall-building interviews for the press. We are meeting the man! Consequently the important thing is the way he says it — the way those eyes that often flash lightning can roll and sparkle with humor as he discusses the dispatch published that day in an American paper to the effect that tourists were fleeing Italy because of strikes and riots. We have been told

that earlier in the day he was much irritated by this entirely unfounded report; but now he is in high good humor.

"*C'est stupide!*" he says, rolling his eyes around the group to include us — a courtesy he never forgets for a moment — and we find ourselves through sheer force of example doing all sorts of extremely Latin things with our shoulders, and making those supremely eloquent Latin noises which can coincidentally mean everything and nothing whatever, and of which we had hitherto believed ourselves quite incapable. He chuckles, and slyly taps the side of his nose with his forefinger (a gesture we never saw anybody use except Santa Claus — you remember "And laying a finger a-side of his nose" in *The Night Before Christmas?*) as he says, "That dispatch, you see, is dated Geneva! The Swiss hotelkeepers are jealous because we have so many Americans at our Lido this summer! Italy is the one country where at this moment there are no strikes or riots." And he ticks off rapidly on his fingers the countries that have, including our own.

We have just sense enough left to know that we ought to go. Too many vivid minutes have slipped by — minutes that, astonishingly, we shall always remember as among the most thoroughly easy and delightful and spontaneous in our life. So easy, indeed, so entirely free from all sense of pose or restraint, that we forget once more that we don't know what to say and, miraculously, say it! He is shaking our hand in goodbye when we say it, and we speak so absolutely from our heart that we forget instructions — or, if we remember them, don't care anyway — and say it in English. And you can see for yourselves that, whatever it was, it must have been pretty good because he raised our hand to his lips and kissed it!

We remember his smile, and returning his Fascist salute; we remember glancing back from the door to receive another salute from him, once again behind his huge table; and we remember most of all the agony of that moment when the carved doors closed behind us and we realized that *we had on our gloves!*

So now that you know exactly how we feel about Mussolini, go ahead and heckle us if you want to.

But first we should like to say how difficult it is for us, whose system of government automatically checks individual control, to realize this man. At this distance we can only realize and perhaps resent the Dictator. But Mussolini is something quite different. Most significantly, the people themselves have called him *Il Duce* — which, taken from the Roman *Dux* means "Leader" — an instinctive recognition, not of caste, but of ability and confidence. We, who call our most able and respected public men "Cal" and "Al", must remember that this man is known only by the dignity of an un-prefixed surname, or this magnificent title bestowed upon him by his fellows.

And now let's take the first little hand we see raised, because we're sure it belongs to someone who is going to ask that goofiest of all the goofy questions that are always being asked concerning Mussolini — and we ought to know, because we wake up in the night shivering to remember how

we used to ask them ourselves — namely: "Will it last?"

FOR once we know the right answer, which is, unquestionably, "Don't be silly!" What person or system ever has "lasted", whatever that vague term means? Certainly no one knows this better than Mussolini, all his life a student of men and governments. No man of action can know his most significant and enduring acts unless, as Napoleon was, he is for some reason made to cease action and become a philosopher. But if Mussolini is ever given this opportunity he will at the very least be able to answer this question as Napoleon answered it. "Roads . . . harbors . . . revived industries . . . water-supplies . . . the restoration of public monuments . . . agriculture . . . " And perhaps much more!

Question No. 2 is, as usual, "Isn't he terribly ambitious?" To which, regretting that we have no more modern phrase as apropos, we reply "So's your old man." For if it's ambitious to begin in early youth to study your country's problems; to find, after untiring search and bitter experience, what seems, to a majority of your countrymen, a solution; to have the initiative to undertake the application of that solution, and the courage and endurance to carry it on in the face of conditions which make you the world's worst insurance risk — yes, Mussolini is ambitious. Personally we prefer to use a term that is less associated than ambition with self-seeking. Aspiration, perhaps?

And now for goofy question No. 3. "Isn't he a great actor?" If by the word actor you mean, as so many people do, a mountebank, No! But if by actor you mean a man who so thoroughly knows human nature that he can exact the desired response from it as an artist does from his chosen instrument — yes — *yes* — YES! And when more of our public men are great actors in that sense we will have infinitely more interesting politics.

GRANTING that, to quote Napoleon again, Washington could be Washington in America but to be Washington in France he must be Napoleon, it is possible that Mussolini could be Mussolini only in Italy at this particular moment. But whenever a man measures up to the moment for which he was created, it is bound to be impressive. When it takes place on such a grand scale as this it is, to us, a magnificent spectacle; and one to go down on one's knees and thank Heaven, fasting, for.

But *take off your gloves!* Because you never know.

Holly Leaf and Copper Plate

By Samuel Grafton

Taking up the Christmas card business in a more or less serious way, one discovers therein a quaint history and some quite phenomenal facts and figures

More joys for your Christmas
Than words can convey,
And then a lot more
For New Year's Day.

You have just written the address as beautifully as may be; you have attached the stamp, and moistened the flap of the granite-grey envelope. Unfortunately, you have seized upon this crucial moment for the reading of the engraved verse, and you pause before pressing down the irrevocable seal. So far as the naked eye can see, there is nothing definitely wrong with the four lines. Due reverence seems to have been paid to the grammar, and, in any case, the fact that this is Poetry and not Prose would excuse a minor defect. But about the words themselves, about the metre, about the rhyming, there hangs a certain flavor which gives you pause. You cannot say definitely whether this flavor is the result of a limping muse, or of an insufficiently virile inspiration, or whether it is simply the distilled essence of half a dollar a line. You wonder whether to moisten the rapidly-drying flap again, or whether to throw the thing away.

You moisten the flap. Everybody does.

And everybody means everybody. The Christmas card is largely a five- and ten-cent article; if any considerable number of human beings less than everybody went in for the sport, the industry could not succeed in attracting the enormous sums it does each year from the holiday shopper.

Something like fifty-five millions of dollars were spent this year, and last year, and will be spent next year, for the lithography, chromography, engraving, etching, parchment reproducing, multicolor printing, and paint-gun squirting, which goes into these inky messages of joy. It is an all-year-round business, which, strangely enough, knows no dull season, and which employs at least five thousand workmen straight through from the first of January to the end of the year. Between thirty-five and forty factories work twelve months out of each twelve for the preparation of the next big problem to harass the post office; the cards for one Christmas are designed before those for the Christmas before are on the market, and the print-

ing experts employed by the trade slave over snow-and-star scenes of December while it is yet the middle of August. That you and your fellows might delight the hearts of your friends with chilly pictures of Christmas cheer, many hundreds of able-bodied men were forced to labor the usual numbers of hours per day. But don't attempt to do anything about it. The workmen don't object at all; my only point is that everybody must use the cards in order for the creation, maintenance, and future growth of such an industry to be at all possible.

It is a constant marvel that so great a business should have grown from so tenuous and slender a thing. A greeting is, after all, a word; and in all the world there is nothing, so the thinkers say, less substantial than a word. A word of joy — and the heads of these forty factories were able to found fortunes and erect walls upon it; to establish family names and to create wealth by its magic; to make idle men busy and hungry men satisfied. One is tempted to come out with the ordinary cliché — only in America. But it is not a case of only in America; our English cousins are as greatly immersed in the thing as we. Over in England, as far back as in 1882, one firm alone paid the sum of seven thousand pounds to its artists for original designs, and, in fact, until the World War made the importation impossible, most of the rag-pulp holiday cheer dispensed in this country through the mails had come to us from the nation which made Merrie Christmas famous. The twist in human nature which makes it demand the wretched verse and appalling ornamentation of these cards is one which cannot be put down as purely Yankee; it is a great shame and the loss of a tremendous opportunity. People like them; all people like them; and remarkable things have come from the liking.

For each of the forty firms engaged in the production of Christmas greeting cards is in a perpetual state of fear. Designs are kept secret until it is too late for any of them to be copied in time for the current demand; artists are offered fees, not only to work for one firm, but to refuse to work for the other thirty-nine; and poets are cajoled to turn their muses to the recurrent problem of I-wish-you-joy. To think of strong men meeting in solemn counsel in an appointed place on the seventeenth of June to decide what cards shall be issued on the ninth of November; to observe the plight of the poor artist in water-colors as he slaves to get just the right glow to the log-fire while it is so hotly July that he must work in a perpetual inner bath of cooling drinks or not at all; to contrast the immense seriousness of those making the cards with the thoughtlessness of those buying them, is to make as interesting a study as is anywhere possible. A word — simply a word. In the beginning man said: "I wish you cheer"; and now the wheels are turning and the smoke is rising from the stacks. Designs are made, used, discarded; made, used, discarded — one can easily believe the story of the man who has made a collection comprising some 730 volumes, weighing six and one-half tons, and containing over 163,000 varieties. For when serious men turn their attention to the serious, much will come of it; when they turn their at-

tention to the trivial, even more will be created. The cards are trivial, but that which has come from them is not trivial. Even the delicate and dangerous field of foreign relations and the customs has been touched upon, for, to protect this mewling industry, there is now a forty-five per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imports.

SINCE the industry is big business, it must, of course, use the methods of big business. It is difficult to realize, as you stand there with the moistened flap of the envelope in one hand and the rest of it in the other, how great an organization is behind your greeting to your cousin or your favorite aunt. At the proper holiday time of the year actors are hired to pose for advertisements, telling the citizens how happy it makes them to receive greeting cards, and books of greeting-card etiquette are issued by the Greeting Card Association, telling when and where and how to use the things. A publicity staff is constantly at work popularizing the handsomely etched expression of good will, and the attempt is made, after the manner of the mouth wash people, to make you think yourself a feverish yellow cur if you do not invest each December in seven dollars' worth of assorted glue and ink and paper. *Aut greeting card, aut nullus;* and it is never *nullus.* Because, as I have said, everybody uses them.

Think of this, the next time you start to revise your list of Christmas greetees. The rise from the production of a few dollars' worth of Christmas cards to the amount which only fifty-five millions will purchase was accomplished in this country in a very moderate number of years. The total history of the Christmas card, in fact, does not cover more than one hundred Yule days. It is said that a Thomas Shorrock, of Leith, was the inventor. He printed a laughing face, with the motto, "A GUDE YEAR TO YE." This was sometime in the early eighteen-forties, and it was not until 1846 that the work of this unwitting founder of the execrable comic card was followed by more serious endeavor. In that year Sir Henry Cole caused to be printed one thousand cards, beautifully engraved, with two side panels, one depicting the feeding of the hungry, the other the clothing of the naked, and with a central plate showing a merry family lifting wine glasses filled to the brim with holiday cheer. This card, too, aroused very little excitement, but it did manage to stir up notice when it was reissued in 1881 with the first Christmas-card use of the phrase, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It seems that the later year was much less tolerant than the one which had gone to its cheerful end some thirty-five years before, for the temperance people objected to the card as vicious, on the ground that it might tempt the weak and sin-loving to indulge too freely in wine-bibbing. The records fail to state whether or not this protest had any weight; certainly it had no influence in checking the publication of hundreds of other cards with similarly convivial plates.

FROM the beginning the printers realized their obligation to put the finest of their work into these pallid messages of good will. After 1882 members of the Royal Academy frequently deigned to design cards for Christmas. All the developments of

the related arts of fine engraving, etching, color printing, lithography and chromography were the handmaidens of the craft. It is perhaps unfortunate that not quite so much intelligence as skill went into the productions. It seems that the makers had a deep predilection for classical models, and *Punch* found it necessary to caricature some of the common designs showing lightly-clad girls shivering in the snows of the British Christmas. It may have been this which instituted the first of a long series of contests for new designs, in which thousands were distributed year after year to fortunate prize winners. In 1884 the booklet card reared its head, and it is with us yet. The public took to it at once. On its heels came the comic cards, the trick cards, the frosted cards, and, in the redundant 'nineties, the card with the smooth silk fringes, apex of elegance, and positive pinnacle of taste.

THE official motto of the Greeting Card Association of America is: "SCATTER SUNSHINE WITH GREETING CARDS." It is a good motto and a worthy one, but it must become a little tiresome to the saleswoman after twenty weeks of explaining that the forty-five cent card cannot be sold at less than the price of the twenty-five cent card, and that really, after all, the best is none too good when it comes to the holidays and to the proper remembrance of one's friends and family.

The best is none too good, and the best serves a double purpose. For Christmas habits have changed greatly during the last few years. Forty-five cents may seem a little high for a card, but when the card goes, no gift goes with it. It used to be that nearly everyone sent nearly everyone else something substantial for Christmas, but these days the motto is, Gifts for the Family, Cards for the Friends.

NO LESS an authority than the head of a famous gift shop in New York has made this statement. He says that the Christmas card is taking the place of the Christmas gift, and that the card is becoming a more important factor of each holiday's selling. This may lead to a new development in time. If one is to send a card instead of a gift costing several dollars, one may expect the rise of a new kind of card, costing something like the gift price itself. Half-dollar and dollar cards are not unusual; what the future will hold only the future will say. And the future, in the physical embodiment of the publicity bureau of the Greeting Card Association, is not saying anything as yet. We can only lick the usual flap, and wait.

And the spectacle to be observed while we are waiting might perhaps be called a melancholic one. A big department store has, through its regular full-page advertisement, served notice to the public of its usual sale on Christmas cards. It seems that it is about to sell one dozen beautiful assorted cards, with the requisite envelopes, for twenty-five cents. Come early and make a good selection.

If one comes a little bit later than early, one finds it difficult to make any selection at all. As far as the eye can reach down the mammoth corridors of the store, embattled femininity is in action. The store has wisely provided three tables instead of one for the display of the cards, but all three are

swamped, dwarfed, hidden, and overwhelmed by the bargain hunters. Friends must be remembered, families cheered, mail men given extra pay for overtime — and twenty-five cents a dozen is so small a price! The floor walker is tearing his hair because the sale of Christmas cards is impeding the holiday movement of neckties, and the third minor vice-president in charge of greeting cards is wearing a vast expansive smile. Friends must be remembered; friends must be remembered; scatter sunshine with greeting cards — and all for twenty-five cents the dozen, with envelopes.

THE very completeness of the exploitation is revelatory of something extremely worth while. It is too late in the Twentieth Century to speak of such things as human kindliness and natural sentimentality. But it is not too late to speak of color, and of the need for the charming gesture. In the word "color" and in the phrase "charming gesture" lies the key to the situation. The sending of a card is a charming gesture, once we get down to its essentials; and if personal taste is not expressed in the actual choice of the card, it is indicated in the wholeheartedness with which the process of buying and sending is followed by its professors. Of course we are buncombed by a publicity bureau. To be sure, we are being bamboozled into a calm acceptance of the very recent card as a very old tradition. There is no doubt that we are behaving like sheep, and that we glory in following the bell-wether. But none the less, there is something of the spirit in which the old kings sent out their heralds at Yuletime, in the buying of the card, in the sealing of the flap, in the affixing of the stamp, in the mailing.

AND mingled with the first romance, if you will, is a second one. Hold the flap in your hand, as you were doing at the beginning of this piece. And then think — think of the literary career which may very well have been founded upon the composition of the little verse in your hand; think of the artistic career, of a life made happy, which very likely followed upon the acceptance of the design; think of the midnight vigils which went into the making of the plate for your card; think of the joy which came to the maker when he found he had accomplished something new and good, and stolen a march on the other expert accomplishers; think of the Greeting Card Association, made happy through your purchase of the inky tid-bit; and think, finally, of the thrill of mystery and joy which will accompany the opening of the envelope in the home of your respected aunt — think, and seal the flap.

The poem may limp. The card may be a little gaudy. The granite paper may be a little too violently granitish. But, after all, you are own cousin to the king and his heralds, and — *noblesse oblige*. The verse goes:

> Here comes a card of wishes
> The very best I own
> To make this Christmas season
> The best that you have known.

To your delicate ear the lines do not quite attain to the inevitability of all great literature. But, *pouf!* as the good Frenchmen say. The chances are ten to one your respected aunt will never read them, anyway.

Why South Americans Fear Us

By L. L. Bernard

A distinguished Professor of Sociology finds our Latin American neighbors distrusting the United States more bitterly than ever and turning to Europe for sympathy

As a people we are profoundly distrusted by the Spanish-Americans and, by large portions of them, cordially disliked with an intensity never before equalled among them. I am aware that there are many North Americans, and some South Americans, who would minimize this statement, but a considerable residence south of the Equator convinces me that it is true. It is difficult for a stay-at-home American to imagine the furor that was caused throughout Latin America by the United States sending Marines to Nicaragua to support the Diaz régime. The men in high places and the university professors for the most part merely shrugged their shoulders and smiled their cynical smiles, perhaps remarking, "Of course; that is now an old story." But the masses of the people, led by politicians and agitators, met in huge crowds in the streets and public places, listened to fiery denunciations of North American imperialism, and shouted themselves hoarse in hatred of "the great Colossus of the North". They were profoundly convinced that our Government could have no good motive in meddling in Central American affairs.

Posters in large numbers appeared on the walls of buildings in Buenos Aires, where I was then residing, calling upon the people to awaken and to defend their endangered liberties against the advancing butcher and devastator. For weeks the chief theme of the cartoon makers was the bullying of weaker nations in Latin America by "Uncle Sam," who wore habitually the dollar mark on his hat or his body. Sometimes he was pictured as a bloody assassin, with a gory dripping knife, and again as a slave driver with his whip. Nowhere did I find any friendly attitude toward my country.

My work was greatly impeded by the chilliness of the atmosphere, even when nothing was said to me personally to indicate the feelings of the people toward the United States. I was warned repeatedly by my Argentine friends not to go to the street meetings, lest overenthusiastic Radicals should vent their hatred for North Americans on my head. The Radical press threw out columns of emotional froth about endangered liberties, and the menace of North

American aggressions. When once I ventured to remark, by way of explanation, that the anti-imperialists in South America would probably get better coöperation from the Liberals of the United States if they did not lump all North Americans together as rank imperialists, but recognized that a large minority, if not a majority, of the American people did not approve of the Nicaraguan policy of our Government, a young university professor exclaimed in ire: "The Liberals of the United States — where are they? Everybody knows that they count for nothing in their own country. We must look to ourselves for defense and form no alliances with our enemies!" I was told I must be out of my mind to make such suggestions, and I think that from that moment on the young Radical Intellectuals regarded me as either a spy or at least as a "good will" visitor, which in their mind is not so very different.

In my more than a year's residence south of the Equator I had found the Latin Americans very friendly and sympathetic. I had come to know intimately many of the leading public men and scholars, and had been on good terms with numerous laboring men. This fiery outburst, revealing as it did a strongly repressed, seething grievance within, an accumulated distrust and even hatred of the "Colossus of the North", was something of a surprise.

Such feelings of antagonism toward us on the part of the Latin Americans have not always existed. There was a time when practically all of Latin America looked upon "La Gran Republica del Norte" as their guide and protector. In no country was this truer than in Argentina itself. I have examined most of the historical and political literature of that country and have been profoundly impressed with the admiration, the almost worshipful attitude, taken toward our country a few generations ago.

The great Sarmiento, President of Argentina from 1868 to 1874, spent several years in the United States in the 'sixties. In fact he was elected President while still in this country. He was the close personal friend of Horace Mann and of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and a great admirer of Lincoln. Many years before he had helped model his country's Constitution after that of the United States. Now, as President, he imported North American teachers and educational theories into Argentina. He established normal schools with North American directors to train Argentine teachers. He made Argentina as much like the United States as possible. This policy was carried on by his successors for many years. But after 1900 the expression "the Great Republic of the North" began to change to "the Colossus of the North", and the newer generation of politicians faced eastward toward Europe, instead of northward. The days of worship were over. First came doubt, then suspicion, and finally conviction that the "Colossus" was no longer the friend of Latin America. What caused the change of front? Why are we now distrusted as cordially as once we were admired and imitated?

The causes of this growing distrust are, I think, of several kinds. In the first place, our history is against us. The Latin American school children

know a great deal more than ours about our early policies regarding Cuba and Mexico. Their history textbooks do not neglect, as ours do, the various political intrigues before and after the Civil War for the absorption of Cuba and Mexico and for the erection of their territory into States of the Union. While our children have never heard of the Walker plot to annex Cuba, and have been confined in their textbooks to a description of the Mexican War campaigns, the Latin American child reads all about the political machinations which precipitated this war so little to our credit.

But it was our invasion of Cuba and the Spanish-American war which finally turned the tables against us. Up to that time Spain had been regarded with distrust, often with hatred, by Spanish American leaders. But with the war one of those ironical events in history happened. Spain, the loser, was glorified and we, the conquerors, became the heritors of the distrust formerly heaped upon Spain. Several circumstances contributed to this remarkable change of front. The old adage that "blood counts" was illustrated here once again. We had been admired as the champions of democracy, but after all the Spanish people were members of the same cultural family. Their former disagreements with Spain were in the nature of family quarrels which might be settled again at any time, especially when adequate pressure arose from without. Our conquest of Cuba afforded that external pressure. By virtue of the conquest we were confirmed in their eyes as an imperialistic nation. We were exploiting a people of their own blood, religion, culture, for the sake of world empire. The Cubans struggling for independence were forgotten. Men remembered Mexico and began to wonder if their turn would not come soon.

All of these suspicions were helped out, if not actually planted, by skillful Spanish propaganda. I have read in the South American libraries many contemporaneous books and pamphlets, by Spanish teachers in the universities and by the editors of Spanish newspapers, making propaganda — sometimes subtle, sometimes bold and directly accusatory — against the North American policy in Cuba and in favor of Spain. For a long time Spanish America depended upon Spain for many of her university professors and journalists, and Spanish business men frequently resided in South America. It was easy for them to carry on their propaganda. Besides, after 1860 there had been a strong immigration from Spain and now the children of these immigrants, usually as loyal to Spain as their fathers, were often coming into political preferment and were getting into the universities and on the staffs of the journals and into high places in the churches. Also, the age of romance and revolution was passing. The "bleeding" Cuban revolutionists, who so strongly excited our sympathies in 1898, made but little appeal to the grandsons of those revolutionists on the mainland of South America who had won their independence from Spain three generations earlier.

Today the Spanish reconquest of South American public opinion is almost complete. Every movement of the Spanish court and every policy of the Spanish Government are detailed

in their leading dailies with almost as much fullness as we give to our own Governmental affairs. One reads in South America much more about the personal affairs and interests of King Alfonso than we do about the Coolidges here. If some South American is received at the Spanish court, it becomes a major item of news. Spanish books and journals are as common as their own. They know practically nothing of our literature.

But it is our recent history and policies which have done most to hasten this facing eastward of the South Americans and to deepen their distrust of our motives. Suspicion has grown into certainty as they have watched our behavior in Panama, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua. The very silence with which we have carried on these "pacifications" has been against us. The South Americans wanted to know what we were up to, and we said little or nothing, and even that rather evasively. This caused them to believe that our motives would not bear explanation. Roosevelt's defiant statement that he "took" Panama may have excited their admiration for his boldness, but I know from many conversations I have had with South Americans that it left a very cynical impression as regards the future policies of the United States. One frequently hears the opinion from their leading publicists that North American imperialism is inevitable. Over and over again I have heard the half-resigned, half-resentful, but always fatalistic expression, "It is manifest destiny. The great Colossus must grow at the expense of her smaller neighbors. History repeats itself." One of these men, a great power in the intellectual and public life of Argentina, said to me wearily: "Moral arguments will do no good. No one ever yet in the history of the world listened to humanitarian or ethical arguments in the face of economic interest. We must simply learn to trust in ourselves and try to grow strong. Then, maybe, we can defend ourselves."

The most pessimistic fears of the South Americans find much encouragement from European propagandists of all nations. Since we went into the war to save democracy and West European interests, none of our Allies have loved us. A North American can feel this antagonism everywhere from European visitors in South America. Almost nowhere could I get in contact with those of recent Spanish descent. Everywhere the French, as is their custom, in the same sentence mingled words about the glory of France and the money madness and moral depravity of the United States. One of our bankers in South America told me that constantly he had to face all sorts of political propaganda from the English, designed to aid them in their economic competition with the North Americans. He said this propaganda went high up in official British circles, higher than I am willing to say, because he warned me that he did not wish to be quoted.

That the South American Intellectuals believe this imperialistic conquest by our North American capitalists, backed by our Government, is real, may be evidenced by what an outstanding Government official and former professor in one of the universities said to me one night at dinner. Like most South Americans, when

they come to know you, he was very frank. I asked him what grounds there were, in his opinion, for the South American belief in the imperialistic aims of the United States. He replied, after some deliberation, that he thought there was little cause to fear political imperialism south of Panama, especially in the southern half of the continent, for a long time to come. Those countries were too far away, too populous and too prosperous for any country to undertake aggressive action against them under ordinary circumstances. But economic imperialism he regarded as a largely accomplished fact. He pointed out the rapid replacement of European by North American capital in various industries in his own country, which he said had gone less far than in Chile, Peru, and Bolivia. "Bolivia," he said, "has become practically a North American province, so far as capital is concerned. Almost all Bolivian industry is under the North American bankers' thumb." Whether his statements are correct I am unable to say, for I have not had access to the financial records respecting those countries. I quote his statement primarily to show what South Americans think and fear. Many of them welcome this "invasion" of capital, especially the Governments that wish to borrow. But, if my judgment is well informed, the vast majority of the thinking people fear it and resent it.

ANOTHER marked cause of the Latin Americans' distrust and dislike of us is their ignorance regarding us. The few who visit the United States stop at New York. Rarely do they penetrate into the interior, where more typical Americanism is to be found, nor do they tarry long enough to understand us. They see our very obvious misrepresentations of themselves in the movies and in the newspapers, and resent it. They naturally are doubtful of our love for veracity and moral integrity after such an introduction. They are as ignorant of us as we are of them, but scarcely more so.

I HAVE seen some remarkable instances of this lack of understanding of us on the part of Latin Americans. I will cite only one instance, which is rather typical. Soon after my arrival in Argentina I called upon one of the leading educators in the country to obtain advice regarding the investigation I was carrying on. I found that this distinguished and highly educated man was as familiar with the culture of Europe, where he had resided parts of many years, as with his own country. It was a delight to converse with him about any topic connected with world problems and international culture. But when the conversation turned — as it very soon did — upon the United States, I found an ignorance so dense as to astonish me. Nowhere else had I found anything to compare with it, except in the ignorance of my own people regarding South Americans.

For more than two hours he talked, almost lectured, to me about my country, which he had never visited. He assured me that the North Americans had no culture to speak of, that we were interested only in money, display, divorces, and materialistic civilization; that we were imperialistic to the core; and he intimated that in our present psychosis we were a menace to the world. When I protested, in an endeavor to set him right, he only looked at me indulgently and reminded

me that in 1913 Germany would have made the same reply. He said the Germans believed themselves the carriers of the greatest culture in the world and were utterly astonished when they saw the whole world turn against them. "Who knows?" he exclaimed dramatically. "Such may be the fate of the United States. Today the most powerful nation of the world; tomorrow she may find herself distrusted, bankrupt in the good opinion of mankind, all hands turned against her!"

In these words he had uttered the typical cultivated Spanish American's judgment upon us.

OF COURSE, not all South Americans are so persistently distrustful of us. I met the attorney of one of our large corporations in Argentina who had only praise for our "great country". I found other men who at least refrained from expressing adverse opinions. One very influential man in the public welfare activities of the nation, who had spent eight years in the United States, admired greatly our civilization, although he deplored our politics. Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, and Bolivia are much more friendly toward us than the other South American countries. The same was formerly true of Chile, but recent misunderstandings threaten to turn the tide of opinion against us in that country also.

It is also true that there is much jealousy of our growth and power on the part of South American peoples. Some of this jealousy and envy is native and natural, but I believe much more of it has been skillfully fostered by the Europeans. The motives of Spain and those of the trading nations of Europe have already been mentioned in this connection. Recently the Italians have also become a factor in the situation. They have every reason to dislike the Monroe Doctrine. Teeming Italy has already overflowed like a flood into some of the South American countries. These people are very patriotic, usually of low culture, and know how to prosper even in a desert. It suits the fancy of Mussolini to regard them as his subjects, no matter where they may settle. To this they are not themselves averse. The recent appeal of Mussolini for the South Americans to look to the Latin nations of Europe as their natural protectors is an excellent illustration of how little pleasure he and his people take in the Monroe Doctrine.

THE South American objection to the Doctrine, so far as I can discover, is two-fold. There is a conscious objection, the one that appears in print, to the effect that it is one-sided. They wish to share in it, to make it an all-American doctrine. As it is now stated, it seems to them the very dogma and constitution of our pan-American imperialism. Give them a voice in its formulation and administration, and they will feel that their interests are protected. I believe there is no fundamental objection in Latin America to the original principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Their own histories remind them abundantly of the duplicity and aggressive policies of the European nations. If now they tend to forget their history and turn toward Europe it is largely because they have come to fear us more than Europe. They feel strong enough to repel any European aggression by their own efforts. But we grow stronger constantly,

and, in their minds, less idealistic and friendly.

One of the things that irritate the Latin Americans most, I think, is our Anglo-Saxon silence about our motives in the South. The Latin always talks. He is of a convivial nature. What he says may have a double meaning, but at least the fact that he has spoken serves to relieve for the time being the tense feeling of expectancy. As I have read their literature, it seems to me that the one thing that throughout their history has baffled them most about the "Saxons," as they call the English and the North Americans, is their taciturnity about their own affairs. It is not that they fear the "Saxon" diplomacy, for the Latins are usually better diplomats. It is simply that they do not understand silence, it disconcerts them, lashes their keyed-up nervous natures into frenzy and resentment. It leads to all sorts of suspicions in their active, if not always analytical, minds.

One of our greatest possible diplomatic assets in Latin America would be to explain carefully to the world every political step we take in intra-American affairs. If our Government feels that its policies in Central America and elsewhere are obligatory and justified by necessity, it would do well to state its reasons meticulously. If our Government is convinced that the unsettledness and irresponsibility of some of the Latin American republics are a menace to international peace, let it say so in words not to be mistaken. The Latins are fundamentally a very frank people. Nowhere else have I heard public men speak so frankly and so sincerely of the defects of their political systems and of the political incapacity of the masses of the people, as in South America. I have been astonished at the freedom with which they spoke of and condemned political graft and unbridled ambition among some of their leaders. I became convinced as a result of my sojourn there that speech is vastly freer in Latin America than in the United States. Self criticism is much more healthily developed. Of course this is not true in a few of the tyrant-ridden republics, but as a general characterization it is no exaggeration.

If we speak out frankly about our motives, and if the speech has the ring of truth in it, I believe there is little to fear. It is the hidden motives that excite suspicion. Of course our motives would have to be fair to them. We cannot expect approval if our policy is really one of aggressive imperialism, as they suspect. It is also necessary to make our actions conform to our professions. Generalities about humanitarian motives and actual political performances which constantly belie our platitudes are bad diplomacy.

Perhaps the most important need of all is to get better acquainted. At the present time there is but little contact between North and South America. We are in closer touch with Central America and Mexico, largely because of the banana trade and the Panama Canal. Until recently there have been only two passenger steamship lines making the ports of eastern South America from the United States, and one of these is English. More than a score of lines ply regularly between Europe and the same southern ports. One North American steamer each week or ten days in contrast with an average of three or more European

steamers daily is the general rule for port entries. Men of broad cultural interests visit these countries from the United States so seldom as to be somewhat in the nature of curiosities. On the other hand, there is a constant interchange of leading scientists and literary men between Europe and South America. Every year men of international reputation like Glotz, the historian, Obermayer, the anthropologist, or Blondel, the psychologist, give courses of lectures in the universities of Buenos Aires and other South American cities.

I TRIED repeatedly, but without success, to induce one of our great Foundations, which is interested in friendly relations among the nations, to imitate the Europeans in this friendly diplomacy of culture. I even managed to negotiate preliminary arrangements for support from North American business interests in a great South American city for such a programme, provided this Foundation would lend the sanction of its name and bear a minor portion of the expense. But I received so little encouragement from the Foundation that I deemed it inadvisable to make the outlay in travelling expenses to put the matter before its administration in detail, and was forced to drop the proposal. Yet, when the Nicaragua difficulty was at its height, this same Foundation was reported by the South American press to have sent an international lawyer through Latin America, presumably on a friendly mission. A South American university professor spoke to me with considerable indignation about this. "Propaganda, forever propaganda!" he exclaimed. "Of course we shall be courteous and polite to him, but he will convince us of nothing."

IT IS TRUE that the European peoples are much more experienced and subtle in their diplomacy. When they send out good will visitors, they are never men with direct arguments, but invariably great scientists, writers, and artists, who establish friendly relationships and call forth attitudes of respect and gratitude for their peoples at home. With such gentle diplomacy, arguments are unnecessary, tactless. Truly we, as a Government and as a people, have much to learn with respect to the art of getting along with our neighbors.

What's Happening in Wall Street

By H. W. Moorhouse

A prominent investment counsellor offers a readable study of the famous bull market and discusses the new economic era in America which it may portend

"Great man — Coolidge. Look what he did for the stock market. Can't help winning. Pick out any stock that sounds good, call up your broker, order, and then sit and watch it move."

William Stebbins, like so many of his compatriots of this great land of promise, has just taken a "flier" in the market for the first time in his life — and has won. He is taking no chances on developing a complex through repression. His chief argument that a "bull" market has been going on in recent years runs something like this:

"Why, just think; if I'd staked $10,000 on Blank Motors ten years ago, I'd have $659,300 today — a 6,493 per cent. increase!"

He happens to be right — on the figures. One of the motors really did make such an increase. But his analysis of the Coolidge "bull" market is hardly commendable for its profundity.

When Dr. Geoffrey Godwin Doolittle, A.B., M.S., Ph.D., twenty-five years from now has dotted his last "i" in his thesis, *Stock Prices: Their Behavior in Cycles*, he probably will have explained the financial phenomena of the last seven years as follows:

"A high rate of business activity, cheap money, and a plethora of gold — these are the major economic forces determining the rise of a stock price curve. When such favorable conditions exist, the behavior of prices is accelerated upward. That is exactly what happened in the Coolidge 'bull' market beginning shortly after 1921."

To whatever economic forces may have caused the "bull" market, Mr. Stebbins is grateful, even if he doesn't know what they are. He simply accepts what the ticker gives him. Unfortunately, very often what the ticker can give the ticker can also take away. If this sad event should come, Mr. Stebbins would again not know what has happened to him. And since he cannot wait for Dr. Doolittle's thesis, it is the business of those who attempt to advise Mr. Stebbins and his fellows of Wall Street's new crop of investors to study and understand just what the "bull" market means.

What makes a "bull" market? Certain fundamental economic forces,

says Dr. Doolittle. A rise in prices, of course, says Mr. Stebbins; not realizing he is boasting of a result, not analyzing a cause. Both, in their way, contribute to a "bull" movement. But there is something more fundamental. However vital are analyses of the all-important "cycles" to economists; however spectacular are the antics of the "Century Club" and the "Double Century Club" — stocks selling at $100 or $200 or more — one dominating influence behind the present "bull" market, more so than in any previous "bull" market, has been overlooked.

It is the mental attitude of chronic optimism, even in the face of conflicting economic conditions, of the millions of Wall Street's newcomers, that has been vitally creative in spurring the present market onward. When one considers that there are today, conservatively estimated, about 5,000,000 more Americans like Mr. Stebbins who own stocks and bonds and Govermental obligations, and that twenty years ago security investors in the United States numbered in the hundreds of thousands, the hidden power of this new mob psychology becomes more comprehensible. Only within so short a space of time as the last five years, the increase in owners of common shares shown by corporation reports has been estimated at over 1,000,000. Just as significant as our phenomenal business prosperity, just as momentous as our easily available credit in the form of cheap money, just as vital as the fact that the Federal Reserve Banks' vaults held billions more gold than was needed, has been the innate optimism of this huge new crop of security holders who have been buying stocks and bonds and pushing their prices upward since the days when the "Coolidge bull market" was, so to speak, but a calf.

A new era of financial autocracy has begun. No longer do we see the picturesque pre-war cartoon of the "Wall Street magnate" who by some abracadabra magically whisks stock prices up and down at his will. Market leadership has been transferred from the individual to the group. It is now "the big ten", headed by Arthur Cutten of Chicago, or the Raskob-Du-Pont interests, or the motion-picture group, who are "running the market". It is they who furnish the genius of initiative and the wholesale financial backing necessary for present-day stock operations. But who is it that stands behind them, that furnishes the mass support? After all, a General must have an army to lead; a President a nation to guide. And the army or nation in this present instance is none other than the millions of small investors and operators, many of whom are getting their first stock market thrill.

The American citizen has had to stand for much that has gone under the title of education in recent years. He has been taught to become air conscious, radio conscious, service conscious, mechanization conscious, amid an innumerable variety of other "consciouses", intelligent and unintelligent. But the course in this particular variety of education which perhaps has benefited him most fundamentally is the one which has taught him to become stock-and-bond-conscious.

The war, with its sale of Liberty

Loan Bonds and employee stock owning in "war baby corporations" initiated him into the elementary course of stock and bond finance. The idea spread. Other corporations began giving their employees opportunity to purchase stocks in small amounts, paying for these investments out of their salaries. Customer-ownership campaigns were instituted, especially by public utility corporations. With little or no knowledge of its fundamental principles, the new American security holder had a taste of "high finance" — and liked it. Then began the "Coolidge bull market", the foregoing practices spread in a network over the whole country, interest in stocks and bonds increased by leaps and bounds, and the tribe of the security holder has been increasing ever since.

ESPECIALLY within the last year a new bumper crop of fledgling market operators has burst upon Wall Street. Prices soared. Rumors of huge profits from "fliers" spread the get-rich-quick contagion. Why bother about promises of a profit in a hazy tomorrow when immediate returns are so enticing? Why not just withdraw money from the savings bank, and become initiated?

"Depositors who, until a few weeks ago, only knew Wall Street as a name," said the president of a savings bank during the wild market of several months ago, "and who still have only the most elementary ideas as to the meaning of investment and speculation, are withdrawing the savings of years to buy securities on margins."

Speculation or investment — which shall it be? Because they did not know the correct answer, many of the new operators had to swallow a bitter pill on June 12 when prices swooped downward. Many, in fact, were wiped out. They did not know that such reactions occur in the best of "bull" markets. They could not realize that speculation, even at its best, is a dangerous, risky thing, requiring much more cash than most of them had. Nevertheless, despite the many recent small, personal tragedies, one outstanding merit of the "Coolidge bull market" remains. The American citizen has become more educated to the handling of stocks and bonds. The increased number of security holders speaks for itself. Among the millions of them must be many who have learned the value of intelligent investment. These are the real backbone of our prosperity. It is their intelligent optimism which has helped along the rising current of prices; and as their numbers increase, it is they who will help guide our prosperity in the future.

IF MR. STEBBINS were interested in financial history, he would recall that the "Coolidge bull market" is rather old. It is, in fact, seven years old — a most unusual age for such a movement of prosperity. Beginning in 1921, it gradually began to creep, to crawl, to walk, to climb, and finally to scale the heights in the middle of last May and again in late summer and fall, when it used up forests of ticker tape making "new highs". Several times, to be sure, "sore spots" appeared — during short periods in 1923, 1925, 1926 and October, 1927. June 12, the date of this year's first reaction, has already gone down in financial history for its record-breaking sale of 5,200,000 shares, a new kind of "new high".

On July 11 came the second crash. On the last day of August the tables turned again. Prices soared up to and above the spring "highs." The bull recovered and continued charging.

Inside of those seven years, the popular appetite for buying stocks and bonds has grown to such gargantuan proportions that there seem to be scarcely means of satisfying it. The "outside public" has become the Wall Street broker's nightmare. He loses sleep trying to invent new and quicker ways of transferring the orders of Mr. Stebbins and his fellow countrymen over the country-wide network of wires operated by Stock Exchange institutions which have been strained to the limit. This year, of course, holds the record for stocks ordered. By October 1, 613,200,000, shares were reported to have been sold on the New York Stock Exchange. This figure already outstrips last year's new high record for the entire twelve months — 576,990,000.

Trading on the New York Stock Exchange during September was the heaviest in any month in the history of that institution. Over 90,900,000, shares were sold. This compares with over 84,900,000, shares in March, the previous record month.

ALONG with an unparalleled demand for securities has gone an unprecedented rise in security prices. For instance, the market value of all stocks listed on the Exchange rose from $38,376,000,000 on January 1, 1927, to a new high level, $49,736,000,000, on January 1, 1928 — an increase of $11,360,000,000. This year's increase will far outdistance it. The most amazing increases, however, have been made in groups of stocks as a whole and in individual stocks. An index of the average price of twenty industrial shares reveals that on October 1, 1916, the pre-war "bull market" year, their average price was $102. By 1921 they had sunk to $69. Then they began to climb. By 1923 they had reached $83, by 1927 they were stepping merrily at $168 and on October 1 of this year they had soared to $203. A more representative group of thirty industrials rose from $97 in October, 1926, to $120.50 on October 1 of this year.

THE story repeats itself in other lines. The average price of twenty public utilities rose from $103.50 on October 1 of last year, the so-called big "bull" year, to $123.50 on October 1 of this year. Again, railroad shares have also made a tremendous jump since the days of 1921, when they were in worse shape than they had been for years. At that time, the average price of twenty rails showed $74.50. In 1923 it rose to $81 and since then it has practically kept in step with the rest of the market until on October 1 of this year it soared to $148. This is far above their 1916 pre-war peak of $110.

Not only stocks, but bonds also, have shown a similar but not such a spectacular fall and rise since the 1916 peak, when the average price of twenty bonds stood at $88.50 on October 1. By 1921 they had sunk to $74. They then started on the upward swing, reaching $95 on the same day last year and receding to $92 this year.

Millionaires have been made many times over with the unprecedented rise of certain individual stocks. Of a list of twenty well-known stocks which have increased from 600 to 6000 per cent. during the last ten

years, twelve famous names appear above the 1,000 per cent. mark with one outstanding motor stock heading the list with a 6,493 per cent. increase. No wonder our nation has gone stock-market mad.

WHAT concerns Mr. Stebbins least of all at present will offer an interesting anomaly to Dr. Doolittle twenty-five years hence. That anomaly has to do with the story of stock and bond interest yields since last December, and the high ratio of the price of a stock to its earning power. It may reflect the strong speculative inclination of Wall Street's new initiates who, many believe, are not wise enough to interpret the danger sign. But it is also a prediction of a new era in Wall Street finance.

Never before in financial history have stocks continued to sell at such a mad pace on a lower interest yield than bonds; never before have stocks as a whole been selling at prices so many more times their earning power.

This phenomenon, considered unusual and viewed with alarm at the time, started around last December. Industrial common stocks began commanding an average yield of 4.69 per cent. in face of an average industrial bond yield of 4.79 per cent. Since then the gap has narrowed and widened but has never been reversed. It widened especially around the careening market of last spring. In May the difference between bond and stock yields, for instance, was .45 per cent. in favor of the former. This wide chasm was almost reached again this last August, when bonds stood at 4.96 and stocks at 4.53 — a difference of .43 per cent.

Great is the contrast of present conditions to past. Going back only so far as the beginning of last year, we find that industrial stocks were selling at a 5.64 per cent. interest yield while industrial bonds offered a yield of only 4.87 per cent. Going back still farther — to 1920 — the contrast is even stronger. At that time industrial stocks yielded on the average 7.50 as against 6.01 for bonds.

WHEN John J. Raskob announced during last spring's rising market that General Motors shares should sell at 15 times their earning power, or in the neighborhood of $225, conservative Wall Streeters shook their heads in doubt. The stock had just reached a "new high" of $180, or twelve times current earnings. Time, however, has backed up Mr. Raskob's judgment. During the last week of September, General Motors touched $218. This is but a reflection of what has gone on with most of the list. The ratio of price to earnings has recently been steadily increasing. At the end of 1926, for instance, shares of thirty outstanding companies were selling 10.1 times their earnings. By 1927 the ratio jumped to 14.5. This year promises another increase. This means that the net income return has been noticeably on the decline. In 1926 the same thirty outstanding shares had a net income return of 9.9 per cent. By 1927 it dropped to 6.89 per cent. This year it most likely will decline still further.

What does this mean? Present speculation is excessive, say many financial authorities, including Leonard P. Ayres, Vice-President of the Cleveland Trust Company.

"Stocks are now selling on expectation rather than on realization," he said in his address before the recent

convention of the American Bankers' Association, which was so much concerned with the present "speculative frenzy".

THAT the element of speculation is an important factor in the present market is doubtless true. But is it not also possible that there is a more fundamental cause, that a new era of stock and bond financing has begun? In recent years the new crop of investors has learned to place more faith in the stock. Industry has learned that it can raise capital more easily through a new stock issue than through the issuance of bonds, that investors are now more willing to place their money in a stock with a low yield but with a promise of a rise in price to make up for the higher yield of a bond. The enlightened investor, who represents the real backbone of business prosperity, is also not so easily frightened into selling; and as his numbers increase, so naturally will the demand for stocks become ever greater. Perhaps what seemed normal in the recent past will become a matter of normal occurrence in the near future.

For we have been passing through a unique "bull" market into a new economic era. Vaulting easily over economic precepts formerly considered impregnable, stock prices kept on soaring despite high bond yields and low stock yields, despite record-breaking money rates, despite several mild business depressions, despite the exportation of hundreds of millions of gold. On the other hand, we have also had at various periods — in Dr. Doolittle's words — a high rate of business activity, a plethora of gold, and cheap money. But although any one of these vitally creative factors has been lacking at times in the last seven years, a fact which would have seriously crippled any earlier "bull" market, this particular market has swept on upward.

Our new national prosperity as a whole has been unparalleled. Some, indeed, have called it a "profitless prosperity" because so many corporations show such a small margin of profit in comparison with the high volume of business and because of the now well-established practice of hand-to-mouth buying. However, prosperity is no longer measured by the yardstick of an overloaded storeroom; and the fact that many corporations have recently added to the item "Cash" in their balance sheets the words "and call money" seems to answer the accusation of profitlessness. The truth is that a large number of corporations have accumulated excess earnings to such an extent that they can, with a reasonable assurance of safety, afford to place this extra money at the disposal of Wall Street operators, and, in turn, earn more money. Whether this practice is beneficial to our national welfare is, of course, highly questionable. But the fact remains that big business has been earning more money than it can comfortably handle.

PRESENT conditions in both industry and finance warrant patient optimism. Despite high money rates, a true credit stringency exists only when bank reserves are at the point of exhaustion. On the surface, many declare this is the condition today. But within the Federal Reserve system bank reserves are elastic. This elasticity will find expression in the

last billion of gold reserves of post-Coolidgian prosperity.

The history of our country's gold stock is substantially the history of our national prosperity and depression, and the history of our national prosperity and depression is the history of stock prices. Growing stocks of monetary gold have brought prosperity and rising stock prices; declining gold resources have precipitated depression.

SINCE 1921 we have both accumulated and lost much gold. We are now, in fact, down to our "last billion." But this billion held by the Federal Reserve Banks will support, at the theoretical maximum, nearly thirty billions of bank credit. Since the total bank credit of the country is only something over fifty billions, there is obviously no danger of any immediate shortage of bank funds. Industry and the stock market have ample provision for credit for some time to come. And as industry continues to expand — as it will, though perhaps more gradually — it will appeal to the intelligent investor for support. The latter will, in turn, demand good, sound securities of the former.

For the investor is with us to stay, no matter in which direction stock market prices go. The speculator is at best but a transient. He comes and goes with speculative ups and downs. But Liberty Loans, employee stock participation and customer ownership have taught the prudent American citizen a lesson — to invest for safety, for diversification, for income and growth of principal. He looks far ahead and buys future purchasing power and financial independence for himself and his family. Our national prosperity may have increased the numbers of both investors and speculators in unprecedented fashion, but it is the investor of the future, not the speculator, who will be the prop and mainstay of coming industrial expansion.

OUR new industrial revolution is probably just passing through its most turbulent period. American industry has been stepping over the threshold into a new era of expansion. It has been stimulated by an abundance of capital and by countless new mechanical, electrical and chemical developments. It is also in an era of keen competition resulting in the elimination of the weaker companies and consolidation and integration of the stronger, better managed organizations. The future looks bright, but quieter, for industry must settle down to this newness to assimilate and apply it. This will take time. And the American citizen must become used to his new financial freedom and learn to invest his money intelligently. There is much hope for Mr. Stebbins.

"Safety Last!"

By John Tilghman Rowland
Late Lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F.

One of the dramatic tales, that could not be told during the war, of the exciting life on an American destroyer convoying the "Leviathan" with troops through the submarine zone

"You will find, gentlemen, that the motto of this Service is *Safety Last.*" Thus William Snowden Sims, to twenty newly fledged officers fresh from the Special Training Course.

We were the first of a new brew of "citizen sailors"; nothing quite like us had ever been known before. In the guise of yachtsmen and small boat sailors we had probably seen more of wind and wave than most naval officers of our age. The United States Naval Academy had given us ten weeks of intensive training and shipped us overseas to help "win the war" as best we could. At Queenstown, where we arrived in October, 1917, we had the privilege of reporting to Admiral Sims in person. He received us in his cabin on the old *Melville*, mother ship to the destroyers which made that port their base, and gave us a talk as memorable as it was brief. Officers were badly needed. The Fleet could spare him no more. We would not be coddled; our duties would be trying to the *n*th degree, but he had faith in us. and looked to us to give the Regulars a surprise. We were to do our damnedest, and keep a stiff upper lip.

A great commander, that, and a rare leader of men; not one of us but would gladly have followed him to glory, or to the bottom of the sea.

We came out of his cabin with our heads high and our feet scarcely touching the deck. Then we were distributed among the Flotilla, one to a ship, where another sort of greeting was in store. Our new shipmates viewed us with an interest not unmixed with misgiving: it could scarcely be otherwise when a lot of rank amateurs were inducted into an arduous and highly technical phase of modern naval war.

My position on the *Wilkes* was that of a very green "makee-learn", and as such I found little opportunity or occasion for self-expression. My stateroom was about eight feet by five and the wardroom, which I shared with the other officers, was about the size of a living room in a small city apartment. There was plenty of room out on deck, but it was

so cluttered with stacks, hatches, torpedo tubes, guns and other obstructions that in the whole 300 feet of ship there was scarcely a place where one could take ten steps without dodging. The best spot was on the bridge. There one had a sense of mastery that extended beyond the ship herself to the whole sweep of ocean, but usually the weather was so bad that one could not see beyond the third gray topped sea.

We carried five officers and a crew of one hundred men. On a full-power run we could do thirty knots. Our time was divided between patrolling and escort duty, and we would be at sea a week or more at a stretch.

IT WAS while escorting the *Leviathan* to Liverpool on what I believe was her first trip with troops that we got the hardest drubbing of the winter. This happened just before Christmas, when the weather off the Irish Coast was particularly vile. We slipped to sea — six long, sneaky-looking hulls painted in imitation of futuristic nightmares — and ripped through the great storm seas on our course to the destroyer rendezvous at 20 West. There were a number of these meeting points, mere geographical positions hundreds of miles west of Ireland, each indicated by a single common English word. It was the most secret code we had. On this occasion, we were required to meet the "*Levi*" at, let us say, Mule, and the distance was sufficient to make us hustle in order to be there on time.

Where other ships go over a sea, a destroyer slices through it, for she is only some thirty feet wide by eleven deep, which for her length of more than 300 feet is little enough. As a consequence she behaves like a knife blade, riding on edge. A southeast gale was blowing, as usual, which rolled us till our decks stood nearly perpendicular to their normal plane. On the weather roll sometimes a sea would sweep across our ship and bury her under a ferment of yeasty foam which reminded us, perhaps unpleasantly, of last night's stoup of ale at the Queen's Arms bar. It was not uncommon to see the keel of a sister ship abeam as she took an especially savage roll. But always she came back, so that a few seconds later we would be looking down her stacks. Such antics were trying to the nerves and even more so to the stomach. The only thing they did not seem to trouble was the ships themselves.

THE formation we used going out was that of scouting line, ships abreast and separated from one another by a distance depending upon the visibility. In fairly clear weather this might be several miles, and the escort as a whole would span twenty miles or so from flank to flank. This was done in the hope of surprising an unwary Hun, but I never knew it to succeed, though once, curiously enough, when we were steaming in "column ahead", the last ship in the procession stumbled upon and sank one that had come up to breathe. The aggressor in this case was a little Limey — *i.e.*, British sloop-of-war — assigned to our division, and she had fallen so far astern of her position that Fritz doubtless believed the entire escort had passed.

With the coming of darkness — early in those latitudes in midwinter — all the boats were called in and formed in column behind us. There were no lights and no sounds, save the roar of wind and the swash of seas.

This was the kind of night when it was unpleasant to run foul of a big inward-bound convoy. Sometimes we would find ourselves in the midst of one before we knew it — a collection of twenty to thirty tramp steamers spread over several miles of ocean. Why more ships were not run down and sunk is hard to say, unless it was that we destroyer people developed some sort of psychic feelers that served us in place of eyes.

The weary watches of the night wore on while our bridge, partly sheltered by its weather cloths, seemed the only substantial (if somewhat unstable) thing in a chaotic world. Down forward in the officers' quarters an oil-skinned quartermaster pounded on a door with the announcement: "Quarter to four, Mr. Jones. Blowin' hard from the southeast an' pourin' rain. Mr. Webb says you better dress warm an' wear sea boots."

And the relief officer would grunt a "Very well, thank you!" which he was far from feeling, as he prepared to quit the snug security of his bunk. But, oh, how good the five o'clock coffee, the first brew of the day, fresh and fragrant from the cook's galley beneath the bridge! It almost repaid one for turning out at four.

The morning following our departure from Queenstown dawned raw and cold. The wind had backed into southeast, which was a bad sign. Sea and sky were lead gray and a whipping breeze failed to clear the mist which reduced visibility to a radius of perhaps two miles. Everything one touched was wet; even the wind was wet and the heavens were aqueous vapor; in all the universe there seemed no solid thing. Mist swept past in eerie streamers, nebulous and changeful of shape, or rushed upon us in banks of cotton wool. The ocean, with a young sea from southeast running across the old southwest swell, abandoned all sense of rhythm and served us pyramids, domes, Alpine ranges and mesas, all fluid and melting, each form into the next, without rest or an instant's pause. Our ship plunged, rolled and twisted; she lay now on this beam, and the next instant on that, throwing herself about like a fever patient or a soul on the Devil's grid. To us on board it was somewhat trying. One moved about, when motion was necessary, as much by the arms as by the legs, and it was all one's bones were worth to loose hold for even a fraction of a second. This constant and violent motion produces a fatigue of the nerves, until one learns to adjust one's bodily position automatically and busy the mind with thoughts of other things.

It was too rough that day to hold a drill of any sort, but at some time during the forenoon the division formed scouting line in obedience to our signal. We were entertained by their antics, speeding to take up position, until each ship in turn faded out in the mist — all, that is, but the one next to us on either side, which remained barely within sight.

The purpose of this deployment was to reduce as much as possible the risk of the *Leviathan* slipping past us unseen, a very easy thing to do when ships are approaching one another in thick weather at high speed. With big mercantile convoys, the danger was not so great, since they occupied a considerable area, but a single ship makes a small mark. We had perforce gone without observations since leav-

ing our base; moreover, the "*Levi*" had an Admiral on board, so that a failure to make contact was certain to be our fault (!) Actually we felt quite sure of our position, and it was perhaps no great compliment to the *Leviathan's* navigator that our C. O. should lay a snare he could not slip through.

Noon passed. Our big searchlight flashed a signal to the division to reduce speed lest we reach the rendezvous too soon. We had the wind now right on our stern, a rising gale out of the east, blowing doggedly in true British style. It was well enough on *this* course, but running into it would be quite another thing. We knew that the "*Levi*" was carrying troops and that nothing would please Fritz more than to sink her, the former crack liner of the German merchant navy, on this her maiden voyage under the American flag. Furthermore, so much secrecy had surrounded her coming that we dared not use our radio to get a check on her position; therefore, as the afternoon wore on and we came nearer and nearer to the rendezvous, an atmosphere of keen tension pervaded the ship.

Meanwhile the early darkness of midwinter descended upon the gale ridden sea, but the air cleared perceptibly and one could see further under the low clouds.

OUR captain had been for an hour on the bridge staring impatiently into the gathering dusk. Suddenly the navigator appeared: "According to our 4 p. m. position, sir, we should be at the rendezvous in 20 minutes."

Darkness was settling fast. In another half hour it would be impossible to make contact at all, since the use of lights was a cardinal sin. Possibly our captain contemplated heading the escort eastward in an effort to keep abreast of the *Leviathan* during the night, with the hope of making contact when day dawned; but it was rather a slim hope without a knowledge of her course from this point on. There were a dozen different routes by which convoys approached the beleaguered British Isles, each carefully drawn in red on a very secret chart and designated through a special code. The Admiralty, which kept wonderfully close tabs on enemy submarines, was able by this means to shunt convoys around the chief danger areas, much as a railroad yardmaster routes a train to its destination through a congested terminal yard. It worked well — as a rule.

MINUTES passed and still no *Leviathan*. The navigator fidgeted a little, wondering if he had made some trifling but fatal slip to throw the escort off its course. The Old Man's jaw set grimly as he turned with an accusing glance at the bridge clock. But suddenly there went up a shout from the Officer of the Deck and the four lookouts, all at once. Looming out of the darkness ahead a great shape came rushing towards us, dwarfing the seas which tossed us about like a skiff. It was the *Leviathan*, on time to the dot and splitting the meeting point fairly in two. Indeed, had it been a little darker she might have run us down. A magnificent triumph of thick weather navigation.

We sheered off a little to let her pass, and sent the escort a low power radio to join up, since the flanking ships could not have seen her at all.

Once a convoy was met, the destroyers forming the escort assumed

the duty of seeing it through unscathed. To do this they took up positions, determined in advance for each particular convoy, not unlike a football interference in the days of the "flying wedge". This method of escort alone made it possible to build "the bridge to France" and incidentally to keep the British civil population from starving. A fairly substantial rumor gave credit for its inception to the Planning Section of Admiral Sims's staff. I can only say that by its means we on the boats were able to bring in our convoys, whereas previously the submarine war had been all Fritz's game. Indeed, in the fall of 1917 he was winning the war so fast at sea that in another three months land fighting would not have been possible, so far as Great Britain was concerned.

But to return to the "*Levi.*" She did not seem to be going fast, looming ghost-like and huge through the mist, but when we turned about and tried to keep up with her we soon learned our mistake. To be sure, we had plenty of speed; but driving a ship like ours into that lump of head sea was punishment indeed. By eight o'clock it had grown so bad that our captain was forced to slow down. Solid water was crashing across our forecastle-head; it had smashed the heavy steel shield on the forward 4-inch gun and threatened at any moment to dish in the deck. The ship bent like a steel blade and the Liverpool pilot whom we had brought out to put aboard the *Leviathan* was so seasick he turned in all-standing in the Captain's bunk.

Meanwhile the *Leviathan*, quite oblivious of her escort's distress, maintained her speed. It looked as though she would run away from us entirely. After hours of misery below decks, I was glad when at midnight my watch came. The Captain was still on the bridge peering into the night ahead.

"Have we lost her, sir?" I innocently asked.

He glowered at me for a few seconds; then he snapped: "If you can find that damned ship in your watch, I'll give you a *four!*"

That meant a perfect mark on my fitness report, and as things were already so bad that it did not appear to matter much what one did, I determined to try. The *Leviathan* was nowhere in sight, but once in a while I thought I caught a whiff of her smoke. Anyhow, it was a safe bet that she was somewhere in the welter up ahead. Accordingly, I began gradually to increase speed — half a knot at a time — and in this way had stepped it up to something like twenty knots by the time an hour was past. All this time the Old Man was resting — if that is the proper word — in his big armchair lashed to a stanchion in the charthouse just below the bridge. It was as near as he came to sleeping when at sea. I knew it would not take him long to show up if things were not going to his liking, so I held on, wondering occasionally if the ship would last out the watch. But my rashness was rewarded before it ended, for I made out a black lump against the almost equally black sky ahead.

The officer who relieved me at 4 a. m. was inclined to be skeptical and while we were arguing the Old Man came up on the bridge. Whether he really saw the ship I do not know, but at any rate he turned to my relief with a snort. "Of course; there she is,

plain as day. See if you can *catch* her in *your* watch."

So the chase went on. But the morning was half gone before we brought the "*Levi*" abeam, and then only because smoother water was reached. The *O'Brien* had kept about even with ourselves, but the rest of the destroyer escort was strung out hopelessly astern. One had dished her fo'c'sle, another had her boats stove, and all had suffered more or less heavily from the seas. At any rate we brought her safely in and she made Liverpool the following day. I have often wondered if the Old Man remembered my *four*.

ONE fine day in the early summer of 1918 we were steaming up the Bristol Channel with a single ship, a big P. &. O. liner which had been converted into a cruiser. The coast of Wales loomed indistinctly through the haze and Lundy Island was in plain sight ahead. The steamship had stopped zigzagging and was travelling straight ahead on her course under the impression that all danger was past, but we still continued to weave back and forth across her bows like the restless watchdog that we were. It happened to be my watch. The Chief Petty Officer who stood j.o. watch with me remarked that he did not believe there were any more submarines afloat — an unlucky thing to say — when under the haze on the starboard bow an oily streak on the water caught my eye. It was perhaps 500 yards away and rather indistinct, being no more than fifty feet in length, but instinctively I altered course to head for it and slammed the annunciators to Full Speed. This was scarcely done when something prompted me to glance back at our charge. She was only a few hundred feet away, coming along peacefully on a sparkling summer sea. As one looked at her and then across the drowsy, gentle sea it was difficult to believe we were at war. But suddenly — even in the brief instant before my eyes turned ahead — an incredible thing occured. That magnificent ship vanished behind a rampart of flame. Rather, she was enveloped by it; a burst of fire came from nowhere and completely swallowed her up. From stem to stern and from water-line to truck not an inch of her could be seen; red and purple flame tongues shot above the radio *antennæ* stretched between the very tops of her masts. All this in silence; next moment a rush of air tossed me across the bridge. It rolled our ship far over on her side.

As I picked myself up a terrific detonation struck my ears. My first look was for the stricken ship. There she lay, smoking, her paint burnt black, but otherwise just as she had been before the flame.

THEN I looked ahead. We were rushing down on the oil-slick at top speed. But stretching away from the torpedoed ship in quite another direction ran a narrow white path formed by thousands of air bubbles bursting on the surface — the wake of the torpedo.

We swerved sharply to trace it to its source. No need to turn in an alarm. Men came streaming up through hatches, covers were snatched off sights, ammunition broken out of cases, crews leaped to guns and tubes and started to train them — at the haze. Hell breaking loose and never a target in sight!

But it was on the bridge that confusion reigned supreme. Some men

and officers were swarming up the narrow brass-railed ladder while others waited their chance to slide down. The bridge was alive with men. An instant they were all in each other's way, when *presto*, as though by magic, every man was at his place beside voice-tube and indicator, and the Captain stood alone in the center, taking stock of things while the ship drove ahead at thirty knots.

WHAT had happened was this; an enemy submarine resting on the surface had seen us approaching up the Channel, although the haze prevented our seeing her at the same time. She submerged, leaving the small oil slick which I had seen, and ran at top speed away from that telltale spot. Hearing the destroyer sweep past she thrust up her periscope, took quick aim and discharged a torpedo, which passed astern of us, but struck the ship. Moreover, it was a lucky shot from Fritz's angle, for it exploded the cruiser's magazines, and within a very few moments it became evident that that fine ship was doomed.

None of us saw the periscope (probably it was right in the sun's track) but our lookouts did spot the torpedo's wake. Speeding to its end, or rather, to the place where it began, we commenced to circle, dropping "ash cans" at intervals as we went. But even in that short time Fritz had had a chance to make himself scarce, and the chase resolved itself into a matter of luck. We bombed the area as thoroughly as our supply of cans would permit — and it must have given him a devilish shaking up — but we failed to register a hit. At least, no oil or wreckage came to the surface, and that is all that anyone can tell. Again a most unsatisfactory kind of war!

It was twelve minutes from the torpedoing until that great steamship lifted her stern and took the last plunge. Her British crew had manned the life boats and got away in good order. The casualties were surprisingly small. They even rescued the ship's dog from among some wreckage, and we, of course, took the survivors on board. This sinking, which occurred in June, 1918, was the last clean cut submarine attack with which my ship came into contact.

OWING to the necessity of running without lights through all kinds of weather, collisions were not rare. Fully a third of the Flotilla had struck or been struck by other ships, sometimes with miraculous escapes and again with appalling damage and loss of life. To us it was a danger far greater than submarines. Nor were ships the only danger. One black, stormy night we nearly ran into Tuskar lighthouse itself. Our turn for a bad mess finally came in July when we collided at night with a French destroyer off Ushant. Neither ship sank and no lives were lost, but we had to go into drydock for eight weeks and grow a new bow. It was a sad wind-up to over a year of duty, in which our staunch ship was commanded by skippers who never spared themselves or her, *or us*, in the performance of their mission. By the time she came out again the Narrow Seas swarmed with new destroyers and sub-chasers, and the Tirpitz threat was past. Such is war's luck.

Heroes of the Polar Wastes

By Frank H. Shaw

A stirring sketch of battles with ice and gale and cold, such as Commander Byrd and his comrades will soon be waging on the Great Icy Barrier that guards the South Pole

Now that Polar adventuring is so much before the public mind there are stories that deserve retelling by a glowing pen. And in all the glorious record of Arctic heroism I doubt if there is a more perfect page than that on which is inscribed the simple-souled glory of a certain Captain Oates. We know how Scott's handicapped, almost spent, party which had found the South Pole after incredible hardships, retreated with a sense of depression upon them, because the honor of initial victory had been taken from them by that man who recently has vanished into the awful silence of the Boreal unknown. We know how Scott's provisions dwindled, and how the courage that had driven his men on weakened when their reputedly strong man failed to stay the course. We remember how Oates, weak and hurt,—realizing that, if they slowed pace to keep abreast of him, they must all assuredly perish,—walked 'out, without a single claim for praise, into the hideous drive of the blizzard, to die alone—alone, if you please, when everyone who has paused on death's threshold knows how the human soul craves companionship in the hour of its passing. Alone—when his every fibre craved for the friendly voice and the understanding hand-grip! Ten thousand years of Polar history will never exceed that record. That his sacrifice was unavailing in no wise lessens its worthiness. But all the pæans of praise can never excel the little tribute paid him by those he perished to aid: "Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman!" It takes conditions to make men; and the harshest condition of the world proved Captain Oates a man who measured up to the highest standards, no matter by whom such standards are imposed.

But he was only one of countless Arctic heroes, whose stories come to mind again as we contemplate Commander Byrd's new venture. The tragedy of it all is that the heroism of many of Commander Byrd's predecessors will never be known. Only here and there do odd, halting words leak out from lips that have been half-destroyed by frost-bite, to say that

this man or that surrendered himself for the common weal.

A shipmate of mine told me in my youth, when we were fast in the Antarctic ice, a simple story that was epic in its splendor, concerning the cook of an Arctic whaler, who, when the ship was bilged and broken, and the crew compelled to take precarious refuge on floe ice, deliberately bled himself pint by agonized pint, in order to put sustenance into the meagre soup of biscuit crumbs and occasional shellfish which was all the eatables the party were able to discover. My shipmate was a member of that party; and none of them was able to understand how it was that while the rest remained in fair health the cook faded. Only after he was dead did they discover the wound, jealously bandaged to conceal it from their sight, by which life had been preserved to them!

It is one thing to be heroic in the heat of fierce action, with the feeling that the eyes of the world are watching and that the voices of the admiring world will applaud. But it is not easy to be gallant when the blood is thick in the veins because of the awful rigor, and when the roots of the human soul are frozen. And yet, to the glory of our common humanity, the splendid tale goes on, improving, indeed, with the years.

Yet it is not always the spectacular deed that characterizes Polar devotion. The story of the earth's extremities is one long record of strenuous, uncomplaining endurance that seems to be nothing in particular and yet is everything: team-work—that pulling together which submerges the individual but glorifies the party. We have Shackleton's perilous boat-voyage to the island of South Georgia to collect aid for his stranded men in the Antarctic vastness; and there is a record of heroic endurance that has probably never received full tribute, because it has been mentioned simply as an act of common duty. And we have that remarkable instance of another whaler's crew whose captain, gangrened and dying, bade his men strive on across the floes to hunt for life and leave him to his fate, as recorded in the log of the *Arcturus;* and in this latter case his stalwarts openly refused to obey, and remained with him until he passed hence, so far imperilling themselves because of the loosening floes that of them all, but one remained alive; for the ice on which they were marooned drifted out to open sea and there melted bit by bit, one man after another sliding into the green waters to lessen the load and so give the remainder a chance, until there remained but the one white-haired survivor, clasping in his meagre arms the stirring record of courage which was never published broadcast, but which only leaked out by chance, to be narrated here for, perhaps, the first time.

If such are the actors in the Polar drama, what of the stage wherein the play is worked out to its tragic climax? Those on the outside have a very inadequate conception of what the Polar wildernesses really mean.

A meticulous list of meteorological, biological and geographic discoveries may interest the savants, but the ordinary layman prefers the common angle of comparison with things he knows. The lonely, hostile Polar spaces "bar their gates with iron and shutter their doors with flame" when

the nutshell navies of the temperate world, whether marine or aërial, attempt to force their frowning ramparts. Over the gaunt and sterile plains the Aurora flares at once an invitation and a threat. High-piled hummocks glimmer in the unearthly radiance, as soulless as the gems for which other adventurers dare the hotter latitudes.

CONDITIONS have not altered there from the days of my early adventuring, for a quarter of a century is no more than a snap of the fingers in the unchanging Polar eternity. Now, as then, the quality of a vast and perpetual loneliness, that grows from the everlastingly misted horizons, persists. For though, since twenty-five years ago, the Poles have been conquered and reconquered by gallant men, some of whom have paid for their temerity with their lives, others with permanent mutilations and afflictions, the Boreal spaces are unimpressed. A stark flag, scarred and worn by the gale-driven ice; a cairn to mark a cache, or a piteous grave; a glorious page of fearlessness added to a nation's history: these are all the difference. The glaciers move resistlessly to the sea; the polar bear in the North leads her growling cubs past a pile of bleached and tasteless bones, and the great winds bellow their wrath that holds a hint of mocking laughter behind its clamor. Men pass and triumph and fail and die; the Poles remain, immutable.

With a temperature of anything down to seventy below Fahrenheit zero, existence at the world's ends is a difficult thing. Snow, driven before an almost eternal gale, is there and solid ice, scarring deeply what it touches. The wind is so bleak that it chills the marrow, no matter what protective clothing is donned. The ice is not smooth and alluring, as the ice of our hand-groomed skating-rinks; it is tumbled in chaotic masses, up-ended into giant crags, torn into fearsome crevasses. Death mows and gibbers from behind every hummock. For weeks on end the sky, in summer as in the six months winter, is obscured by driving clouds that hang their ragged fringes to the misted ring of the horizon. An ordinary gale can be terribly merciless; a Polar gale can hardly be described for its appalling relentlessness. It drives and drives; it never lets up; it beats down and hits at the rising figures before they reach their knees. It tears the skin of the explorers' faces open to inflict gangrenous sores. It beats them back; and if they persist, it lures them on with false lulls, only to develop an added viciousness in the moment of anticipated conquest, and drives on, mockingly, to its perpetual work of guarding the ice-bound land. I have seen the visible world a-swirl with icy snow particles, each one possessing the cruel sting of a shrapnel ball, for seven days on end; and in such a havoc nothing that is human and unprotected can endure.

TRUE, there are periods of calm, which are fleeting and deceptive: the siren smiles to tempt; then frowns to slay. When earth reveals itself it is bleak and sterile, breeding only a worthless moss. Ice-scoured rock you see for the most part, with never a touch of nature to ease the snow-blinded eyes. To walk is excruciating: the ridged surfaces cut the stoutest leather to pieces like evil knives.

Occasionally, that perversity may be rendered perfect, the solid ice yawns in gaping chasms which are thinly covered with frozen snow to form pitfalls for the unwary, down which they are precipitated to quick death or lingering agonies that follow on broken bones and lonely hopelessness.

And yet men, knowing all these rigors, return again and again to the Polar hazard, undaunted; just as men, having learned the perils of the sea, go back voyage by voyage, drawn by a charm that cannot be interpreted in ordinary words.

HERE is one final true story of the remorselessness of the Arctic: tragic, as are most of the Polar tales. Two men, sealers, were cast away in the Northern wastes. They found the Arctic, instead of breeding within them a common bond of brotherhood, bred only hostility. Often it is so—men can grow to hate very cordially in the brooding silences. Ultimately, when they reached the ice-coast, one killed the other with a quick bullet through the brain; and then, fearing his dead, threw the murdered body down a deep crevasse, entrusting his secret to the safe keeping of the Frozen North. He followed the ice coastline for wearisome leagues, existing on such fish as he could contrive to catch, uncooked because he had no means of kindling a fire or material to kindle; until he chanced on a nomad tribe of Eskimos. By them he was succored and ultimately, in one of their kayaks, he reached civilization, where he told a tale that his comrade had died from want and exposure. The tale was believed.

But the crevasse into which the dead man's body had been thrown proved a traitorous sepulchre. Irresistibly, foot by foot, fathom by fathom, the great glacier, in which the crevasse was but a nick, moved seaward, until at the appointed time it cracked, and a berg was calved from the parent mass. That berg, seized by the ocean currents, drifted down toward the temperate South, lessening as the warmer waters washed it; capsizing as its under-water bulk decreased, recapsizing, as the sea took its toll of its vastness; until it was merely a minor iceberg among the many. It was located by the international ice-patrol. Enshrined within it, as in a glass casket, was the perfectly preserved body of the murdered man—with all the evidence to show that his death was not brought about by misadventure but by set intent. I do not know whether the killer paid the full penalty of his crime; I only know that the Arctic proved remorseless to the last.

THIS is a tragic note whereon to end a paper; but the keynote of the Polar spaces is tragedy; as the *leitmotif* is splendid heroism, fortitude and a courage that cannot be surpassed in all the records of gallant faring the wide world over. It may be, indeed, that when the earth's extremities have become more popular, when a visit to either Pole is an episode, that even grimmer tragedies than this last one may be uncovered. But however grim they be, they cannot outweigh the glorious chronicle of valor that is inscribed in the great white silences.

When the Reporters Come

By Henry F. Pringle

For these days, when almost anybody may have to deal unexpectedly with gentlemen of the Press, a graduate of the craft offers rules to lessen the ordeal and its consequences

For many years, certainly long prior to the current Broadway dramas shedding light on the thrills and monotonies of journalism, the general public has cherished its own conception of the nature and characteristics of reporters. All of them, it has been firmly believed, drink to excess, shave once a week at the most, wear slouch hats, and constantly meet interesting people. They call the Mayor by his first name, and have great stores of confidential information with which they could ruin the reputations of nearly all prominent men. They are held to be Bohemian fellows who slave inordinately for "the old rag," curse their trade vividly but cannot leave it, and usually die young — and so much the better. The public may admit that newspaper men are talented in a shrewd way, but it does not admit them to social equality.

Such is the picture, accurate in some of its details, and in others absurdly false. To an increasing extent, of course, Americans are coming into contact with the gentlemen of the press and so can base their opinions on first-hand knowledge. The Captain of Industry meets them when a new merger is being announced. Chaperoned by his press agents (called public relations counsel), he greets the reporters affably, hands out cigars, and attempts to dodge such of their questions as he does not wish to answer. The Society Leader rubs elbows with them in the name of sweet charity, or graciously makes public the guest list for her daughter's wedding. Eager clergymen mingle, now that religion is front page news, with the representatives of the Fourth Estate. And the Chicago button king, returning on the *Leviathan* from a European selling trip, watches enviously as the ship news men scramble aboard at Quarantine to interview celebrities. It is just possible, celebrities being scarce, that he will be asked for his own views on the stabilization of the franc, the British naval programme, or the Kellogg treaty.

In all these cases the contacts are voluntarily established because of something to be gained — often a sense of self-importance — from the

resulting publicity. Obviously, also, the number of people who meet newspaper men thus happily is but a small fraction of those who have never seen a reporter in the flesh. My theme concerns them only indirectly.

WHAT to do when the reporters come? It is a question sometimes faced by those whose lives normally flow in quiet channels and who still believe press agents to be curious phenomena of the circus. Panic and doubt not infrequently seize them as the hawks of the press swoop down. Often they flee headlong. Usually they talk either too much or too little. Almost always they fail to realize that reporters are people, too, with such human failings as laziness, stupidity, naïveté and gratitude. The novice about to be interviewed for the first time assumes that all reporters are ghouls waiting for the emergence of the family skeleton. Mercy is not in them.

Nor is it only the uninitiated who find themselves wretched in the glare of publicity. One has only to recall the troubles of Mr. Tunney when he announced that he had retired from the ring and intended to wed a youthful heiress. Reporters are, it is true, dispatched by their editors for the sole purpose of learning about something which has occurred. They are often forced to suppress inner qualms persuading them that private affairs are none of the public's business. If, for instance, your son has eloped with Arline Joy of the Follies it is, perhaps, just as well to admit the misalliance frankly. Undoubtedly your unwelcome callers have already been to the City Hall and have examined the file of marriage licenses. The reporter will not be dissuaded by warnings that you are a big advertiser, and that the owner of his paper is a friend of yours, or by the offer of a bribe. But there is an outside chance that he can be deceived by a beaming statement that the marriage is one which delights you, that Miss Joy is a graduate of Smith College doing leg work in the chorus in preparation for grand opera. Thus suppress your real feelings and next morning, it is probable, the headlines will be "PROMINENT YOUTH WEDS COLLEGE-GIRL PRIMA DONNA" instead of "SCION AND CHORINE ELOPE; FLEE PARENTAL WRATH." One thing is certain, at all events, and this is that the newspaper man will not be sent palpitating back to his office with a door slammed in his face, for he has heard, beyond much doubt, that classic among journalistic anecdotes in which a cub protested against being kicked down a front stoop.

THE reporter of this legend had been sent by his city editor to interview a stalwart Irishman whose wife, grown weary of black eyes and beatings, had started suit for divorce. After an hour had passed he telephoned that he could not get the story.

"I asked him about it," he explained, "but he kicked me down stairs."

"Go ask him again," came over the wire.

Another hour went by and again the reporter called his city editor. The interview was impossible to obtain, he said. He had asked the Irishman twice more about his rebellious wife, and twice more had been catapulted down the stoop.

"See him again immediately!"

roared the city editor. "Tell him he can't intimidate me!"

MEMBERS of the legal profession, it has been noted, make the worst possible witnesses under cross-examination. They are aware that the fellow attorney in front of them probably knows the true answers to his questions and is waiting for an opportunity to prefer charges of perjury. The lawyer squirming in the witness chair seeks to divine what is in the mind of his examiner and to frame his answers in such a way that nothing will have been admitted. Usually he barely escapes a rebuke from the Court and gets fearfully snarled before the ordeal is over.

But the novice meeting newspaper men, unable to avoid their questions, often assumes that they know nothing at all; and gets just as badly tangled in the net of his circumstances. The fact is, the reporter who calls at your house is likely to know a great deal about your supposedly private affairs before leaving his office. Knowledge of this truth enables the victim about to be grilled — as the headlines put it — to know where he stands.

The sophisticated citizen, often called the Man-about-Town, is usually cognizant of this and makes use of it when he finds himself in an embarrassing predicament. Some years ago a gentleman no better than he should have been became involved in a potential scandal in a Mid-Western city. The ugly facts were that a young woman of the chorus had committed suicide in a hotel and had indiscreetly, or on purpose, left letters raising suspicions that he had been more than a Platonic friend. These had been found by the police and duly given to the newspapers. The reporters immediately stormed the office of the Man-about-Town and, somewhat to their surprise, were swiftly ushered into his presence.

"I knew Miss Blank very well indeed," he said with a catch in his voice. "Her father was an old friend of mine, and when Margaret came here to begin a musical career she naturally called on me for advice and encouragement. Yes, I even assisted her with small loans from time to time. Gradually she began to look upon me as an elder brother. I can't imagine what caused her to do this dreadful thing nor can I express, as I am sure you gentlemen will appreciate, how very distressed I am."

RATHER thin? Of course it was a dubious explanation. But had the reporters insinuated in their stories that it was less than the whole truth, they would have been forced, in the event of libel suits, to prove their version in court. This would have been difficult and expensive and would, besides, have required many hours of weary sleuthing. Consequently they printed the official explanation, with only the mildest hint that a deeper mystery lay behind it. The matter was a minor sensation for a day or two and then disappeared from the news columns. The reputation of the Man-about-Town may have been slightly tarnished, but not enough to warrant ejection from the better clubs. In contrast, however, another prominent citizen became involved in a similar mess and fled the town. After two or three days he was found in a distant city and was unable to explain his flight to the reporters who had trailed him. Being actually consumed with

guilt, and beyond the assistance of press agents who might have saved him, he graced the headlines for days.

THE distressing case of Mr. Tunney is similar only to the extent that he has shown astonishing inaptitude in his dealings with the reporters. Here was a pugilist whose international renown had depended, to a very large extent, upon newspaper publicity. During the time he had been heavyweight champion his every action had been news. And Tunney was one of the first to agree that it was legitimate news. But as soon as he had retired, and had announced his engagement to Miss Lauder, he claimed privileges as a private citizen; just as though a public character could transform himself overnight. He indulged in all manner of idiotic manœuvres to outwit the swarms of reporters who followed him demanding to know when he would be married, what he thought of love, what he planned to do for a living, and what Miss Lauder thought of the prize ring. Instead of meeting the news writers, Tunney disguised himself with spectacles and attempted to flee. For weeks his life was miserable and both he and Miss Lauder had to barricade themselves in their homes. To my mind, Tunney would have escaped more easily had he made the best of the situation, talked gracefully when it was necessary, and kept his temper.

These incidents illustrate the confusion that clouds the public mind regarding reporters. Anyone who has watched the gathering of news, or who has assisted in the gathering, is constantly made aware of the wide gap between the public and the press. Not long ago, to cite another example, a young girl vanished from the campus of an Eastern college. Now the deans and other officials of female institutions of learning are more jumpy about reporters than any other group; and not without reason. Every newspaper office, including *The New York Times*, would seem to have a standing rule that anything a college girl does is first page news — with photo. Thus when she rolls her stockings, or stops doing so, or smokes cigarettes, or takes up theosophy, the world learns about it the next morning. It is the life purpose of all college deans to reduce the extent of this sort of publicity. Occasionally, however, the newspapers can be of definite assistance.

THE disappearance of the young woman was an instance of this. For more than two days no word was given to the newspapers, in the vain hope that the affair might be handled without notoriety. In the end, the police and the distracted parents appealed to the press of the nation to aid in the search. Photographs of the girl were broadcast, together with minute descriptions of her appearance. But at the very moment this assistance was being requested, the girls in at least one dormitory were warned "not to discuss the case with the reporters now infesting the campus."

It is less important that this was bad manners — appealing to the newspapers on one hand and uttering warnings against reporters on the other — than that the case was typical of the stupidity with which such affairs are so frequently handled. The college authorities did not know what had happened to the girl. She might have been kidnapped, or a victim of amnesia or worse. Two valuable days were lost before people throughout the

country had the slightest notion of how she looked. The first interest of the college seems to have been the hope that the reporters would not come at all. When they did come, they could obtain little authentic news and so began publication of wild rumors concerning suicide and love affairs.

MY PURPOSE is not to defend reporters, but to explain, if I can, the nature of these men who are welcomed with open arms by some and viewed as social evils by many others. Leaving out of the question, for the moment, those attached to the tabloid atrocities, they probably have as much chance of getting to Heaven as any other group of men in professional or business life. Not a few of the staff writers on the standard New York dailies (as distinguished from the picture papers) hold university degrees. Several are listed, whatever this may be worth, in *The Social Register* and play squash at the Harvard Club. One of the better British Earls, a serious young man who declines to use his title and becomes disgusted when society pushers invite him to their parties, covered the arrival of ships for almost a year and is now an assistant dramatic critic. The most capable New York reporters, the men who are assigned to really big news events, are well bred, well dressed, well read and honest. They are, in brief, gentlemen.

Undeniably, though, there are some who can be called gentlemen of the press only in irony; and therein lies the peril when the reporters come. Again, I must explain the mechanics of news gathering. The most respectable and conservative journals, at least in the large cities, have two classes of reporters, those known as "staff men" and those called "district men". The district reporters are assigned to remote police stations, to the morgue, to hospitals and to branch offices in various parts of the city. Virtually illiterate, they do not write their stories, but telephone them to the city room where rewrite men whip them into shape. Most of them are poorly paid and have not the slightest chance of gaining better positions. Usually they are merely voices on a telephone, rarely seen by the more skilful men who write their stories. They remain at their posts year after year, until they die or are retired on small pensions by generous owners.

These are the shock troops of metropolitan journalism, the men who do most of the dirty work. They are on hand at fires, when unimportant murders have been committed, when a suicide takes place. They are the first to appear when the reporters come, and are replaced by staff men if what they are covering assumes importance. They are, alas, terrible.

YET the lowest of the district men is preferable to that astonishing development of modern journalism, the tabloid reporter. Ability to write, even to read, is not vital to the man who slaves for the booming picture papers. His job is to dig up dirt, the filthier the better. The tabloids thrive on the dissemination of private affairs, particularly if sex is involved. If the tabloid reporter commits burglary in getting his story, he is well on the road to success and will be a managing editor some day. If he is motivated by a sense of the honorable, he is certain to fail. He carries with him a supply of cash with which to bribe

public officials and servants and thus purchases the loyalty of valets, butlers and parlor maids. He kidnaps, for the purpose of extracting lurid diaries, the girl brides of eccentric realtors. He obtains the memoirs of self-made widows. He writes imaginary interviews with criminals awaiting execution.

The type is not entirely new. He existed, in less obnoxious form, back in the days when William Randolph Hearst breezed into New York from the West and startled the conservative newspapers into frenzies of sensationalism. Respectability was on the ascendancy, however, when the tabloids were started. Now the tabloid reporter has thrown confusion into the ranks of all newspaper men and is causing no small measure of worry to their managing editors. The former are wondering whether they, too, may not shortly be called upon to violate all codes of decency in the name of news, and whether the measure of public esteem they were beginning to win is to be swept away. The editors, watching tabloid circulations leap, are torn between emulation of their methods and disgust for them. For tabloid journalism knows no restraint.

One night some years ago reports were current on Park Row that a wealthy widower with an estate outside of New York was about to marry his house-maid. It was the vaguest sort of servants' hall gossip, but a juicy possibility for the picture press. So two valued trusties were dispatched to do their stuff. Their campaign plans were formulated on the train. One was to pose as an attorney and the other as an official connected with the Surrogate's office. They decided to call on the rumored kitchen-fiancée and inform her that an obscure relative had just died and had left her half a million dollars. This they did, interviewing the astonished and delighted girl at the back door. Then they suggested that she accompany them to the village speak-easy to celebrate. Half-delirious over her supposed good fortune, she did so and was plied with liquor until she was willing to say anything. In response to leading questions, she confirmed the rumors of an approaching marriage to her master and went into what appeared to be full details of the affair. Unfortunately, however, both reporters had joined in the drinking to such an extent that neither was in condition to return to his office that night. By morning, they could remember little of what they had been told, so they dropped the matter and reported that there was nothing in the story.

The end — headlines and a layout of photographs — justifies the lowest means to the tabloid journalist. About a year ago a group of reporters, nervous and sick over the horror they were about to witness, gathered in the office of the Warden of Sing Sing prison for final instructions. Within a few minutes a woman was to die in the electric chair. The Warden, also suffering under the strain, told them of reports that some tabloid representative intended to smuggle a camera into the death chamber. This was contrary to regulations, and he asked assurance that the rumors were false. He trusted the honor of his newspaper friends, the Warden went on, and did not propose to search them. Whereupon, to their discredit, since they knew that the tabloid men were in-

nocent of honor, all the reporters protested that no one could possibly do so low a thing.

Next morning the entire front page of *The New York Daily News*, dean of the picture papers, was taken up with a photograph of a woman being put to death. *The News* has not, as far as I know, explained how this triumph was achieved. I am reliably informed, however, that the reporter had a small camera attached to his leg. Having obtained a seat in the front row of witnesses, he pressed a button and obtained the picture. He is said to have received a bonus of $100.

UNTIL the advent of the tabloid men, the newspaper photographers were the pariahs of journalistic society. They had no manners. They did not shave or change their linen. They were crude in their approach, hailing the Queen of Rumania as "Hey! Queen!" and the Prince of Wales as "That's a good guy, Prince!" They slapped the late President Wilson on the back and ordered him to shake hands with William Jennings Bryan and "Smile, can't you?" They held to certain inviolate customs, among them that twenty snaps had to be made when two would have been plenty. They demanded that personable young women cross their legs and expose their knees by sitting on the railings of inward-bound steamers. But now the camera men pale to insignificance beside the tabloid men. Indeed, they grow a little wistful, for young women now exhibit their silken knees without urging and it is difficult to make a really snappy picture.

All this, no doubt, is hardly comforting to the American tossed by nightmares that he, too, may one day face the gentlemen of the press. At best, and giving due recognition to the many reporters who are able, intelligent and honest, they are, perhaps, a motley crew. The menace of the reporter lies in his variety. Some are even young men with literary ambitions who labor for newspapers only because they believe it the path to writing the Great American Novel. These are incredibly aloof youths who know nothing of what is going on and who are badly informed, if at all, on nearly everything having relation to the work they are doing. On an assignment they betray their ignorance by asking silly questions. At heart, they despise newspaper work and are fearful lest they become contaminated by reporting. One such youth, beginning his employment on a New York daily, shuddered over the thought that he might be exposed by having one of his stories signed. Although this was extremely unlikely, since the "by line" is an award for distinguished service, he took his fears to one of the older men.

"Do you think," he asked, "it would injure my standing with the quality magazines if I had a signed story in the paper?"

WHAT to do when the reporters come depends, it is obvious, on the form their visitation takes, and I offer some general rules for guidance. If a pair from the tabloids arrive on the trail of scandal, it may be possible to bluff them. They may be determined and undoubtedly will prove energetic. But their intelligence will not be great and they can be misled by suavity, a calm air of assurance, and some Scotch whiskey. Keep them away, however, from your servants. If

the reporters appear to be respectable men from well-known newspapers, treat them as you would any other gentlemen. If they are youths with literary aspirations, they are harmless except to the degree that they will misquote you. If all the varieties arrive together, with a half-dozen photographers in addition, you can do nothing but summon the nearest and most eminent public relations counsel.

THE mass interview, in which ten or twenty or thirty reporters hurl their interrogations, is one of the most interesting features of Twentieth Century journalism. Certainly it is as trying an ordeal as any faced by those suspected of murder, infidelity, or larceny, or of being some form of celebrity. The intelligent reporters are silenced by the majority totally lacking in sense. Nine-tenths of the questions are perfectly foolish. Thus when Joseph Conrad faced his first group of American reporters, a female writer with a high-pitched voice kept demanding that he reveal his favorite dishes. The Prince of Wales has been asked to explain his horsemanship. Caillaux, of France, landing for an important financial conference, was bluntly ordered to tell why he had been "found guilty of treason." Only the Queen of Rumania, to whom no question was so silly as not to merit answer, was happy at these affairs. Most uncomfortable of all, not even excepting the victim, are the intelligent minority among the reporters. They stand on the outskirts of the mob, looking rather shamefaced, aware that nothing can be done to halt the spectacle, knowing that little worth printing will be obtained.

The mass interview, the tabloid reporters, the picture papers, the flaring headlines; all these are part of the American scene. Once in a while some conservative views them with alarm. But for the most part they are accepted with complacency, even with relish. Publicity, even more than money, is the god before whom obeisance is made. From bathing beauties to transatlantic fliers, from Chief Executives wearing chaps to lady evangelists denying stories about their lingerie — all is legitimate.

THERE is, to be sure, one club not far from Fifth Avenue where the old fictions are maintained. One night, a year or so ago, I received a telephone call from one of the members. He had, he said, a statement regarding some oil developments in Europe. He would be glad to see it in the newspaper. Would I drop up?

A half hour later he was offering me one of the voluptuously comfortable chairs in the lounge. Boys had been dispatched for cigars and whiskey. Then he produced a statement which had been dictated to the club stenographer, the basis of an interview. He told me that I was at liberty to ask any questions that I chose. As I got up to leave he followed me to the door and shook hands.

"I say," he remarked, "would you mind not mentioning in your article that you talked with me here at the club? We still refuse to admit reporters. Only theoretically, of course. Rot, isn't it? But you'll remember? Thanks awfully. It will be in the paper in the morning? Thanks a lot!"

Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

Our Naval Policy

Not often has the American State Department issued a note comparable in three salient respects with that on the Anglo-French naval proposals — in importance, in unwelcomeness to the Government that issued it, and in the favor with which it was received by the very Powers against whose policy it was directed with fatal force. Mr. Kellogg must have been most reluctant to express disapproval of the plans of the two nations with which our relations are most intimate and most cordial. Yet so courteous was his tone, and so clear and convincing was his reasoning, that Great Britain received his note with gratification which could scarcely have been greater had he accepted instead of rejecting her plan; while France's disappointment was far less than her readiness to seek some other plan which would be acceptable to us; realizing, doubtless, the truth of *The Spectator's* observation, that "everything is lost unless Anglo-American coöperation is ensured." As for the importance of the matter, it is not easily to be exaggerated, seeing that the note was in effect a complement to the treaty "outlawing" war; giving evidence that America would not deprive herself of the power to make that treaty effective.

The fact is that the Anglo-French agreement, while doubtless well meant and not in the least intended to be unfavorable, not to say inimical, to America, could scarcely have been more ingeniously and successfully devised to discriminate against this country and to menace our legitimate capacity for self-defense. The logical and appropriate sequel to Mr. Kellogg's note will be the prompt adoption of the pending bill for the construction of the very cruisers which the now defunct agreement would have prohibited.

"The Name American"

Our good friend and esteemed contributor to this Review, Mr. St. John Ervine, is the latest — I dare not venture to hope that he will prove to be the last — to lament that "no adequate name has yet been invented" for the inhabitants of these United States; in which strange error I beg leave to comfort and to correct him. More than a hundred and fifty years ago there was invented and bestowed upon the people of this country by unsurpassed authorities a name that is natural, logical, analogical, convenient and euphonious, and which ever since that time has enjoyed the sanction of generally unchallenged use in popular speech and writings and in the most important

official documents, at the hands and tongues of statesmen, diplomats, jurists, historians, lexicographers, and indeed "all sorts and conditions of men". It was and is that which Washington, in his Farewell Address to his fellow countrymen referred to as "the name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity". If that is not "an adequate name" for the inhabitants of this country, it would be most interesting to know why.

Turning the Scoundrels Out

AN AUSPICIOUS piece of Governmental housecleaning has at last been effected in the placing of the two thousand Prohibition enforcement agents under the provisions of the Civil Service Act of 1927, by which they are enrolled in the classified service and are made eligible to appointment only after competitive examination; those men hitherto appointed and already serving being required to take the examinations as a condition of retaining their places. The questions prepared for the examinations were eminently practical, relating entirely to the duties to be performed, and the actual incumbents had obviously a great advantage toward answering them, accruing from their experience. Yet only about one-tenth of them passed the examinations. Nine-tenths of them either were unable to answer the questions, or were unwilling or afraid to make the attempt, and accordingly were compelled to retire from the service. About six years ago Mr. William Dudley Foulke, Vice-President of the National Civil Service Reform League, speaking from plenitude of expert observation, declared that the enforcement service had been "permeated from top to bottom with as precious a set of unmitigated scoundrels as ever trod the earth." And the records of the criminal courts have abundantly confirmed his estimate of these agents of a "great moral cause". It may now be hoped that most of the scoundrels have been turned out. That achievement will not solve the problem of what to do about the Eighteenth Amendment. But it will at least measurably deodorize and disinfect it.

Mexico's New Era

IT IS not too much to regard the election of Emilio Portes Gil, as Provisional President, as at least potentially marking a new and most auspicious era in Mexican history. Unlike most of his predecessors, he has never been a soldier, and does not in the least degree owe his prominence and his accession to military influence. He has always been a civilian and a believer in civil rather than military dominance in Governmental affairs. He has had a successful career as legislator, executive, and jurist, and is thus probably second to no other of his countrymen in practical familiarity with all the departments and functions of government. He is likewise understood to be inclined toward the most confident and cordial relations with this country. Certainly the unanimous election by the Congress of such a man to be Chief Magistrate of the Republic is an event of high promise.

Rhineland Occupation

FRANCE remembers still keenly the German occupation of her territory after the Terrible Year, which was maintained until the last cen-

time of ransom had been paid; and she now feels inclined to do the same with the German territory of the Rhineland, at least to the full extent of the fifteen years permitted by the Treaty of Versailles, to wit, until 1935. Yet it must be borne in mind that her present occupation is radically different in purpose from that of Germany fifty-five years ago. That earlier one was to compel the payment of ransom, while this later one has nothing to do with indemnity, but is intended to enforce general good behavior. Whatever is ultimately done about it, three facts stand out, clear, unmistakable and pertinent: That occupation — or evacuation — and reparations are entirely separate and not mutually contingent matters; that reparations and international debts are also separate and not at all interdependent; and that the totals of reparations and of debts should be determined and fixed without further delay.

Our Northern Neighbor

CANADA is in population one of the smaller countries of the world; about the size of diminished Hungary, much smaller than Czechoslovakia, half the size of Rumania. In comparison with our own States, it is a million or so smaller than New York, and probably a little smaller than Pennsylvania. Yet commercially it is to us the foremost country of the world. We buy more goods from Canada than from any other country, and we sell more to it than to any other. Such statistics make a significant pendant to the long-standing boast about the longest international land frontier in the world without a single fortress or military post throughout its entire extent.

Storms and Counter-Storms

TO THE thousands who read with absorbing interest Muna Lee's article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August last, on *Conquistador for Science*, the recent hurricane in Porto Rico has peculiar meaning, and a special appeal. For they were then reminded that the former and famous hurricane of San Ciriaco, in that island, — good being brought out of evil, — led straight to Dr. Bailey K. Ashford's foundation of the School of Tropical Medicine in the University of Porto Rico. And now, twenty-nine years after San Ciriaco and three years after the organization and opening of the School, another such hurricane has wrecked that institution and the entire university of which it is a part. These circumstances must strongly commend to American benevolence the plea of that university for aid in its rehabilitation. And perhaps still further interest may be aroused in the case by the recollection that it was to still another such storm and its romantic sequel, in a neighboring island, more than a century and a half ago, that this country owed one of the very greatest constructive statesmen in all its history. If to these we add a memorable episode at St. Thomas, when a hurricane balked for the time the acquisition of that island by the United States, we shall have a pretty comprehensive outline for a treatise on *Caribbean Hurricanes in American History*.

The Democracy of Nippon

ONLY a little while ago occurred the electoral enfranchisement of the proletariat of Japan. Close following came the adoption of the Occidental

system of trial by jury. And now comes an incident of comparable and indeed allied importance; and of no less social and political significance than of romantic beauty. This is the marriage of the Heir Presumptive to the Imperial throne with a bride possessing not merely no sovereign rank but not even a title of nobility; making it probable that the next Empress of Japan, and the mother of the next Emperor, will be a former Commoner. This is the first such marriage in the history of the Empire; and when we remember that the weddings of members of the reigning family are governed exclusively by the immemorial laws and traditions of that family itself, transmitted from the legendary Sun Goddess herself through the long procession of a hundred and twenty-three reigns, we must interpret this one as an epochal denotement of the breaking down of the age-old wall of partition between the putatively divine and the actually human. That it has been received with enthusiastic favor by peers and proletariat alike, is confirmation of its wisdom and of the profound transformation which is occurring in the social constitution of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Two Strong Men

ONCE more it is demonstrated that "when two strong men stand face to face", the seemingly impossible may be achieved, and all problems of ancient enmities, of present rivalries and of future ambitions are capable of true solution. A few years ago Italy and Greece were mutually seeing red whenever they glared across the Adriatic, and seemed in that storied region to present the most acute of perils to the peace of Europe. But now their respective Dictators have met. Mussolini and Venizelos have come together, have seen each other, and both have conquered. They have made between their two countries what it is doubtful if any envoys accredited by them could have made, a treaty of friendship, conciliation and arbitration; so that memories of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" live again in coöperation for peace among the nations.

No Truce with Adam-Zad

PUBLIC and press of Argentina acclaim with cordial approval the declaration of their Minister for Foreign Affairs, that until the Government of Soviet Russia abstains from propaganda against the social order, domestic institutions and sovereign integrity of other nations, it would be dangerous to give it official recognition or to permit it to establish legations or commercial agencies. That is a significant utterance, to be made by the Government of an important nation which has, above most others, made a scientific study of international law and ethics; and of its absolute truth and justice there can be no reasonable doubt. The history of human governments contains scarcely a more scandalous — we might say, infamous — spectacle than that of the responsible authorities of a great people systematically and officially intriguing against the peace and constitutional stability of their fellow peoples at the very moment when they are hypocritically soliciting from these others their confident recognition and friendly intercourse. It is worthy to be bracketted with the doings of Bomba of the Two Sicilies, who "erected negation of God into a system of government".

"Good Enough Morgans"

Now that the Presidential campaign is over, it might be profitable — though doubtless painfully distasteful — for a multitude of speakers and writers to reread their utterances of weeks past, and consider how they sound "in the cold gray light of the morning after". Did they really mean them, or even think that they meant them? Or did they cynically regard them simply as "good enough Morgans until after election"?

To Whom It May Concern

When a commercial airship belonging to another country visits America as the special guest of the American Government, to enjoy gratuitously its housing facilities, its technical services and its guardianship of its safety, at the large pecuniary cost and great moral responsibility of its host, "a decent regard to the opinions of mankind", to say nothing more, would seem to require that its navigators should keep this Government informed of the time, distance and direction of its approach, so that fitting preparations might be conveniently made for its reception, at least to the extent of promptly replying to this Government's courteous inquiries, and of not contemptuously ignoring them or insolently responding that "We are not allowed to communicate with you." If a prospective guest refuses to recognize or to communicate with the prospective host, all obligations of hospitality might well be *ipso facto* cancelled.

The Airplane Scandal

Scandal is a moderate term to apply to the controversy over the Kitty Hawk airplane of the Wright Brothers, and the placing of it in the Kensington Museum, London, instead of the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. In saying that there is no reflection upon Orville Wright, the surviving inventor; or upon Charles G. Abbot, the Secretary of the Institution, who inherited the trouble from his predecessors; or yet upon the late Professor Samuel P. Langley, whose flying device has been installed in the Museum. But it is perfectly obvious that somebody, somewhere in the case, very seriously blundered; otherwise the Kitty Hawk plane would now be in Washington instead of London. In the name of common sense and decency, it ought to be possible to correct that blunder to the satisfaction of the three parties concerned — the *tertium quid* being the American nation — and to put the Wright plane where it belongs, without waiting for the Congressional investigation which has already been ordered and the holding of which would make us a spectacle for gods and men. The scandal is rank enough without going to that extreme. "I may be a fool," Eugene Field once wrote; "yes, and I *may* be a damned fool; but I protest that I am *not* a God damned fool!"

"Career" Diplomats

There can be no doubt that the proposal to have the "career" men in diplomacy — the Ambassadors and Ministers who entered the service as a permanent profession and have risen from lower grades under Civil Service rules — hold their places and decline to resign at the beginning of a new Administration, was ill-advised and illegal. Such officers are in a sense the personal representatives of

the President, and each President is entitled to make his own selections. But it is equally true that the Government is morally if not legally bound to retain them in its service, in some fitting capacity. The time has happily passed when all such places were filled with spoilsmen, in the fashion denoted by the pious editor of *The Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss:*

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions:—

I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more for outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

Nevertheless, the service is not and never will be quite conformed to the law of the Medes and Persians. The resignation of the diplomats in question may at least in most cases be merely a gesture; but it will be a graceful gesture, and grace always pays.

The Apostolic Advertiser

THE protracted and conspicuous career of the late Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, after Mrs. Eddy herself probably the most widely known Christian Science teacher, will be remembered by many chiefly for her introduction of the paid advertisement as a means of evangelizing the world, as well as of intrasectarian controversy. In that she was far in advance of the committee of orthodox religionists who recently announced their purpose to "sell Christianity to the world". But one wonders whether, if there had been a newspaper press at that time, such methods would have been practised at Jerusalem or at Ephesus, say in A.D. 55. True, the statement was made the other day that every essential principle of Twentieth Century salesmanship was practised by Jesus of Nazareth. And yet . . . somehow . . .

Princess or Peasant?

THE Anastasia mystery remains unsolved. True, a number of members of the Russian Imperial family have united in a signed repudiation of the young woman as an impostor, and her hitherto strongest champion in America is understood to have withdrawn from her support. Yet there remain on record the very positive recognitions of her as the daughter of the late Czar, made by persons whose testimony is not lightly to be dismissed; so that we cannot regard it as by any means determined whether Anastasia Tschaikovsky is or is not Anastasia Nicolaievna; whether she is the pitiable survivor of one of the world's most hideous tragedies, or merely a cunning pretender. But perhaps it is just as well that it is and will remain so. There are, we suppose, few in America who remember the Rev. Eleazer Williams, the Apostle to the Indians; and it is now many years since the last appearance of the Naundorffs in court as claimants of the Bourbon succession. So it is time to have a brand-new Pretender on the boards.

The White House Gang

By Earle Looker

Some piquant escapades of Quentin and his Three Musketeers in the halcyon days of T. R., sometimes implicating T. R. himself as pirate, conspirator or as relentless executor of justice

Theodore Roosevelt started the adventurous, rollicking, joyous career of the White House Gang by sending his youngest son, Quentin, to the Force School on Massachusetts Avenue. Here, the Gang was recruited, and here each day after school it went into a huddle to confound all the rules of deportment in high places, to mix into the lives of Presidents and policemen, to win victories, to taste honor — to suffer punishment for escapades that went on the wires to national publicity. But this recorder of the Gang remembers only a few of those exploits so far unknown, or known only to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt; and some others hidden even from them.

At first, the arrival of the son of the President of the United States in our dingy red-brick public school made an undeniable flurry; the class of some fifty-odd watched him with hopeful scrutiny for signs of being stuck-up. But we learned soon that Quentin was like his father, with the same quality of enthusiasm, quick anger and quick forgiveness, explosive speech, frankness, aggressive leadership, imagination. His little body fairly quivered with his impetuosity. His tow head was always mussed, tie coming untied, clothes being torn, stockings refusing to stay up. His head seemed too big for his body. He was as irrepressible in mind as he was in body, and either way there was no holding him down or back; he was active, alert, eager, bubbling over with ideas, with strange words, with humor, with sentiment.

The Gang was unofficial for a long time, and did not become a fact until its individual membership had been passed upon by the White House. Among the finally accredited members, first, in the order of size, was Charles Taft, "Clam Charlie", later to occupy Quentin's position as White House host. He was remarkable for his calmness and slowness to anger, his good humor and also for his steadfast determination when aroused. Dick Chew was called "Sailor" because his name indicated to us he should be chewing tobacco — which he once did out of bravado until it made him actively ill. I remember the size and uncountable number of his freckles.

Bob "Slim" Stead was sallow and wiry and active enough to be used as the entering wedge into nearly inaccessible places. There were one or two others, on and off, but boys forget, names mean nothing, action is everything.

THE most active member of the Gang was too well known to be described, except as we saw him. Often when the President first appeared we had sensations in the pits of our stomachs. He approached with his great barrel-chest advancing ahead of him, ready, we thought, to burst right through his shirt front. The famous face, teeth, eyeglasses and black cords made little impression compared to this tremendous chest. As he left us we would stare at the amazing thickness of his girth, with the two buttons of his frock-coat directly in the middle of his back. He was thick through; we knew it was muscle, not fat.

Sometimes when he first came, it took minutes for us to get used to him. We would stand for a little in awe of him, not of his position but of the man. But it was not long before this restraint wore away. His active hustling, his bursts of laughter, made us forget about him in the fun we were having ourselves. You can imagine the impetus that a mind like T. R.'s could give; the effect upon a small boy was almost too electrifying. It is a curious fact that after being with him for some time, we would break out among ourselves into unreasoning anger and sulk, fight, or execute some high crime.

The first crime I remember was directed toward Andrew Jackson, or toward his portrait in the upper hall. Some very fine shots had been made with spitballs, and soon he was so covered with them that we dragged a chair under the portrait to arrange the wet lumps in designs — three on his forehead, "like an Arabian dancer," Quentin said; one on the lobe of each ear, a poultice of masticated newspaper on the end of his nose "to scare the flies away", and a gob on each of the gold buttons painted on his uniform. It was a startling thing when he was finished; we were proud of our handiwork. As we regarded him, T. R. stepped unexpectedly out of the elevator and turned to walk strenuously across the hall to his rooms. He waved to us, grinned, stopped under the portrait, took off his glasses, rubbed them with a handkerchief, put them back on his nose and looked Andrew Jackson in the face. All this in terrible silence.

"WHO threw the first one?" he asked fiercely.

Quentin, Charlie and Dick all answered together. "Impossible!" T. R. said, his voice ringing harshly down the hall. "It's all very sporting to try to take the blame from one another but I — want — the — truth!"

"I think I did," Quentin said.

"You *think!*"

"Yessir —"

"I — I — (he pronounced it "Aiee") don't like this!" T. R. said. "There is some uncertainty, some reluctance. This is a case for trial. Oyez! Oyez! This Honorable Court—"

An usher came down the hall with a message for the President, and grinned at all of us and especially at Andrew Jackson. "Later, later —" T. R. said, impatiently. "Tell him I'm giving justice —"

The President sat in the armchair

under the portrait. "Now the truth of this," he demanded. "Just think how I would feel if you rowdies, you gangsters, you villains, threw spitballs at my portrait!"

This amused Quentin vastly. "You wouldn't mind a bit," he said. "And Andrew Jackson doesn't know — he's dead —"

"What? No: I suppose I really wouldn't mind! You're right, of course, about his being dead, but how do you know he doesn't know? But boys, this isn't your portrait — it belongs to the Government. You're a very small shareholder in it. However, in selecting Jackson as your target, he's the best President I know to sling things at: but you must not in the future —" And he read us a vigorous lecture on respect for property which I shall never forget. The finding of the Court was "Guilty! Altogether Guilty!" and the sentence: "Quentin may not see any of his friends for one week. You boys are his friends, so you cannot come to the White House for seven whole days." Abruptly he left us, teeth flashing under his moustache, saying over his shoulder, "The Truth! The Truth! Next time be quicker with the Truth!"

We stood for a moment in silence before the portrait and then began to take the spitballs down, being very careful. We felt the justice of the reproof and the weight of the punishment. Portraits were henceforth taboo. Then Quentin used one of his quaint words. "The truth is," he said, "father just *abhors* Jackson!"

Though it was our habit and inclination, usually, to tell the truth, we often found it necessary to be careful with its use. There was, for instance, the case of a running fight between the Americans and the Spanish through the great hall of the living quarters on the second floor. Charlie, in the rôle of Spaniard, stumbled and was caught by Q. R., who stood over him brandishing a drawn sabre. This sabre was, as Q. had said a moment before, a relic. He had been yelling, "Step up and see the i-d-e-n-t-i-c-a-l sword carried by Colonel Thee-a-door Rooos-velt in the cap-ture of San Juan Hill! See it! See it! Don't shove! Admission one nickel, five cents, only one-twentieth of a dollah! Step up! Step up!" The sabre had a sharp cutting edge and when Quentin flicked Charlie with it blood immediately appeared across his cheek.

Charlie had been doubly killed, because I had just placed the cold blue muzzle of a revolver — presented, as the engraved inscription in English read, by the Emperor of Japan to the President of the United States — to the back of his head, and had pulled the trigger repeatedly.

We stood transfixed by the blood on the sabre blade, on Charlie's face, dripping down over his collar upon his blouse and the rug. The first guilty thought was that we would be discovered with the sabre, which we knew was taboo when we took it from the top of a mantel. Our handkerchiefs failed to staunch the blood, but we discovered the wound was not so deep.

"Lord!" Q. said suddenly. "Somebody is coming, down the end of the hall!"

"I fell on a chair," Charlie said with complete presence of mind.

That was it! Immediately we upset a chair, and smeared some of Charlie's

blood on one of its brass feet, while Quentin dashed back to return the sabre and revolver. We were hardly arranged and clustered around Charlie when the usher discovered us and rushed the wounded Spaniard into Mrs. Roosevelt's rooms for first aid. "They knocked over a chair, Mrs. Roosevelt," the usher said. "Evidently he fell against it—" Evidently! The evidence had it; we were reproved but no questions asked. We sat around doing nothing whatever for half an hour afterwards, looking at the plaster across Charlie's cheek.

Of Mrs. Roosevelt it is more than difficult to speak, just as it is for some men to speak of their mothers, with moderation. I remember T. R. calling her "Edith". The name was particularly beautiful as he used it. Small boys are responsive to the feeling in a voice or a word, and we caught all the subtlety of the inflections. We grew to love her, an affection the years cannot disturb, because she was gracious, happy, and above all interested in us.

Theodore, Jr., Alice, Kermit, Ethel and Archie, the Gang rarely saw because they were older. I do not remember that we spoke except to make mutually disparaging remarks. Theodore Jr., an ancient to us, we once mimicked from the safety of a roof balustrade, because of the bull-dog pipe he had brought from Harvard. There was no one we would not imitate, even T. R.

The ushers may remember how four members of the Gang squatted on the carpet of the lower corridor waiting for T. R. to come from his office. Finally he strode down the hall, full-steam ahead, oblivious to doors, because all ways opened miraculously before him and closed behind him with precision. As he passed we jumped up and followed in single file, mimicking his strenuous pace, arms pumping up and down, our short legs striding as far as they would go. He grinned back across his shoulder and Q., who was directly following, did likewise; the grin passed from boy to boy to me at the end of the procession. I turned and bared my teeth to an usher. We went through two doors this way, the doors remaining open until I had passed grandly through with my chest stuck out and my head held high. Finally T. R. mounted the stairway with the red plush rope, and a sudden idea took us elsewhere.

"Wasn't that simply b-r-e-a-t-h-l-e-s-s?" Quentin said. "Like a King walking through his palace as fast as he pleases with a lot of ushers in frock coats opening doors before he reaches 'em and slamming 'em so he won't get a draft on the back of *the* Royal Head!" There was no question that Q. could see and think.

The importance of the President was brought home to me at another time, as Q. afterwards remarked, "Most strikingest!" We had been playing in the attic. This is the heaven of the White House. Despite fire and structural hazards, the original architects and builders of the mansion deserve a vote of thanks from the Gang for this attic. Until modernized by Coolidge it was the father of all attics in America. It had great wide spaces and distances, no cleaning could remove the musty smells, the occasional cobwebs and spiders; it was crammed full of mysterious stuff. When you stopped to think, little trembles ran up and down your spine

because here was the best roosting place for all the occupants of the White House since the beginning. Parts of it were always dark. These places we sometimes explored with flashlights. Better than all for practical purposes of play, there were cedar chests, some empty, some full and all — to make assurance doubly sure — smelling of moth-balls as well as cedar. It was thrilling to open one of these chests with only a flashlight to examine the contents.

THERE were several open knife-switches which controlled lights. In the late winter afternoons all of the attic was dark and it was a favorite trick to "douse the glim", throwing the whole cavern of the attic into the most complete blackness. It was thrilling because it was scarey. Every member of the Gang was afraid to be afraid and there would be rough-house until someone located the switch again. It was a trick, too, to find it with your fingers without getting a shock.

T. R. would sometimes make a break in his official afternoon to play with us. On this occasion he suddenly appeared in his shirt-sleeves and vest with his frock-coat dragging from his arm. It was our signal for flight. He threw the coat away and chased us, growling ferociously. I was hiding behind a post and saw Sailor closely persued by T. R. I saw he was going to be caught, and I saw the switch at the same moment. I pulled it: immediate darkness and wild shrieks of delight from the Gang. Just then there was a loud smack, as of an irresistible President striking an immovable post.

"By George! By George! By George!" T. R. bellowed from the centre of the attic. "Lights! Lights! Turn on the lights! This is worse — worse than all I've heard of darkest Africa!"

Still proud of my cleverness, I pushed back the switch to see the President leaning against a pillar some ten feet away, with his hand over his face. There was a nail in the side of the post just about the height of his eyes; it was amazing he had not struck it. I felt suddenly faint.

"When a block of wood meets a block of wood there's bound to be a headache," T. R. said, cheerfully enough. "I'm quite all right, but never, n-e-v-e-r, NEVER again turn off the light when somebody is near a post!"

HE LEFT us to go downstairs to bathe his face. Then the Gang descended upon me. I should be punished for my thoughtlessness. The Gang lectured me with the new knowledge they and I had just acquired. I felt the justice of their remarks enough to be fighting mad. Fists struck out, and there was kicking and hair-pulling until I was smothered by bodies, arms and legs, and carried still protesting to the nearest cedar chest. They threw me in, shoved me down and sat on the lid to keep me there.

At first the moth-balls were pungently pleasant, then it got hotter and hotter, not so easy to breathe. I kicked on the inside of the lid with my toes and hammered with my fists, but the Gang responded by drumming their heels on the side of the chest and dinned out my noises. I was gasping for air, and frightened. It was as black in there as the grave, except for queer electric flashes before my eyes. I

wasted my strength by desperately trying to lift the lid. The Gang sat tight. I was suffocating.

Suddenly the lid opened and T. R. looked down into my face. He was quick with his handkerchief, too, wiping my face, and almost as quick to say "He's broken out in a sweat! The moth-balls got into his eyes and made them water!" to explain his wiping away my tears. I thought that was fine of him.

"Shutting boys up in cedar chests," T. R. said, "is strictly forbidden for more than sixty seconds — henceforth!"

"Henceforth!" the Gang echoed, and Quentin added, "Forevermore!" and swore "By Buzzard!" "Buzzard" was the golden eagle flashing his wings atop the flagpole rising from the roof, where we often played. Somewhere in these upper regions there was a skylight opening through which we could look down into the main hall of the living quarters on the second floor.

I REMEMBER how from this point of vantage we once saw Mrs. Roosevelt sitting at a tea-table directly under the skylight. Beside her sat an Italian diplomat wearing his monocle, and balancing his cup in his hand. Another guest was sitting facing them, an army officer, for we could see the bright yellow cavalry stripe on his blue trouser-leg. The Italian's monocle convulsed us. Our own monocles, crystals from old watches, we promptly stuck in our eyes and, thus adorned, we lined up along the edge of the skylight to watch our diplomat and copy his gestures. Quentin, at first softly, began to talk what he fondly imagined to be Italian. The syllables were too sonorous for us to remain silent and soon we were all gibbering away louder and louder.

"Quentin!" Mrs. Roosevelt called, and four small boys, each with a glittering monocle in his eye, suddenly brought back to earth, stared down from the edge of the skylight. The Italian opened his eyes wide and dropped his eye-glass into his tea. We could not restrain a shout. The Italian threw his head back and laughed with us, and said: "Mrs. Roosevelt, I beg of you, will you not command those monkeys to come to tea with those things in their eyes?" Later we watched him drive away, grinning to himself, as Q. said, "Like a cheetah"; very probably delighted that he had an authentic White House story to tell upon himself.

I DO not remember that we were ever intentionally rude; but when occasionally we met rudeness in others our resentment was unbounded because we had come to believe that we personally owned the White House and its grounds. Once, when the garden was being groomed for the spring concerts of the Marine Band, for garden parties and functions, we took the law into our own hands to punish lese-majesty. Two plumbers were astride the pipes in the center of the great south fountain. Naturally, we wanted to know all about what they were doing to our fountain. We shouted our questions across to them from the stone coping, but soon they ran dry of answers and became annoyed.

"Go away!" one of them ordered. "Get out of here! Don't bother us! Can't you young fools see we've work to do?"

We were speechless with rage.

Didn't they know who we were? "Don't answer them!" Q. said fiercely. "By Buzzard! We'll show 'em who's boss around here! We'll put the sinister on 'em. We'll teach 'em to talk like that never again!"

He led us behind a clump of evergreens where an iron door on hinges in concrete was sunk in the ground. Our combined strength managed to lift it open, pulling out a cast iron key longer than any of us, which we fitted into a square valve-head. The key stood straight up, with wide arms for a firm grip. But we could not budge it. Q. grew purple in the face. "In the Navy," he said, "when they strike something that won't work, they curse it around. Now! Together! Curse! and pull! — uungh! C-u-r-s-e! P-u-l-l! CURSE!" Our anger and violence did the trick. It moved and we turned it briskly as far as it would go. We peeped through the evergreens to watch the men at the fountain. It must have taken five more seconds for the accident to happen. Rusty water came gushing out of the cluster of pipes on which the men sat. One was lifted clear off his seat by the force of it, the other slid backwards on his head. Then the fountain rose majestically high to fall back in beautiful streams and spray on the men struggling to get out.

We cheered, and ran. We ran straight toward the White House with the two men after us. Q. laughed so hard he had no breath left for running and the Gang took turns dragging him. We reached the safety of the south portico and the men, wetter and wiser, went back to shut off the water and find their tools, if they could, in the rusty pool of the basin.

For some days we kept out of the garden. We feared punishment because there were rumors in the wind of an expedition soon aboard the *Sylph*. She is now the official yacht of the Secretary of the Navy, the *Mayflower* being used by the President. Once, while we were cruising aboard the *Sylph* far below Mount Vernon, a trim sloop put about and tacked up close to us, knowing who we were. A man and a woman, a little girl and a boy, all in spotless white with sunbrowned arms and faces, stood up to salute us, and T. R. came to the rail to shout as enthusiastic a greeting as theirs to us.

"You're brown as Moors!" T. R. called.

"You're red as a beet!" said the boy in the sloop, to his family's tremendous embarrassment. T. R.'s laugh could have been heard in Washington.

One expedition to an obscure landing place down river combined all the incidents common to these trips into one of the most boy-satisfying days I have ever known. It was T. R. himself who suggested Adventure with a capital A and Romance written in gold, on a smooth river in a glistening white and brass yacht flying the flag of the ruler of the water and the shores we were passing.

He said to Quentin: "See those dark clouds against the sun? It is on days like these that pirates like to plot their n-e-f-a-r-i-o-u-s schemes." That was enough. T. R. had planted the seed which germinated in the minds of the Gang before many minutes passed. We assigned names and ranks, duties, and began to formulate plans. T. R. sat back delighted until he could no longer

keep out of it, and then he called the Captain from the bridge, and named him Captain "Sinkem." This Pirate Captain broke out a new accomplishment — speaking out of the side of his mouth — and called for the charts of the river and the terrain where we planned to land. We all put our heads together over the maps and T. R. marked with his pencil the position of a non-existent fort we were to attack, as he said, "for gold buried therein."

QUENTIN'S hair stood up on end. Slim's eyes were glassy with excitement. T. R. quivered all over with interest. Charlie, practical but no less enjoying it, began to consider where cutlasses and pistols could be found, left for us by our fellow-conspirators ashore. We landed according to plan with "muffled oars" in a "glassy cove", T. R. ordering "any pirate who gets his feet wet in landing will be sent back to the lugger, by George! and locked in the lazaretto!" to the restrained grins of the sailors of the *Sylph*, regular Navy men, rowing us ashore. Just as we landed, "Sinkem" showed his understanding and genius by firing six shots in quick succession from his saluting-gun. The crashes filled the whole river and echoed back from the woods. We cheered and rushed across the beach, protected as we knew by the off-shore fire of our ship. In the underbrush we found as many branches and sticks as we needed for pistols and cutlasses. T. R. had a longer cutlass than any of us, and a stick with a knob he stuck in his belt for pistol.

For an hour or more we floundered through underbrush, skirmished along woods-overgrown roads, came into a clearing where there was a deserted log-cabin, and attacked it by an encircling movement directed by T. R.'s shouts, captured it and sat in the trash inside, tired but supremely happy. When we were finally discovered from the bridge of the *Sylph* coming back in single file in triumph along the road to the landing and a boat started back for us, and the yacht broke out every inch of bunting, signals and national flags she carried, the expedition was as perfect as anything I have ever known. T. R. danced in the dust as pleased as we. Herein lay the wonderful part of it. Can you wonder the Gang loved, worshipped and remained loyal to him — always?

THERE was ever a touch of sadness to temper these expeditions. Always when the *Sylph* passed Mount Vernon the ship's bell would toll. Off T. R.'s hat would come, if he wore one, with reverence and respect, and all talk would cease for a moment. He explained it to us in this way: "That's tolling the bell for the soul of a great man. Now we're passing his house, all the things he loved, his body, too, which he had to leave behind him. Wouldn't it be fine if you and I grew up to be so respected? Now you may not be able to get thousands to respect you, like Washington, but you can begin by getting two or three, maybe six or a dozen — that's fine, too! Sometimes as fine. Think of that!" I have often thought.

So pirates it was for many afternoons afterward, with variations, until a water-pistol fight in the East Room was brought to the attention of the chief usher, and the room was made out of bounds. Such things as squirting water on walls by mistake could be forgiven. Accidents would

naturally happen. I nearly lost my membership when Quentin and I crashed bicycles in the east corridor and we brought down a great potted palm upon us. The red carpet leading from the Treasury side made the best possible straightaway indoor bicycle track. I fully appreciate now, with so many beautiful and historic things in the White House, how miraculous were the accidents which never happened.

ONCE we let ourselves down into the awning over the portico from a second story window. This was easy because the awning was fastened against the wall close under the window-sills. It billowed like a great sail down to the pole holding the outside edge. It was safe enough to slide into because the heavy canvas sagged with our weight so that once in it we lay below the edge; we would have to climb over to fall out. We lay there, some fifteen or eighteen feet above the floor of the portico and twenty-five more, perhaps, to the ground, in the biggest hammock in the world. The thick columns of the portico rose around us in a semi-circle up to the roof.

We could watch carriages in the trees south of the gardens, an occasional motorcar, the figures of sightseers gawking through the fence; and beyond was the white shaft of the Washington Monument rising out of the green into the blue. We could not read the books we had brought with us because the glare on the white page was blinding. A little breeze from the Treasury side finally died and made it hotter afterwards. Q. remarked that the awning was, after all, there to keep the sun off, and we were on the wrong side of it.

Quentin said he was thirsty and Charlie pulled out some lemon drops, but they did not help our thirst at all. There was no getting away from the sun, it was blazing hot, we were dripping with perspiration, and we noticed we were slowly turning red. Charlie said he was going back through the window, when we suddenly discovered the awning sagged so that it slipped him easily and gently back to where he had started. We tried to gather the material in our fists for a grip, but our weight and the weight of the pole on the outside edge held the canvas taut.

WE WERE afraid to pull ourselves up the edges, for they looked tricky, and the sweat came out in the palms of our hands when we thought of the drop. We all tried crawling, unsuccessfully. Charlie had the practical thought that, by standing on each other's shoulders as we lay in the awning, one of us could reach the window-sill and then find a rope or something to pull the others up. But Quentin made the horrid suggestion that the weight of two of us on the shoulders of the third might be enough to push him off the edge. So we did not try that. It looked as though we had to lie there in that sizzling sun. Q. said, "We oughtn't to be here, you know, so we can't just yell for help. They won't find us until they get an a-p-p-r-o-p-r-i-a-t-i-o-n for a new awning, years and years! If we could only be sure of waving to someone who'd *keep his mouth shut!*"

We lay and lay and thirsted and starved and fried and thought and argued and quarreled over what to do, how long we did not know, until we heard voices on the south portico under us saying how cool it was and how beautiful the view and so on. We

kept perfectly still, lying on our backs with our arms over our faces to save our eyes from the sun, until suddenly all conversation below us ceased and Quentin said, "By Buzzard! They're gone! By Buzzard!" But help had also gone.

There was a laugh below us and we knew someone was pointing up to the three shadows and the three bumps in the awning above them. We wriggled, trying to lie more quietly. There were calls to us and more laughter. We did not reply. Then ladies in summer dresses assembled in the garden to look up at us. Quentin turned over on his bright red face to hide his embarrassment. Finally two ushers let a rope down from the window we had used, ordered us to loop it around our waists for safety, and one by one we were hauled ignominiously through the window. There was no punishment for the exploit: perhaps highest authority knew we had suffered enough. We had; our humiliation was worse.

WHEN punishment was due, in every case it fell upon the whole membership of the Gang. T. R. once fined us the contents of our pockets, when he saw they were lumpy, and took the fine on the spot. Itemized, they proved to be: half a dozen large tacks, suitable for sitting on; a couple of yards of red, white and blue cord, either for piping the servants' livery or for tying up important State papers such as treaties; one quite dead field mouse awaiting burial; two water-pistols, loaded; one Greek coin, ancient; one sling-shot and five smooth pebbles; a handbill of a Washington tailor whose trade-mark was a smiling moon; a One Hundred Dollar bill of the Confederate States of America; one clay pipe which looked as though it had been recently smoked; three inches of chain from a bathroom fixture; one old wallet with a string tied to it for dropping on sidewalks and jerking away when anyone reached to pick it up — and there were other things I cannot remember.

T. R. laid this collection all out in careful museum fashion, including the mouse, on a desk in the Executive Office, and displayed it proudly to all comers. When he returned the objects to us — everything but the mouse, which presumably he had caused to be buried as no mention was made of it — he said: "The exhibition has paid for itself; indeed it has been shown to some profit because it was generally held to be the best of its particular class in the world. I have had opinion from three Senators, five Representatives, numerous officers of the Army and the Navy, besides one from a p-o-l-i-t-i-c-a-l d-e-p-u-t-a-t-i-o-n. The least I can do is to return these things to their rightful owners, who have been sufficiently punished by being deprived of their use from the afternoon of one day to the afternoon of the next."

THE Gang carried on when the Roosevelts left Washington and the Tafts took over the ruling of our then-known earth, but somehow the days of riotous adventure had gone forever. Quentin was no longer with us, and Charlie was soon away at school; the boys were growing older. The Gang just naturally died when the small boys in us began to fade away.

In Defense of Housewives

By Ruth Steele Brooks

Are American home-makers developing an inferiority complex? One of them compares her lot with the business woman's envied freedom and discovers large compensations

The desirability of woman's working outside the home, at the proverbial "gainful occupations" — trailing its problem of careers *versus* households — has ceased to be a mooted question. However we may view the matter, whether for or against, it is a *fait accompli* and by all reasonable people accepted as such. Today, it is the status of the woman who is homemaker to the exclusion of any share in the money-getting, which calls for discussion, partly because of the unrest in her ranks, partly because of the attitude of the world at large toward her work. At the risk of being branded Victorian, in the present tide which sweeps all women into business, when one must have a profession of some sort to be able to hold up one's head among one's feminine friends, I venture a word to those who, like myself, meekly and somewhat apologetically withal, write "housewife" on tax returns, registration blanks and other prying documents.

The fact is, we housekeepers are, to a great extent, the victims of a wrong psychology, of a sort of inferiority complex, to use that threadbare expression. For we are apt, in this utilitarian age, because we are the recipients of no weekly or monthly cheque, to esteem too greatly the work of those who are. Because our compensation is in kind rather than in cash, we tend to undervalue both it and the labor involved. I know that there exists, only too often, a feeling of pique, even on the part of the most happily married women, a sort of envy of their feminine business friends with their careers and their much boasted opportunities!

But when all is said and done, is it a narrow and unimportant concern to manage your house well, with all that that implies? Can we blame others for the general low opinion (I grant it) which is held of our work when we ourselves are not really convinced of its vital importance? If we do not regard our task highly, can we ask that others should? Between you and me, there is at bottom a very genuine respect for our job; even the business women feel it! For whether they go back to their own homes or to a rented room, they are all dependent on the spirit of what they go back to, and

the temper of that spirit is our responsibility, whether we would or no.

The whole point of the matter is that we, too, should conceive of our work, as a profession, one of the most honorable in existence, certainly the oldest! And why shouldn't we regard it so? Is it not, when you come to think of it, a composite of many of the professions which women pride themselves on practicing? Doctor, nurse, dietitian, chemist, chef, modiste, economist, teacher, interior decorator; and, one might add, in many cases, architect and landscape gardener. These are but a few of the lines along which the average housekeeper and mother of a family may be called upon to exercise her talents, anyone of which is considered a thoroughly reputable calling.

THE fact is that the good housekeeper of today is in the advance guard of the present educational trend. She believes in the theory of general practice as against over-specialization. Instead of knowing only one of these things exceptionally well, to the exclusion of all the others (the kind of an education Germany gave our Ph.D.'s for so many years, and against which the present tide is turning), she must have a thorough working knowledge of them all. She must be enough of a doctor to give first aid to cuts and bumps and scraped knees, enough of a nurse to carry her children through the minor ailments most youngsters have, not to mention the more serious illnesses in the family where the budget will not stand the strain of a trained nurse. She must be dietitian and chef combined, with a moderate knowledge of vitamins and calories, and chemist enough, in this dieting age, to have a bowing acquaintance with starches and fats, to be able to plan well-balanced meals and cook them properly. No one questions the advantage of her knowing something of the art of dressmaking, and being a judge of materials, nor the necessity of her acquaintance with ideas of economy, since it is she who does most of the family spending. As for teaching, it has long been granted that a child's home training is quite as important as that of the schools, if not more so. Now isn't this, on the whole, a career of broad scope?

AND what of the incessant talk of envying men in business their broadening contact with the world — their freedom from domestic cares? How often is it as broadening and beneficial as the endless platitudes about it would lead us to believe? Let us face the facts squarely. When an advocate of this point of view states her case, she paints it rosily: A man leaving home at a comfortable hour after a leisurely breakfast which his wife has cooked, for a comfortable office where everything goes smoothly; taking what time he likes for luncheon, possibly at his club, where he discusses politics, the President's latest speech, tax reduction and the like: then his coming home at the early end of a comfortable day — comfort looms large — to a harassed wife, who hasn't been able so much as to look out of the window since he left in the morning. The truth is that things in this world are not so unevenly divided as to the sexes. About the same proportion of men are able to lead the kind of life just described as of women who are running their houses

with the assistance of several maids. Such reasoning is neither sound nor fair.

Just how common is this type of business man? It is well known that comparatively few men have "white-collar jobs," and certainly most of those who have are not, by any stretch of the imagination, to be classified with the above! Clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, accountants, salesmen, are they so particularly well off in stuffy, grummy offices? Is there no narrowing routine in their lives? This applies to business women as well!

CONSIDER still another type of man, far more numerous, the majority of male America. He gets up around six (in winter it is still dark), dresses hurriedly, looks after the fires, gulps his breakfast, rushes off in all weathers to catch a trolley or make a train, arriving at his factory to punch the time clock and begin work. Is the routine of the housekeeper to be compared with the work of these men; many of whom, for example, spend their eight hour day pulling a lever, or turning a screw, never so much as seeing the finished product of their labor? Is this less monotonous than making beds, washing dishes, and setting the house to rights? In the latter one can at least see and enjoy the results of her own effort. If cooking seems tedious, and you wish you might never see a pie again, at any rate you have the satisfaction of making a finished product, with a personal interest in the outcome! On my short commuting trips into the city, passing near the windows of numerous factories, filled with ear-splitting noise or the sickening smell of chemicals, many poorly lighted and badly aired, I confess to feeling that we wives have decidedly the best of it! For when the wage earner is off to his work, and the children started to school, the housekeeper is her own mistress. She can choose the order of her tasks. There is no time clock for her to punch; other than the necessity for definite hours for meals she can plan her own day — ease up if she likes, and save a difficult task for tomorrow. Not so with her man! He dares not stay away from work unless he is really ill, else his pay envelope, and consequently his family, suffers. He it is who bears the responsibility for food, roof, and apparel.

THERE is, moreover, a certain distinction to the housewife's profession which is lacking, as a rule, in that of her husband, or her business sisters. Understand, please, that in referring to the housewife, or the profession of housekeeping, no discrimination is made between those who do the actual work themselves and those who have some or all of it done for them. The virtue is not in the doing of the manual labor. It lies rather in the final thing evolved, the consummate home, or the approach to it, and that, we all know, consists of something more than bed and board. It often takes more ability to run a large house well, with numerous servants, than is required of the housekeeper of a small family who does everything herself.

Now this distinction of which I speak lies in a certain spiritual something demanded of her, quite beyond manual labor, business sense or clerical wit. It is she who must create the atmosphere of the house, and this duty, common to all of us who follow

the profession, whether conscious of it or not, is the binding tie between us, however much our worldly affairs may differ. Tagore puts it deftly in *Women and Home:*

> Their activity is not for money-making or organizing-power, but for establishing and maintaining human relationships requiring the highest moral qualities. It is the consciousness of the spiritual character of their life's work which lifts them above the utilitarian standard of the immediate and the passing and surrounds them with the dignity of the eternal. . . . The permanent significance of home is not in the narrowness of its enclosure, but in an eternal moral idea.

Truly, then, to be a really successful homemaker one should be able to add a certain spiritual quality to the many qualifications mentioned earlier. Can one say it more nearly than Coleridge's line: "Plain sense, measure, clearness, dignity — grace over all!" What a phrase that, grace over all! That graciousness above and beyond all the other qualities which make a house a home! The professions which call out these finer qualities in us are rare. This should be counted as an additional asset by those who follow the chief of them.

THERE is something akin to this which belongs just here, and that is the opportunity we women have to do the everyday things in a gracious and lovely way. Ours is the one profession which can eliminate the ugliness of much of our present-day living. Surely it provides an outlet for our love of beauty and for any artistic bent we may have! The first essential of beauty is order; and order is the prime requisite of good housekeeping! To be concrete, it is the woman, largely, who decides on the furnishings of the house, who replaces the worn and shabby with the new. To her, then, falls the duty of intelligently training her taste so that, through careful purchasing, however little she has to spend, she may achieve a harmonious and attractive whole, not vulgarized by her having accepted thoughtlessly or in ignorance whatever passing fashion dictates in the way of furniture, wall paper, draperies, china. Hers is the chance to disseminate good taste, the lack of which, today, is one of the glaring defects of our civilization.

As we homemakers are responsible for the surroundings of the family life, so, also, must we in a great measure answer for the way in which the leisure hours of the household are spent. If we have intellectual interests ourselves, the chances are that we can awaken and foster them in our children, and keep them alive in our husbands, however busy they may be. I do not mean by this anything "high brow", although in many circles nowadays whoever reads a book comes into that category! I only hold that it it possible to have such interests and content at home that the whole family will not want to rush off to the movies every night the moment dinner is over. If America is to become something other than a nation of movie devotees, baseball fans and speeding motorists, we women must bear, in larger part than we now do, the responsibility of guarding the leisure hours.

THIS brings us to another aspect of the whole problem of housewifery — one which many of us, in the mere repetition of worn out phrases about its dullness, its narrowness, its wearisome routine, are apt to lose sight of. The fact is, and the sooner we recog-

nize it the better, that as we are set free, more and more, by modern labor saving devices, from the *manual* side of housework, so much the more will be expected of us on the *intellectual* — if that isn't too pretentious a word! (Today, the leisure which generations of women have bemoaned is being poured into our laps; are we to fill it solely with bridge and cinema?) Anyone at present who regards our work as merely unintelligent drudgery has advanced little beyond the stone age.

THE woman who is a good housekeeper in the narrow sense is no longer considered the paragon she once was. Something more is expected of her. Part of that something is a feeling of responsibility to society at large — a sense of the dependence of that society upon the kind of home each individual member creates. We have all been brought up on the adage that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." If this be true — why is not the reverse equally true and worth applying in our every day social relations?

Each of us who follows the profession of homemaker should strive to create a center of *good* communications — on the theory of a little leaven leavening the whole — a nucleus as it were, where harmony and cheerfulness can thrive, and where friends and acquaintances like to be. In other words, good housekeeping means planting a bacillus of order, harmony, comfort and friendliness in the body social.

The value of models is recognized in every other business and profession. Our great shops in their effort to demonstrate the charm of attractive house furnishings, build and fit up rooms of actual size, in perfect running order, so as to appeal to the imagination of the people seeing them. This same principle applies to our social relations. If we are much thrown with people who have a happiness and content (this has no bearing on money, understand) which we somehow miss, and for no apparent reason, are we not inclined to question ourselves to see wherein we are lacking, and to emulate their spirit?

I WAS told recently of a case in point. It was of two young engaged people who often dropped in for tea or dinner in a quite informal way with some mutual friends who had been some years married. The girl, knowing my affection for this same pair, told me her fiance's comment on the household. "If we," he said, "can only team together as those two! So many common interests, such a warm and cheery welcome for friends, such good talk, always amusing, never malicious!" Evidently the seed had fallen on good ground!

And so, in the face of the many things expected of housewives, the many important things to which no one else can attend, and which really come within the broad scope of home duties, surely none can deny the opportunity, nay, the necessity for all-round development which this commonest of professions offers; profession whose ideal is perhaps best expressed by the holding fast to "whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report". And we who practice it should carry our heads the higher, and say, with George Herbert:

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy law
> Makes that and th' action fine.

One Increasing Christmas

By Winifred Kirkland

Evening carols in a remote mountain town suggest the striking and increasing renaissance, even in a materialistic world, of the old dream-pictures of Bethlehem

It is a little college town, lost in the oak forests of a Southern mountain top. Christmas Eve is bright with stars. Clear on the outdoor stillness comes music, which brings us in the listening houses to window and porch, for this is no ordinary carol singing. Chance has brought together a band of voices as carefully trained as they are poignantly reverent. A soprano once heard on the Metropolitan stage lends its gold to the beauty of *Silent Night* and *It Came Upon the Midnight Clear*. A tenor whose richness once filled a cathedral is singing in our woodland hush the words of King Wenceslas:

> Hither, page, and stand by me,
> If thou knowst it, telling,
> Yonder peasant, who is he?
> What and where his dwelling?

Clear and liquid as a mountain brook, a girl's voice, fresh from Parisian discipline, answers out of the starry dark,

> Sire, he lives a good league hence,
> Underneath the mountain,
> Right against the forest fence,
> By St. Agnes's fountain.

Silvery echoes seemed still to cling about our shadowy oaks as the carollers returned to their cars and chugged off to continue their singing pilgrimage. To me there on the dusky porch they left a curious blend of Christmas thoughts. Strange successors these to legendary heralds once singing out from the stars above another little hill-top village; very different successors, also, to a much nearer tradition.

When I was a little girl, my mother's account of Christmas waits, a stranded group of English immigrants in a Pennsylvania mining town, sounded to my entranced ears almost as far-removed and magical as the story of the herald angels. At that time and for long afterward, I knew no instance of Christmas Eve minstrels anywhere; today there is hardly a city or town or village in which groups composed of the finest voices in the community are not out proclaiming the Christmas message under the stars. It has become a beautiful commonplace that such bands should go carolling beneath the windows of jails and hospitals and sick-rooms.

Our new-old wait-singing is only one instance of a revival of Christmas too little noted, a revival with a differ-

ence. If we would only open our holden eyes, we might see the black imprisoning materialism of today pierced at many spots with starry pin-points of light. Insistently as old carols now float silvery through the dark, Christmas is coming back to us. It is coming back with a new refinement, a new apprehension of its spirit that is as different from the noisier, grosser celebration belonging to our childhood as was the earnest comic crudity of immigrant waits from the dedicated culture of the voices heard on this last Christmas Eve. There are many ways in which this new-old Christmas can be observed. A generation ago we did not set candles in our windows, and a Community Christmas tree was not yet imagined. A generation ago the midnight service of Christmas Eve had not become a custom extending the length and breadth of the land.

LET us stop a moment in our diatribes against the rapaciousness of this age, and realize how many, many people, on one midnight of the year, have wrenched themselves free of the money bags and for an hour are kneeling in selfless communion of saints before humanity's blazing vision of a God born in a stable. It may be that the candles now shining from altar and window sill on one night out of all the year may some time cast a radiance back into the past, forward into the future, that shall light the portentous tapestry of history like a golden thread.

Instances of the renaissance of Christmas may occur to anyone of us who will but stop and examine that holiday as it is now affecting our own neighborhood and family and friends. Anyone of us may note the present reaction against those whorls of red ribbon and tissue paper that only a few years ago tended to occupy us all so feverishly in the pre-holiday season. There is now a deep inner rebellion against any preoccupation with gift-giving that harasses the spirit. It is as if a baby hand laid its light touch on our over-busy hearts, asking for our stillness. Christmas also tends today to spread farther than our family, and farther than our friends, out into the wider reaches of human brotherhood.

THE Shop Early campaign is not merely a commercial slogan; when we shop early and mail early we are definitely remembering exhausted shop girls and tired mail clerks. Twenty years ago we accepted these quite selfishly as necessary adjuncts to the world's festival. Christmas trees used to decorate only our own hearthsides, but now our impulse to carry the Yuletide message beyond our own circle out to a wider family makes us string electric bulbs in the evergreens at our gates, to cheer the unknown passer-by. Anyone who will lift his eyes may see everywhere evidences of that new, more aspirant Christmas spirit which, in some deep instinct, is striving to make the day shine out ever brighter against the darkness of the year.

As I look back on the popular attitude toward Christmas, as it can be observed from the single angle of my own life time, I seem to detect certain trends as elusive to follow as some bright recurrent thread in a fabric. In my childhood Christmas was a robust family holiday, characterized by family giving, and by family eating, but not extending very far beyond the group of one's kin. Carols were con-

fined to the Sunday School, and we counted our Christmas cards by fives, not by hundreds. Christmas still retained much of its hearty pagan character, and the story of the birth of Jesus was no more questioned by my contemporary grown-ups than by my own six-year-old intelligence. I wonder if any of us quite remember when the literal colors and shapes of the Nativity story, the kneeling Magi, the odor of frankincense, the prickling straw, the breathing of cattle, began to fade out of our religious thinking. Education, association, scientific habits of mind inescapable in this day, had dominated us many a year before they really affected the hold upon us of the Yuletide chronicle. We had argued for or against the Virgin Birth and reached our conclusions, long before we realized the import of our arguments for our life-long conception of Christmas. When we did realize this, there came, I fancy, for many of us a shattering of dreams far more devastating than we should have anticipated.

Hark, the herald angels sing!

But angels had long become mere literary allusion. Perhaps there were for others as for me long years when we went through the December holidays perfunctorily, disillusioned and wistful.

Now it appears that as slowly, as imperceptibly as once it faded, there is coming to us a renewal of our childhood's attitude toward Christmas, but it is a renewal with a difference. It is an amazing fact that a new reverence for the inner significance of the Nativity story should be manifesting itself at the very moment when the literal facts of that story are being doubted and denied as never before. There must be strange, indestructible elements in the narrative of Bethlehem to make it so enduring a dream. How can anyone explain the mysterious revival of Christmas in this darkening day and in this cynical generation, so prone to riddle all dreams and to disparage all religion? This is the question that the Christmas carollers of our little village left echoing in my mind, as their music floated away among the shadowy oak boughs.

The study of Christmas as a shining date growing ever clearer and more significant in human thought, is the study of a dream. And the dreams of humanity are tricksy things to examine, not susceptible to argument or statistics. One may hazard only guesses into the subtleties of human wistfulness. It is a curiously interesting search to gaze far back into the dusk of history as slowly, hesitantly Christmas appears. The first Christians had no Christmas. Only as Christianity becomes a securely established religion can one perceive in that early darkness one day begin to gleam out faintly, as if it were a delicate, isolated thread of gold, glinting on some shadowy fabric, shining ever brighter as it recurs through the advancing centuries. Even now, after two thousand years, the gold of Christmas can be observed still invincibly weaving its way into the texture of harsh materialist thought. Never has humanity had so persistent a dream as that of a peasant baby born to inaugurate the rule of kindness upon earth. Never an age so determinedly mechanistic as our own, and never in history so starkly spiritual a conception of Christmas as exists today. Nothing in all life so gross and

ignominious as the brute facts of human birth, and nothing in all literature so beautiful as the story of that birth which dates our era.

IT CANNOT be too clearly iterated that not until Christianity had become an accepted faith lifted above the hazards of obloquy and persecution could the story of its Founder's birth receive attention. At first only the Cross and the blazing heroism of its sacrifice could nerve men and women to the suffering needed to plant a new religion in pagan soil. The bloody arena stretching before the early Christians afforded neither time nor place for concentration upon a manger. The impulse that first drove the flaming wedge of Jesus's idealism into the decaying ancient world did not come from preaching about a baby, it came from preaching about a man. Not Christmas but Easter is the date for the releasing of a Hebrew carpenter's influence upon history. It is not Christmas that accounts for Christianity, it is Christianity that accounts for Christmas. This is only saying that, historically, it was Jesus's death and resurrection that first laid hold on the imagination of humanity. Hot-foot, hot-heart, His first disciples went telling every street-corner of a Man who had done incredible deeds of mercy and spoken incredible words of kindness. Slowly, steadily, the Man thus proclaimed won His way into temple and home, until acceptance of Him was no longer perilous. Then at last people, at leisure and in safety, could begin to inquire, what of this Man's birth? Not until then did Christmas become a date to be celebrated.

Searching for accounts of a birth, Christianity in its first centuries of security found a story harmonious in every detail with that Manhood which had nerved its first struggles for existence. That Man had called himself sometimes Lamb of God, sometimes Good Shepherd. What more natural, then, than that shepherds should appear in His birth-story, pressing in from their gaunt midnight pastures? According to all tradition, that Man had displayed a mysterious inner illumination, so that even the learned lawyers begged his secret. It was therefore quite in accord with His character that the light of a star should have revealed His dwelling to wise men searching for Him. This Man had been seen to touch a leper, talk with an outcast woman, dine with the traitor tax-collector; it was therefore in keeping with such manhood practices that He should have been born a lowly baby God in a stable. Looking into their scant records, but looking still more at the Jesus now familiar to them, those early Christians discovered for themselves a birth that accorded with a death, both equally a declaration of good will to men.

THERE is something more astounding than any physical miracle in the fact that the story of His birth given forth long after Jesus's death should so inexplicably harmonize with the story of His life. There is no grossness in the New Testament records of Jesus's nativity. They are accounts so reverent that for two thousand years they have made all birth holy, and have shed the light of kingship upon every human baby.

But it is easier to surmise how Christmas came to be a golden date for those dim, far-off centuries than to explain its renaissance among us today.

Highly developed sophisticates as we are, it is hard for us to acknowledge ourselves dream-ridden as children. Yet our tribute to Christmas today is the revelation of some spiritual impulse within us that no mere logic can explain. Many a hard-headed scientist, laughing at miracle, is nevertheless to be discovered on Christmas Eve stringing bright lights about his lawn to cheer some unknown wayfarer along dim streets. Many a grim materialist, coerced by Christmas, is making some secret gift absurd in its tenderness. The voices that go carolling on Christmas Eve know themselves to be imitating angels, although angels are beings unacknowledged by the intellect. Many a stern believer in a mechanistic universe gives his little son a toy engine on Christmas. If he were consistent, he would not so confirm a superstition in his child's mind.

ARE we all strangely inconsistent at Christmas? Or strangely consistent, false for one day to all our science, and for one gold day of all the year true to humanity's deathless dream? The Christmas dream has endured for twenty centuries. Is it perhaps immortal? Sociology tells us that the family is a decaying institution, and for answer we every year lift higher in our veneration a peasant man and wife and swaddled baby. In every conclave and in every newspaper, rulers declare that our only safety lies in organizing for murder, and within hearing of their cynicism we are listening to angels singing good will to men. Psychology announces that Christianity is dead, and in rebuttal there stretch from end to end of our country on Christmas Eve, the crowded, kneeling churches. Science tells us God is mere force, and humanity laughs out in Christmas glee and lifts to its heart a warm, white, holy Baby.

STILL dawns yearly upon our human calendar an ever more beautiful Christmas. Clearer, brighter each year there glows upon the dark expanse of time the recurrent luminous picture of a Holy Family. Year by year, those who dare to follow a wandering star, come bringing ever fairer gifts, carols more silvery, worship on every Christmas Eve more humble, window tapers each time more conscious of their meaning. On one day out of all the year we strive to lift high the tribute of a heart kindly to all its fellows.

As we gaze far back we see Christmas at first only a pin-point, a flickering gleam on the dark tapestry of time. Then slowly, steadily, that repeated glow increases, takes warm shape and splendor. Before it, after it, extends the long, long fabric of dark days, fog-ridden or lurid with blood and fighting. But steadfastly the glow of Christmas spreads forward, backward, upon the stretching murk of the years. The old scenes of murder and pillage, of wet swords and bloated money bags, still these weave in and out, in and out, of the ever-unwinding fabric. But whatsoever hand is patterning the endless tapestry of human life is each year irradiating with threads ever more golden the recurring picture of a shining baby in a manger. Back over the black mystery of old years, forward into the black mystery of the years to come, shines ever more confident the golden kindliness of Christmas.

Leadership or Mob Rule?

By Henry R. Carey

The breakdown of democracy in America portrayed in startling contrast—Jefferson compared to Harding, John Marshall to Bryan, Robert Morris to "Bill Vare"

The good Saint Denis blindly follows his feet. He is utterly confused. A Christian martyr, he is depicted walking with his severed head held in both his hands, wandering, eyeless and senseless, over the gay city of Paris, with no idea whither his unguided limbs are leading him. Whimsically enough, he is the Patron Saint of that most intelligent of nations, France. He should be re-canonized as the Patron Saint of our American Democracy.

For our Democracy is assuredly proceeding without its head. How long, one wonders, can it go on performing this miracle? It is ruled by impulse and the spinal cord, rather than by reason and the brain. The leaders who have guided us by reason and wisdom have, for the most part, passed away.

In our Government and politics, national and local, there is no real leadership today. We are managed by demagogues and buffoons. Let us compare some of the old leaders with the new. Match, for example, Caleb Cushing, diplomat and jurist, Attorney-General of the United States, Minister to Spain and Ambassador to China, the first Mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts, with "Bossy" Gillis, the present Mayor, street brawler and garage man, who receives reporters in his bathtub. Place Josiah Quincy, the second Mayor of municipal Boston, author, lawyer, university graduate, gentleman and scholar, coming of a long line of liberally educated ancestors, with "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, Mayor of Boston at the outbreak of the World War, whose chief claims to distinction were an inexhaustible right arm and an undying readiness to sing *Sweet Adeline* with or without request. Or consider "Big Bill" Thompson of Chicago; or contrast Colonel Marinus Willett, first Mayor of New York after the Revolution, with Mayor Hylan.

Look at our Senators. A few compare favorably as to education, if not as to general culture, with the Senators of early days. But it is fairly certain that the Senators, as a group, have shown a progressive deterioration since the days of Washington and Jefferson, a process which has apparently been hastened since

the Civil War. Behold the National Legislature today! Behold them, like a school of swimming squid, progressing by moving backward, self-confused and self-hidden from the world in clouds of their own ink! Yet when I ask my friends at the club what can be done about the Senate, they answer cynically, "Just leave it alone and it will kill itself."

CONFRONT the older Senators from Pennsylvania, Robert Morris, Albert Gallatin, James Buchanan, with "Bill" Vare. Place a few of the early National Secretaries of State, Jefferson, Randolph, John Marshall, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Clay, next to a later Secretary, William J. Bryan. Disregarding questions of inherited culture, it is at once evident that the earlier Secretaries were by comparison intellectual giants. (Al Smith, like Abraham Lincoln, is a glorious exception, a true leader, a Lincoln of the city streets, towering high above the common run of mankind.) Of course, there were some backwoodsmen leaders in the old days, and there are leaders comparable with Jefferson, Hamilton and Adams today; but they are few and far between and they but rarely appear today in American politics.

Turning to the Presidents, it is noteworthy that the first six were mutual friends, belonging to a small governing class, and men of broad culture. They flourished from the Revolution until 1829. Though they were all staunchly anti-British, they nevertheless owed their liberal education to standards set up by the British aristocracy which they had helped to overthrow in America. It is striking and perhaps significant that the line of our cultured Presidents lasted just as long as a man, who had completed his education under British rule, could hope to live. In the very years when the young men who had received British training prior to the Revolution reached the end of their lives, came Andrew Jackson, our seventh President, bringing with him our first example of American rough-house Government.

ANDREW JACKSON and Warren G. Harding are two shining examples of the sort of leadership that our Nation chooses when left to itself. The one, a fine soldier, brave as a lion, teaching his soldiers to eat acorns, going calmly about his farm with a bullet wound over his heart still uncared for; yet, as President, erring through ignorance, indiscretion, quarrelsomeness, violence and bigoted policies. The other, equally ignorant, having no policies at all. Both easily led by men shrewder than themselves, both lacking in trained mentality, the one brusque and military, viewing all things as black or white without gradations; the other gentle and easily imposed on, seeing the problems of the day as a grey and genial blur. The one attacking the banking system of the country, causing our nation a financial panic and "ten years of the severest liquidation"; introducing to Washington, in defiance of the example of his predecessors, the baneful spoils system, and advocating the cause of slavery; the other attacking nothing and advocating nothing, but costing the nation millions of dollars, through the ease with which he was fooled by impostors. The one foisted upon the public by the shrewd ma-

nipulations of Van Buren, the other chosen because of his docility, by the Republican leaders at Chicago in 1920, in spite of the people's preference for two other candidates. Consider Ulysses S. Grant, farmer, West Pointer, superb general, yet as a President ill-fitted to deal with the Washington crooks of his day because of his simplicity of nature, during whose term there was a financial scandal which in magnitude can only be compared with that of President Harding's régime. Or look at Andrew Johnson, whose wife taught him in later life what most boys learn in school. Like Andrew Jackson, his model, he was a man of complete honesty, unflinching courage and abysmal lack of *savoir faire*.

If we compare Jackson and Johnson, Grant and Harding, with any of the first six Presidents, it immediately becomes evident that the sons of the people, whatever other Presidential qualities they may have had, have been conspicuously wanting in tact, shrewdness in dealing with mountebanks, and ability to see both sides of public questions. They have been apt, through biassed judgment, to carry the country into extremes. Worst of the faults of some of them has been their intellectual one-sidedness. Led on by slogans, they have lacked the liberal, judicial, broadminded attitude, which can come only after an exceptional education. "Tolerance," says Walter Bagehot, "is learned in discussion and, as history shows, is only so learned." It is difficult for a tailor, like Johnson, or a farmer, like Grant, or a soldier, like Jackson, to find in his youth the sort of impersonal discussion among mental equals which alone leads to tolerance. They have been wanting in wisdom and culture, those products of meditation and leisure. For in their early years they never had time for leisure.

That our few remaining leaders are pointing out to us these very dangers, should, if we were any longer capable of following true leadership, make a deep impression upon us. Newton D. Baker, for example, tells us that our educated and cultured people seem voiceless and scattered. They do not have the common impulse to make their weight felt at the points of social disintegration and danger, consequently great and cultured cities are captured by demagogues; Mayors and even Governors are convicted of corruption. Great public questions are discussed in passion and decided on prejudice, while educated men look on in sorrow, unable as a class to get together or to act. Meanwhile, he adds, some solitary public servant, with decent standards, bears his burdens alone, without hope of being sustained by good and wise men, if he acts uprightly and according to conscience. Speaking for England, Viscount Grey sounds a similar warning. "Democracy," he says, "is on trial. It is not an ideal way of selecting the wisest people to govern the country." Chief Justice Taft, discussing America, echoes the Viscount's words. "The Republic," he says, "is on trial." Mr. Taft suggests, as a remedy for our lack of leaders, that educated men, who are not dependent upon their salaries for office, should go into politics. Is it, then, totally impossible to escape from the single-track money standard? If Mr. Taft's suggestion is enthusiastically followed, we shall return to the

evils of a plutocracy, against which Aristotle long ago warned us, evils which are a positive danger in this country of over eleven thousand millionaires. Our experience with our diplomatic service has not been such as to encourage us to expect invariable ability, or unbiassed interest in all classes of Americans, in the members of a plutocracy.

But we do not heed these warnings of our few articulate leaders because we are no longer capable of wise followership. The people have a vague feeling, especially noticeable among our Eastern farmers, that since all men are created equal it would be beneath their dignity to follow a leader. But since real leaders are the source of standards and ideals, and since we do not follow them, and because every man, however ignorant, is his own judge of values, our standards are fast being ruined. All save the money standard. For, as the noblest ant is the one which can store the most food, so the noblest Roman among us is considered to be he who can store the most wealth, by fair means or by foul. That is the reason for our modern Chicagoism. We have ignored the only interest which distinguishes men from animals, the interest in things not of the belly but of the mind. The only leaders we follow, the only experts we know, are the leaders and experts in accumulation. (True, for short periods, in wartime, we do follow a leader, as a pack of wild baboons will unite momentarily to raid a banana plantation, only to separate again immediately after.) In these circumstances true leadership, the source of true ideals, hides its head. Such conceptions as playing the game, tolerance, intellectual honesty, the idea of a gentleman, are dying out, simply because social position no longer depends upon understanding and practising these ideals.

The result of the absence of wise followership is a vicious circle. There is a French saying, "I lead because I follow." It is the implicit motto of nearly every Member of Congress. It should be printed upon every copy of *The Congressional Record*. It should be framed and hung in the office of nearly every Senator and Representative. It is the necessary technique of our Democracy as now organized. The Representative, in order to be re-elected, must show the home folks that he is as perfectly insulated from good ideas as they. The home folks, by manifesting appreciation of his exaggerated Conservatism or unthinking Radicalism, encourage the Representative. We shall never escape from this vicious circle until the home folks, admitting the scientific fact that all men are *not* created equal, are willing, as in the old days, to be guided by men of proved ability, learning, devotion and wisdom. A second result of the failure of followership is that, as General Pershing has told us, good men now stay out of politics, fearing the difficulties which they are likely to encounter through the trickery of cheap politicians and, one might add, the jealousy of the screaming Demos.

The chief reason for this malady, with its symptoms of discouraged leadership and vanishing followership, is a wholly false assumption arising from a phrase used by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created equal." Plato and Aristotle, though they had no in-

telligence tests, knew better than that. "Democracies have arisen," wrote Aristotle, "from supposing that those who are equal in one thing are so in every other circumstance; as, because they are equal in liberty, they think themselves equal in everything else." However, as he goes on to tell us, "nobility and merit are to be found only amongst a few; but their contraries amongst the many; as there is not one man of nobility and merit in a hundred."

Now when Jefferson wrote those famous words about equality he probably meant simply that the British-born Americans of the Colonies were as good men as the Britishers in the Old Country, and intended to show them so. A casual study of his letters indicates that he did *not* believe that all men are equal in ability, or even that all men should have equal rights. He probably had his doubts about the equal rights and equal abilities of Indians and Negroes, and he certainly had his doubts about the equal rights and equal abilities of women. His basic theory of government, closely resembling that of Aristotle, is best expressed in a letter which he wrote to John Adams in 1813. "There is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and the talents . . . There is also an artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents . . . The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of Nature for the instruction, the trusts and government of society. . . . May we not even say, that that form of government is the best, which provides the most effectually for a pure selection of these natural *aristoi* into the offices of government?"

So far we agree with him perfectly, but in the same letter he goes on to say:

"I think the best remedy is . . . to leave to the citizens the free election and separation of the *aristoi* from the *pseudo-aristoi*, of the wheat from the chaff. In general they will elect the really good and wise."

But even in those days, when there was a wealth of cultured leadership left over from the Colonial aristocracy, Jefferson elsewhere freely expressed his doubts as to whether the people, unlearned in the law, could possibly elect "good and wise" judges learned in the law. And indeed how can the less wise and learned properly select for election the more wise and learned? It is an unreasonable hope, and it has not been justified by history. Jefferson's deadly error lay in supposing that under our elective system the "natural *aristoi*" could continue, without special assistance, to reach positions of political command. His mistake lay in supposing that the governing class of this Republic would remain, as he described them in his own day, "men . . . enlisted by all their interests on the side of law and order, habituated to think for themselves, and to follow reason as their guide." In a word, the fundamental fallacy of his philosophy was the assumption that man as a voter is a reasonable or intelligent animal.

Democracy as we know it today, in its naïve form of ultra-Democracy, is a relatively new experiment. It came in with the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, whom Jefferson had opposed politically as a dangerous man. It

came with the opening up of the West and with the election of a President who, for the first time, was born neither in New England nor in Virginia. In President Jackson and his crowd we find, perhaps for the first time in history, the belief in Democracy as a government which should be run exclusively by the men of shirt sleeves and the spittoon. This was obviously a different theory of Democracy from that of Jefferson, yet Jackson held it without reserve.

"TRUE virtue . . . ," he wrote at the close of his life, in 1845, "can only dwell with the people — the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy." True virtue, mark you, can dwell *only* with the laboring and producing classes! These classes, presumably, are therefore the fittest to govern. It is the pith of the Jacksonian philosophy and it is not unlike the theories of Communist Russia. And the people of Jackson's time held the same belief. They had a sublime faith in general education. They regarded it as a kind of jam which could best be utilized by smearing it in equal quantities on the heads of all children alike. They did not know, as we know, that human capacity for education varies as much as human characteristics of skin and hair. They believed that if everyone, with the exception of those obviously insane or feeble-minded, were educated, everyone would be equipped wisely to govern the Republic, whether by ballot or by gavel.

But we now realize that a government ruled by the "laboring and producing classes" only is as absurd as a government ruled by the rich only. For it is easily demonstrable that the voice of any section of the people is often the voice of Satan. And it is as well accepted as the law of gravitation that men's minds, in every class, differ widely in ability.

IF WE desired to create a world of men even nearly equal in ability, we should have to produce a world population entirely composed of identical twins. In the biological nature of things, these hundreds of millions of identical twins would all have to be born to one woman, and all at the same time; but even if the world were so filled, all men would not be equal mentally, for the intelligence of identical twins has been measured, and it is found that there are individual differences, even among them. The Army intelligence tests taken during the War, of soldiers of every class and station in life, indicate that at least half of them were of medium or low intelligence. When the mental scores of a large group of soldiers were plotted, it was found that the line so formed approximated the Gaussian curve, the curve of normal distribution. It was discovered that some forty-two per cent. of American soldiers were of normal (medium) intelligence, while there were roughly as many slightly and greatly sub-normal minds as there were slightly and greatly super-normal. *Only thirteen per cent. of the soldiers examined were found to be intellectually distinguished. It is now believed that the innate difference in mental stature between a man of average general intelligence and an Aristotle or an Einstein may be like the difference between a hut ten feet high and a skyscraper of 510 feet — a difference of 5,000 per cent. And it is perfectly fair to assume that what was true of our Ameri-*

can soldiers is approximately true of our population at large. Further, it has been found that there is an interesting correlation between mental ability and the possession of ethical standards. It is therefore probable that our population is no more equal in moral and ethical qualities than in intellectual.

THE second false assumption on which our Democracy has been based is that all the voters would be eager to vote, and would be interested in the problems of government as in the old town meeting days. We now know that the voters want nothing so much as to be left alone. It has been calculated that not more than one-half the voters do their duty in most Presidential Elections and not more than ten per cent. go to the polls in local elections.

Nor can we be bothered with the labor of thinking concerning problems of government. In the early town meeting days the question was whether to build a fence or to erect a new Court House. Since then problems have become vastly more complicated. An amazing example of the obsolescence of unmodified Democracy, due to this inability and disinclination of the voter to think, occurred in Philadelphia in November, 1927. (I follow the newspaper report.) Senator Smoot of Utah was speaking, by invitation, on tax reduction and tariff matters, at a huge Republican rally in behalf of the candidacy of the present Mayor, Harry A. Mackey, who, like his predecessor, forms another quaint contrast with Josiah Quincy and Caleb Cushing. This crowd, though made up largely, no doubt, of those supposedly interested in politics, was neither awed by the presence of a financial expert and Senator, nor interested in his life work. They talked, they laughed, they applauded at the wrong time, without rhyme or reason. Finally Senator Smoot in desperation laid down his papers.

"JUST a few more words," he pleaded. "I really thought you had an interest in the affairs of your Government. I am vitally interested in reduction of taxes. I am giving all my heart and strength to a study of the problem. The only way we can get at the solution is by public discussion, so that Congress may know what the people are thinking about." The Senator returned to his typed speech, but before he had uttered a half-dozen words some one in the gallery shouted, "Choke him!" The Senator, plainly upset, continued as best he could, with the inopportune applause and the increasing uproar. After a few minutes, plainly exhausted, he ceased speaking, with his speech but partly delivered. He was white with rage. Democracy had answered the Senator and Congress. It had succumbed to the blight of superficiality.

Democracy is defined as a government by all the people. The people have had over one hundred years of general suffrage, in increasing amounts, and they are not yet governing. The people do not vote. They are not interested in public affairs. The wise leaders, who undoubtedly exist, do not get to the top, nor are they encouraged to do so. America is ruled in secret by rich men, in semi-public by the bosses, and in public by the demagogues. Is it too much to say that if Democracy means rule by the people as a whole, it is a failure?

It would seem that we must redefine Democracy in accordance with our new knowledge, which was possessed neither by Jefferson nor by Jackson. We must redefine it as the ideal, perhaps unattainable, of a qualified equality of rights and opportunities, plus the realization that equality of ability does not exist, never has existed, and never will.

There is no better short statement of this more critical view of Democracy than that made by Abraham Lincoln, when he said of a Negro slave woman: "In some respects, she certainly is not my equal; but in her natural right to eat the bread she earns with her own hands, without asking leave of anyone else, she is my equal and the equal of all others." Qualified equality of rights, as an ideal, yes. Equality of physical power, coloring, height, mental ability, as a fact, no.

THE remedy for the national disorder of ultra-Democracy is, therefore, the principle of selection by wise men, plus election by the voters. It is a plan for selecting and training the noblest and most intelligent Americans for political leadership, after election by the people. It is a combination of Democracy with aristocracy, in its fine old Greek sense. It is a device to secure for ourselves political leaders at the top of Government who are Jeffersons and not Jacksons, Sumners and not Heflins. It is an effort to bring about Jefferson's ideal of government by a natural aristocracy of "virtue and the talents", composed of men devoted to upholding law and order, and following "reason as their guide". In a word, the suggested remedy is an Aristo-Democracy designed to overcome the evil of mob rule and employing a "Society of Leaders" as a fourth branch of the National Government.

For, if it be true that, as General Pershing has said, government *as now organized* "can be no better than the average of its citizens", then the only other hope of improving government is to raise the average intelligence and character of the people.

UNFORTUNATELY, as we have already seen, the Army intelligence tests indicate that a large proportion of our citizens are incapable of intelligence, with or without higher education. Furthermore, owing to the differential birth-rate, the masses which are incapable of either intelligence or higher education, seem to be out-breeding the tiny minority of the intelligent, thus gradually swamping the possible leaders in an ocean of mediocrity. If these premises are sound, as I believe them to be, our Democracy as now organized is doomed. Our only hope is to abandon the unsuccessful experiment of giving the same education to the whole unwieldy mass, with its ever increasing dead weight of morons and near-morons, and its ever decreasing number of persons capable of teaching. Our only hope lies in giving special advantages to the apparently dwindling number of our gifted children, and in leaving to these gifted children, when they attain maturity, the ever more complex problems of government which more than half of the population can never understand. The great mass of us must admit that we are mental inferiors, and begin to follow the leader.

I personally know a boy who will

be a future leader if he gets a real chance. He appears to be entirely normal in every way. Like the youthful Jefferson, he is glowing with health, and is an exceptionally good athlete. Not long ago, while he was attending school in a large city, it was decided to establish a class for specially gifted children. This boy joined the class, no member of which was pushed in any way, and, going his own gait, accomplished five years' school in two. As he was far too young in years to enter college, a friend then took him around the world. He is now the richer by experiences in every part of the globe, plus the formation of habits of work, and of discussion among mental equals, which would inevitably have been destroyed if he had been held back with boys of less intelligence.

THE first step in the preparation of leaders must be the selection and special education, if necessary at State expense, of such boys. They will be chosen by various mental tests at about fourteen years. From fourteen to eighteen they will be in competition with boys of their own mental stature, either in special classes or in special schools. At all times their physical condition will be given special attention. At about eighteen these gifted children from all over the country will be sent to a special college, or to a special class or classes in some college or colleges. Here, as before, they will be taught that modest leadership is for them a patriotic duty. They will not be *forced* to specialize, but an effort will be made to *persuade* them to take up government as a career. On graduation from college and the graduate schools, they will cease to receive State support, and, if they have any intention of joining the governing class, they will be expected to go out for a time into the world of practical affairs. From this world many of them will, quite naturally, never return to government; but many others will go back to it, attracted either as the political nominees of the Society of Leaders, to which they will be eligible at the age of thirty-five, or as members of the Society itself. At thirty-five, those who have received leadership education, and others also, may, upon passing certain examinations, and upon submitting a record showing nobility of character and power of constructive thought, be elected to the Society. The examiners will, themselves, be Leaders.

THE Society of Leaders, which is to be a definite part of our Government structure, a fourth check on the Executive, Legislative and Judicial divisions, will have in Washington its own office building and place of assembly. Its membership will consist of many younger men, between thirty-five and fifty, as well as those of riper experience and probably more conservative views. *The Leaders will play absolutely no part in framing the policies of the nation.* That is largely the function of the National Legislature. Nor will they invade the provinces of the President or the Supreme Court. Their legal duties will be threefold. First, they will define and conserve the national intellectual and moral standards. Second, they will be official purveyors of accurate news. Last, and most important, they will select the slate of candidates for all political

offices, executive, legislative and judicial, national and, to some extent, local.

Among the standards which they will define and preserve will be a new standard of unselfish service to the community, the fast disappearing conception of honesty, intellectual as well as commercial, the definition of a true gentleman, and the like. As the most perfect metre stick is kept with infinite care in Paris, so will these mental and moral criteria be preserved, as the Nation's most precious assets, by the Society of Leaders in Washington. As the official distributors of correct, or nearly correct, national and international news, the Society will have the task of fighting the yellow press.

THIS press, however unscrupulous, however costly to the Nation, both in money and in the bestial passions which it falsely or unnecessarily arouses, cannot be suppressed without abolishing our invaluable principle of free discussion. The effects of its pernicious activities can, however, be counteracted. This will be accomplished by publishing each week a very short bulletin of correct news, sifted, clarified and interpreted by the best minds of the Society and the Nation. It will be required by law that these bulletins be carried in a conspicuous place on the front page of every newspaper and tabloid published in the country. There will be no headlines or slogans, those greatest of falsifiers. We must realize that no short, unqualified statement is ever wholly true, not even this one.

The simplification and interpretation of current information is also of vast importance in an epoch in which it has been found that the majority of newspaper editors have not grasped Professor Shotwell's simple definition of an aggressor nation, and have misled the reading public upon this vastly important subject. In selecting the slate of candidates of both parties for political office, the Leaders will, in a way, be doing what the Republicans did at the nominating convention in Chicago in 1920. Just as they chose, and almost forced the people to elect, Mr. Harding, a man of whom few of them had ever heard, so the Leaders will occasionally present names for election of whom the masses are ignorant.

BUT there is a vast difference between the boss methods of today and the Leader methods of the future; for while the Bosses often choose candidates specifically because they are known to possess neither striking ability nor marked strength of character, the main business of the Leaders will be to supply the voters with a slate of candidates who possess ability, character and wisdom. The people may then assert their power by failing to elect any of the persons named. In that case the Leaders will be obliged to choose other nominees; but the people will know that their final choice *must* be placed among the names selected by the Leaders, rather than among the names selected by the Bosses. It is possible that this new principle of selection *plus* election could be applied also to State Governors, State Legislatures and State Courts, and to the Mayors of large cities. Incidentally, when laws shall be passed by even a small majority of legislators thus selected, — men who are bound to be respected be-

cause of their personal worth, — there will be, for the first time, a real chance of enforcing our statutes.

Finally, the right of membership in the Society, which will be a very great honor and well paid, will depend upon one's personal ability and character. It will not be hereditary. It will place wise men of broad vision at the top of Government, just as the Civil Service seeks to place experts, of somewhat narrower vision, in the lower ranks.

WHETHER or not the Society of Leaders, or something like it, can soon be incorporated as a part of our Government structure, there can be no doubt whatever that the selection and special education of Leader-children must begin at once. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, the foremost of our intelligence testers, tells us that there is reason for believing that a considerable part of the world's talent fails of fruition through lack of selective education. Cattell has shown that Massachusetts, in proportion to the population, produces eighty-four times as many men of science as Mississippi. It is unreasonable to suppose that this is entirely a matter of heredity. We prefer to believe, says Dr. Terman, that it is largely a matter of educational opportunity. It appears, too, from a research concerning the early history of three hundred of the most eminent men and women of the last few centuries, that these geniuses owed their advancement as much to special opportunities, which came their way by happy chance, as to innate ability. But in spite of Dr. Terman's efforts, we stupidly fail to apply our knowledge, so as to produce greater numbers of such leaders. The tacit slogan of our schools is "millions for morons, but not one cent for leadership". In New York City alone, there are eight thousand public school children who, because of backwardness, have been segregated and given special education, and provision has been made for fifteen more of such special classes in 1928. There is a staff of specialists provided to examine such children. There is even a special building for conducting educational clinics! What, meanwhile, is being done for our national assets, the gifted children? Practically nothing at all. As one famous educator has said, "I have about concluded that the bright child is probably the most neglected child in the world, not only neglected but often discouraged and sat upon." To quote another educator, "We have special classes for backward children and special schools for the feeble-minded, but God help the bright child!"

STANDING straight in the path of this much needed reform is a mistaken theory of Democracy, reminiscent of the quaint ideas of the Jacksonians, and well expressed by Dallas Lore Sharp. "What else but a common school," he writes, "can be the head of the corner of Democracy? We must go to school; we must all go to school; we must all go together to school, with a common language, a common course of study, a common purpose, faith and enthusiasm for democracy . . . One thing I know; we must have a common school for all the people". Now the article in which this was written produced a flood of enthusiastic letters from emotional persons who apparently

do not think very clearly. Evidently they, too, believed that Democracy requires that all Americans should have "a common course of study", irrespective of their mental ability. A perusal of the article quickly reveals, however, that what Mr. Sharp really fears is that division of school boys into *social* classes which is now going on through the establishment of private schools around Boston.

BUT what Mr. Sharp apparently does not understand is that the proposed system of selecting school children, *according to ability*, tends to decrease the social divisions which he bewails. It is certainly not undemocratic to put bright children in the same class, regardless of wealth or social distinction, leaving ordinary-minded children where they were before. If this is undemocratic, then it is also undemocratic to give special physical training to leading school athletes, or to members of the first football team. On the other hand, the present system of education holds back the leaders and teaches them to loaf. The convoy can never go faster than the slowest vessel. If good coffee is mixed with bad, the result is coffee which is neither good nor bad. If bright children are mixed with stupid, the result is general mediocrity, with the brightest children the laziest, and the dullest unprepared for that manual labor by which alone they can earn a decent living.

On the other hand, the suggested selective system comes nearer to true Democracy. If adopted, it will accomplish, for the first time in history, a true equality of opportunity for all American school children, through the removal of the handicaps of born leaders, however poor and unknown. As Plato so beautifully put it thousands of years ago, "Democracy means perfect equality of opportunity, especially in education . . . Public officials should be chosen not by votes, nor by secret cliques pulling the unseen wires of democratic pretense, but by their own ability as demonstrated in the fundamental Democracy of an equal race."

THERE is a species of American caterpillar which always travels in long lines, nose to tail, playing follow-the-leader. The leader is the individual who happens to be in front. He has no special qualifications. He is as nearly blind, as nearly idiotic, as the rest. His position is a matter of pure chance. If you deftly steer the line of crawlers with your finger, you can get them to form a nose-and-tail circle, which will revolve aimlessly and uselessly, over the same old ground, the leader following the led, the led following the leader, until the vicious circle is accidentally broken. Now, as they are stretched out in a long line again, if a twig happens to fall across it, their Indian file will break in two, and a second chance leader start a second chance line of march. That is a nearly perfect picture of leadership in our American ultra-Democracy. When shall we have the wit to improve on the government of our brethren the caterpillars?

The Business of Doctoring

By Cleon C. Mason, M.D.

Are doctors' fees too high? And should not their bills be paid as promptly and as ungrudgingly as those of the landlord, the grocer and the plumber?

The profession of doctoring is a curious business. It *is* a business. We are expected to pay and pay promptly our rent, our grocery bills, our gasoline bills, and all other expenses of living. We are called upon and unceremoniously hijacked into contributing to all kinds of civic requests, from the Community Chest to the Firemen's Ball. We are expected to maintain a certain standard of living. To do all these things we must have money. This money we must collect from our patients for services we have rendered them. If we insist on being paid adequately and promptly, we are classed at once as commercial, avaricious, unprofessional, even by the persons who exact ready and adequate payment for groceries, meat and gasoline. On the other hand, if we allow our books to become cluttered with long overdue accounts, we hear the old cry, "Oh, well, doctors are notoriously poor business men!"

Recently I was away on my vacation, and during my absence a bill from a plumber came into the office. On the first of the month I had sent the plumber a bill for services amounting to less than half of what I owed him. Ten days later, while I was still away, came a curt note reminding me that I continued to owe the plumber that account. On my return I asked the office girl to copy the note, word for word, and send it to the plumber, reminding him that my statement had not been paid, at the same time enclosing him a check for his account. What happened? The plumber literally roared into my office. The air was blue for a few minutes. That he resented the tone of the note I had sent him was more than evident, and it was only after some moments that I could get him quiet enough to show him I had used his own methods of collection. Fortunately he had a sense of humor. "Well, Doc, I guess that is one on me!" And he paid five dollars on account!

Why one should resent being called upon to pay his doctor's bill as promptly as he is expected to pay his grocer or his plumber, has long been a curious anomaly to the medical man.

By bitter experience and by universal example the doctor soon learns his lesson. He finds that a fee in the hand is worth six on his books; and

his teachers, like my plumber friend, who are also his critics, find that the doctor is an apt pupil. The chances are ten to one that when a doctor becomes avaricious, plunderbund, or commercial, it is the public at large which has made him so. It is the sting of that stack of unpaid bills; they represent in nearly every instance services rendered in good faith, services given freely in time of need, day or night, services performed without the question of pay ever having come up, yet they are very genuine evidence of a lack of honesty on the part of a percentage of the public. It is not surprising that the doctor becomes as distrustful as the garage man, the grocer, or the railroad company.

To exploit one's few unfortunate experiences with the medical men, and from these to deduce sweeping and wholly unwarranted conclusions, is certainly a most illogical method of approaching the problem. Yet that is all which has thus far come before the public. The issue of The North American Review for October carries an article by Mr. Harding, entitled *The High Cost of Doctoring*, which should be read by all medical men. It is a brilliant example of the method just condemned, and it illustrates the impossibility of laymen ever appreciating the medical problem, especially the very complicated issue of medical fees. There is a certain element of humor in it all; especially Mr. Harding's unfortunate experiences with grasping and incompetent otologists, his final resort to Johns Hopkins, and there, for ten dollars, obtaining what he believed to be an accurate diagnosis. It happens that Johns Hopkins is my own medical *Alma Mater* and I do know a little of its policies. If the author had said he was charged twenty-five cents, I would have understood, as that is the free clinic charge, or if he had said twenty-five dollars I would have understood, but where in that institution he could go for ten dollars is beyond me! And while on the subject of Johns Hopkins, I wonder if the public at large knows that in 1921 the Board of Trustees of that institution, at the recommendation of Dr. Smith, the Director, passed a ruling that no patient should be charged more than one thousand dollars for a major operation, and that no patient in Marburg, the private wards, should be charged to exceed thirty-five dollars weekly for medical attention; and that because of that ruling a physician, generally conceded to be the outstanding internist of the United States, if not of the world, has practically withdrawn from the Johns Hopkins staff — and in my opinion rightly so!

Before we can discuss medical fees and the high cost of doctoring with any intelligence, a standard of medical values must be developed. What is pneumonia worth? What is a compound fracture of the femur worth? What is the removal of a brain tumor worth? Are any of these worth more to a man who is responsible for millions than to a man who is responsible for nothing? This last is one of the burning questions, and so far it is unsolved. We have as yet been unable to arrive at any standards which represent anything. The reason for this becomes apparent when we realize that the price of medical service is subject to the same economic laws which determine the price of other commodi-

ties, while the competency of medical service is governed by other laws.

It has been my own experience that any medical bill is too much, at least from the patient's viewpoint. On the other hand, I am equally certain that I pay far too much for my office girl, my gasoline, my drugs, my wife's coat — why go on? That is only human nature. The fact remains that medical fees have not increased in proportion to other costs over the last decade.

A DOCTOR has only one thing to sell, his time, which of course comprehends his talent or abilities. He has only a limited amount of this, for several reasons. After a highly expensive training period he arrives at an earning capacity late in life as compared with other lines of endeavor. The cost of medical education in both time and money has increased enormously in the last twenty years, and today a properly equipped doctor represents an investment of at least twenty-five thousand dollars. The time he has to sell is strictly limited by what he personally can do. Patients pay for their particular doctor, not for his assistant or a substitute. For this reason it is practically impossible for a doctor to organize his practice so that his income will go on when he is away. Last, his years of earning are limited, twenty-five or thirty at most, often less.

The doctor quickly finds that the article he has to sell is subject to economic laws, just as any other commodity, and the law of supply and demand soon begins to operate. The successful doctor finds that the supply of time is limited, and as the demand increases the inevitable happens — the price increases, which is just and right. That is why the internist before mentioned withdrew from a hospital which attempted, by legislation, to nullify a basic economic law. I understand full well why the sick man wants the best he can get; I also understand why he cannot always get what he wants. Unfortunate as the situation is, it does exist. It exists in the commercial world, and will continue to exist in the medical world until some radical changes come to pass.

TOO often the successful practitioner is not the most competent doctor, which is one of the most unfortunate of conditions we must face in medicine. Medical men know this, have known it, and are helpless in the face of it. The public still likes its bally hoo, not only in the side-show but in the doctor's office, and far too often the public runs to clever medical salesmanship while it completely ignores medical competency and scientific efficiency. Here again the public is to blame. Beyond a certain point the public cannot go. You cannot sell a brand of medical treatment which the public does not like, no matter how right it may be. We of the present generation are having far more difficulty in debamboozling the public concerning certain mistakes of our forefathers than those kindly, but medically bewildered, old gentlemen ever had in bamboozling the people. Take the matter of drugs. Patients will hardly pay for services unless the doctor leaves some pills, so deeply ingrained in them is the idea that there is some relation between pills and cure. Yet there is rarely a doctor today who, in the light of half a century ago, is not a therapeutic nihilist!

I, or any other doctor, can pile up

more instances of avariciousness, overcharging, actual extortion in the medical profession, than could be printed, and the same can be said of any other profession. But what does the public expect? The public has but one standard of judgment, financial, and by this standard it judges all things from halitosis to Mr. Edison's most recent remark on immortality. Or was it immorality? Mr. Ford can make remarks on any subject under heaven, and the public will not only quote him but believe him; not because years of patient study have prepared Mr. Ford to speak with authority, but because Mr. Ford has sold enough automobiles to accumulate a billion dollars, and in this day and age, in America at least, a billion dollars, *a priori*, has more brains than the most painstaking student. There you have one of the basic troubles, not only with doctoring but with all other professions.

THE doctor hates the position he is in more than anyone else, because he is more capable of fully appreciating that position. He hates the idea of "all the traffic will bear". He hates being adjudged half robber and half beggar. He hates attempting to be the adjudicator of medical finances. But the general attitude of the public has put him there, and there he must stay until he is clever enough to write a declaration of independence which will insure the public an intelligent brand of medicine at a fair price and at the same time insure himself an adequate return for his services.

Mere reiteration of unpleasant experiences is not constructive reorganizing. To point out the avariciousness and lack of competency of a limited number of medical men, always a very small minority, is far from a solution, yet to date that is about all that has been produced. Problems of this nature are solved by the trial method. It is well known that the medical profession itself frowns on any new and unusual methods of medical service, but those which do survive are quickly adopted. The problems are not subject to mathematical calculations. They are subject only to time solution, and any attempt to hasten the situation by ill-advised legislation of men not thoroughly conversant with the manifold ramifications of the medical problem is certain to result in even greater confusion.

THERE are specific aspects of the problem which need careful consideration.

First: Among many medical men there is a growing feeling that medicine is a public utility and possibly a function of the State. The Declaration of Independence claims for men "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and certainly all three are dependent upon good health. If medicine is a public utility, how can it be controlled for the common good? If medicine is a State function, how is it to be administered? These are not idle questions. They are extremely intrusive problems, which are going to demand a solution.

Second: Is medical service a *one price* article? Is it worth any more to the rich than to the poor? If medical services have varying values, who is to judge as to the variations, and how shall the values be determined? This is one of the most pressing problems which medical men face, and the one

which subjects them to the most criticism. So far the doctor has been forced to solve it as best he could, but his solution is far from pleasing, not only to the public but to the physician as well.

Third: Is it wholly just to organize charitable institutions designed entirely for the care of the sick, and then pay for everything used in carrying on the work except the one absolute necessity, medical services? This sort of thing is being done on a grand scale throughout the country. Is the doctor not entitled to pay as well as the grocer or the plumber? The public apparently says, No; yet that same public objects when the doctor adds enough to the medical bill to compensate him partly for the time he has been called upon to give. The entire question of charitable institutions and their relation to the medical profession will stand much study.

Fourth: How is incompetence among doctors to be handled? No group of men has struggled more seriously with this problem than the medical men themselves, and that they have made giant strides is very well known. We shall make more in the next twenty years. The answer lies in the better training of more carefully selected men.

THESE are only a few of the more pressing problems which must be solved in working out the relations between the doctor and the public. Anyone can get a hearing who will attack the high cost of anything. It is sweet music to our ears. But it is quite different to sort out, classify, and justly evaluate all the factors which enter into the problem of high costs, especially a problem which is as many-sided and complicated as the financial relations of the medical profession and the public.

The doctor justly demands a fair return on his educational investment and a fair price for his time; and by "fair" I mean sufficient to insure him a comfortable old age. He asks for little more, and usually gets a great deal less. On the other hand, with as much justice, the public demands competent medical attention at a price it can afford. How to accomplish this will require the sympathetic cooperation of the medical profession, the economist, the legislator and the public. In the end all will profit.

FEW laymen and fewer doctors have had the temerity to offer solutions. Certainly no single one could clear the atmosphere. From the doctor's standpoint a number of facts stand out. First, there is too much *free* medicine. One is a bit dubious as to the expediency of charitable organizations where a large percentage of the available funds is eaten up in administration, and the remainder in maintaining institutions which depend wholly on the freely given time of physicians. Such practice of medicine not only lowers the face value of medical services but pauperizes many people. If charity can afford to pay for organization, it assuredly should be able to pay for its medical treatments. Here in Los Angeles County, one of the richest in the world, we have the penurious spectacle of a great county hospital where everything is paid for but the one essential, medical attention for the patients. Of course the doctors are to blame. Their recourse is obvious — prompt organization and firm refusal to lend

themselves to such practices. At least such would be the prompt answer of the grocer, the plumber, the railroads. So I offer this as a proposition, that every doctor from Maine to California steadfastly and uniformly refuse to render any phase of medical service without adequate compensation. Los Angeles County can afford to pay. Let it pay, then! And the same for every other charitable organization.

SUCH action on the part of the doctors would raise widespread criticism, but it would soon be forgotten. I know a man who, dead broke and without a friend, went to the local Bell Telephone Company and tried to get to talk to San Francisco where his mother was dying. Did he get a charity 'phone call put through? Why ask? Of course he did not! Yet I know a doctor who worked over that same man for two weeks and finally sent him on his way, well, and with twenty dollars in his pocket. Did anyone raise a cry as to inhumane action of the telephone company because it refused to give services without pay? No one dared. And the doctor? He did only what the public expected him to do. No, the fact remains: the public has been possessed of the idea that the doctor can be worked, and the doctor has foolishly allowed himself to be caught in the net. His only recourse is refusal to bear the brunt of the situation any longer. In the end he will be paid.

My second suggestion would be for the doctors in every city to organize central offices where data concerning all the people of the community could be accumulated and used for the doctor's benefit. In this way patients could be classified. At the same time the medical organization could establish a fee schedule, probably on a sliding scale to fit the various purses, and what is more important, stick to the established rates. This is eminently fair. It would allow the public to see at a glance exactly what the services are going to cost. The doctor is no longer a beggar-robber but a business man like the grocer, the plumber, or the telephone company. If the prices are too high, then go to the publicly supported institutions.

The gross incompetence of the medical profession would all be wiped out in time. More careful selection in the medical schools, more careful hospital training, a thorough training in the publicly controlled charity institutions at a living wage, and finally acceptance by the medical fraternity.

I AM not sure that such a programme would make for any cheaper medical care, but it would more equitably distribute the costs. It would most certainly do away with one big nuisance, organized charity, and it would throw the burden exactly where it belongs, on the taxpayer. It would stop a lot of quibbling over fees, because everyone would know exactly what the fee is going to be. It would free the doctor from a lot of undesirable patients by sending them directly to the public institutions. It would do away with a vast amount of pauperization which is now being fostered by the charities.

All these things such a programme would probably accomplish, and more. It would make a business man of the doctor; and it would, I fear, ring the death knell of doctoring as a world-old profession.

Light Fingers

By George S. Brooks

A true tale, in everything excepting the names, of pretended shoplifting as an aid to blackmail, defeated by a piece of shrewd and daring burglary

Had Michael Conroy been forced to write a description of Max Gittelman, it would have been both vivid and terse: "Jew, sixty, nervous, too fat, not a bad fellow, and he's going to die quick on the golf course some day if he don't diet."

Max Gittelman was the brains, the bluster and the nervous system of the Sherwood Department Stores (branches in all principal cities, mail order departments in St. Louis, Brooklyn and Chicago). The Sherwood Stores had not been christened in honor of the founder. They had been named twenty years ago by Max Gittelman himself, because he admired the name "Sherwood", which he saw on the label of a bottle of excellent rye whiskey.

In a word, Max Gittelman was business, all business. His office, in which he sat as he interviewed Michael Conroy, was a replica of "Our Library — Furnished Complete Except Books — For Only $789.50. (Sale Price.) — See Furniture Department, Fifth Floor Annex". And had any prospective customer for a library suite wished to view the room, Max Gittelman would gladly have interrupted his conference while he explained the bargains in "Domestic Oriental Rug, Modified Empire Easy Chair. Old Colonial Style Electric Reading Lamp and Improved Sheraton Writing Table and Desk." Max Gittelman knew every detail of the business and was fully as glib about it as any department manager or salesman.

"Mister Conroy," said Gittelman, "my bank tells me I should have confidence in you. They says you got an A-one reputation. They says you is to crooks what 'Flit' is to cockroaches. That's what they tells me."

"Glad to hear it," admitted Conroy. "Although I'm most always in for a run of bad luck, after I get a bokay."

"Mister Conroy, what is your cheapest terms?"

"I haven't any cheapest terms, Gittelman."

Max Gittelman heaved a sigh. He had been afraid Conroy would make some such reply. "Well, I can't blame you, Mister Conroy. 'One price to all' 's been th' motta of my store and

I ain't done bad at it. I can't blame you. Say. Would'ch take a case on a contingency basis? Would'ch, Mister Conroy?"

Conroy laughed. "I can give you the addresses of several private detectives who might be glad to . . ." he began. He also rose.

"Nu, nu, Mister Conroy." Gittelman raised a fat hand to protest. "My bank says you wouldn't. But it don't do no harm to esk, does it now? I always say it don't cost nothin' to esk. Well. Well. Sit down."

Conroy resumed his chair, without rancor or, indeed, any particular enthusiasm.

"Mister Conroy. I been gypped. I've been took. My stores has been took and shook down."

Conroy's interest quickened. There was always enough of the dramatist in him to be fascinated by any tale of fraud.

"How bad?" The question dropped from Conroy's lips, much as a physician might say, "Let me see your tongue."

"Forty thousand dollars in five months, all told."

"How?" Conroy leaned forward. Any system by which forty thousand dollars could be extracted from Max Gittelman interested Conroy profoundly.

"By blackmail. Sure. That's what it is, blackmail. I had to pay that much to keep damage suits outa court. My lawyers got me dizzy writin' checks. Settle this one, Max, they says. Settle that one, Max. So I settle. I settle. My God, Mister Conroy, I'll settle in the poorhouse if you don't stop this shake-down they've rigged for me. I'm th' pay-off for a bunch of . . . of two-timers."

Conroy beamed. He rose and put out his hand. "Give me a note to your lawyer and I'll go over the cases. I'll make a preliminary report this week and then we'll have another talk."

Max Gittelman scribbled a few words on a sheet of paper and signed it.

"I expect big results, Mister Conroy. After what my bank said, I look for big results."

Which explains why Michael Conroy became a floorwalker in the Women's Wear Department of the Sherwood Store in Baltimore, Md. The Richmond and Philadelphia stores had been successfully "worked"; Conroy was of the opinion that the gang would move on to Baltimore, before starting on a tour of the western branches.

Unfortunately for Michael Conroy, he was both modest and a bachelor. For ten days he blushed so continually that the back of his neck grew purple, between the scarlet lobes of his ears. Each hour of each working day was a self-imposed penance upon him. When necessity compelled him to walk through the aisles of his department, he kept his eyes strictly to the front and even pretended deafness when a customer asked him, "Is this step-in fast color? Will it wash?"

"Women ain't got no decency or refinement," he confided to a startled bell boy at the hotel where he was living. "Not any more, they ain't. Why, today, a woman says to me . . . but you hadn't ought-ter hear it. You're too young."

He was forced to learn how to identify combinations, scanties, vests, step-ins, bloomers; he even succeeded

in pointing out the brassière counter to a customer; without, however, looking directly at it.

"Over there, m'am," he explained, waving his hand in a southerly direction. "A pink girdle like the one you're wearing, Miss? Why, I dun'no . . . you'll find them things two aisles over. Yes, Miss. In all colors. I said, in all colors." He spoke the last line with great emphasis.

"My God!" he muttered to himself as the girl, laughing, walked away, "I thought she was goin' t' show me the color, right here in the aisle."

Once Conroy spoke his mind to the store detective, who had been detailed to aid him.

"When I was a harness bull, out of Old Slip Station in N' Yawk, an' worked nights on th' wagon, I helped raid plenty of hook shops. But I ain't never seen nothin' like these underwear places. Not me."

ON A Tuesday afternoon, Michael Conroy's blushes were rewarded. A little Irish girl, from the Philadelphia store, brought down for two weeks, walked quietly past him.

"She's there, at the hosiery sale counter." The girl, much excited, whispered it in Conroy's ear.

"Which one?"

"The middle-aged woman in the brown coat and black hat."

Conroy nodded and strolled away, toward the elevators. When the woman in the brown coat and black hat got into the car to descend to the street level, Conroy removed the colored bordered handkerchief from the breast pocket of his sack coat. And two young men, who had been loafing nearby, crowded into the car after her.

Conroy returned to the chief clerk at the hosiery counter.

"You got my signal?"

"Yes sir."

"What did she buy?"

"Two pair of Ivory stockings. This kind, with the lace clocks. They're one-ninety-eight marked down from. . . ."

"All right. You c'n go home and stay home until the store sends for you. Your pay'll go on just the same. A little girl from Philadelphia will look after your counter for a few days."

"But. . . ."

"Go on. It's a vacation with pay. What's eatin' you?"

TWO days of great activity followed, in the business offices of the Sherwood Store. Certain reports were received by Michael Conroy, studied by him, and then filed in the drawer of a golden oak desk which he had borrowed. The first reports were these:

Operator F5
7/25. 2:01 P.M.

Picked up subject on signal from Mr. Conroy. Picked her up at elevator on 2nd floor of Sherwood Store and tailed her to Hotel Emerson, where she occupies Room 521. Subject was dressed well, brown coat, black hat, tan stockings and alligator shoes. She is good-looking woman about 5 ft. 5 in. tall, stocky build, weight about 145, 40 years, medium light hair and complexion, hazel eyes, made-up considerable. She is registered at hotel under name of "Mrs. Madeline Woods" of Newark, N. J. She has received no callers and no mail. Been registered since Monday at 11. At 4:15 P.M. she left hotel and I tailed her to office of Attorney J. F. Morse, where she stayed for 15 or 20 minutes. On leaving, she returned to hotel. She tips liberal. She ate dinner costing $4.20 in hotel grill and went to room. I put her to bed at 11 P.M.

MORGAN.

In explanation of the faithful Morgan's final sentence, and lest his wife in the Bronx worry over his morals, one should add that "putting to bed" in private detective argot means that the person who is being watched obviously has retired.

Operator F2
7/25. 2:01 P.M.

With Operator F5 picked up subject designated by Mr. Conroy. Remained with Operator F5 until first subject left law offices of J. F. Morse. Remained there to see who else came out. Shortly man appeared who did not belong to law offices. Followed him, Subject 2. Subject 2, man 5 ft. 8 in. tall, well dressed, weighs 175, about 35–40 years. Dark complexioned, heavy mustache, black hair and eyes. Mole on neck below left ear. Smokes 3 for 50c cigars and chews the ends, very nervous. Carries silk umbrella rolled up for cane. Walks as if he had fallen arch, right foot. Blue suit, black oxford shoes, brown soft hat, purple tie.

I picked up subject No. 2 at 4:53 P.M. and tailed him to Hotel Belvedere, where he occupies Room 254. He is registered as "Archer Newman" of New York City. He ate big dinner and went to burlesque show in evening. I put him to bed at 12:45 A.M.

REYNOLDS.

FOLLOWING these reports in the file were several telegrams. Two were to be readily identified as valuable:

Buffalo, N. Y.

ARCHER NEWMAN ANSWERS DESCRIPTION OF AMOS NEWTON STOP NEWTON WELL KNOWN HERE DISBARRED ATTORNEY STOP DISBARRED FOR CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD CLIENT STOP NO COURT CONVICTIONS AGAINST HIM ALTHOUGH HE WAS TWICE TRIED FOR GRAND LARCENY SECOND DEGREE STOP SAVED BY JURY DISAGREEMENT.

Atlanta, Ga.

YES, NEWMAN WAS REGISTERED IN HOTEL HERE AT TIME WHEN SHERWOOD STORE SETTLED DAMAGE SUIT FOR FIVE THOUSAND.

Attached to these was a short note, unsigned like the telegrams. It was written on Maryland Supreme Court stationery:

Confidentially, Attorney J. F. Morse has bad reputation with both bench and bar.

DURING the lunch hour on Friday, the chief store detective came hastily to Michael Conroy's office.

"Well, Mr. Conroy," he began, "the woman's back at the counter. And she's just picked up two pair of stockings off the counter and put them in her hand bag. As brassy a piece of shoplifting as I ever seen."

"Have you arrested her?" asked Conroy, quite mildly.

"Well, no. I. . . ."

"Going to let her get away with them?"

"But I thought, Mister Conroy. . . ."

"What are you paid for?"

"Shall I make the pinch?"

"What would you do if I wasn't here?"

The store detective hurried away.

So it happened that, as Mrs. Madeline Woods started down the elevator, a burly, stub-nosed man touched her arm.

"Just a minute, lady."

"Sir?" asked Mrs. Woods, resplendent in a tailored suit and smart hat.

"We want you to come down to the store offices. Th' boss wants to see you."

"Sir?" Offended dignity was in Mrs. Woods's inflection, in her rigid spine, as she clutched her handbag. "You forget yourself."

"If you'd forgot them stockings you lifted off the counter, this wouldn't have happened. . . ."

"You're accusing me. . . ."

"No, lady. I ain't accusing you. I got it on you. Come on, now. Don't make no fuss."

"But I bought these stockings. . . ."

"We'll see about that."

The detective took Mrs. Woods back to the counter, where she faced the little girl from Philadelphia.

"Did she buy two pair of stockings off you?"

"No, sir."

"I didn't buy them from her. I bought them from another girl. A tall, blonde girl."

"That tall blonde girl ain't worked since Tuesday noon. C'm on't the office."

In the store offices, Mrs. Woods made an elaborate explanation to the store manager. Michael Conroy was not present.

Mrs. Woods insisted that she had bought the stockings found in her handbag on Tuesday. She said that, when she got them to her hotel room, she was surprised to discover that the color was not exactly what she had supposed and that it did not match her favorite gown. So she had brought the stockings back to the store, to see if she could pick out another pair that would prove more harmonious.

"We call it shoplifting here," said the store manager. "However, to give you the benefit of the doubt, if you can produce the sales slip. . . ."

Mrs. Woods began to cry, hysterically. "I'm afraid I lost the little paper . . ." she wailed.

"Funny, ain't it? You people always do," returned the manager, with heavy-footed sarcasm. "Take her over to Police Headquarters, Jerry. Petit larceny. Take the stockings along for evidence."

On the way to the Central Police Station, Mrs. Woods made a surprising recovery of her self-possession. She walked unaided into the Matron's room, and before the arrest blotter had been made out, asked to use the telephone. Within a half hour, an old and dear friend, one Archer Newman, arrived with $50 cash bail.

"They'll be sorry for this," Newman roared at the desk sergeant, who, unimpressed, counted the bills. "They'll be sorry. Why, I've known Mrs. Woods for ten years and there isn't a finer little woman in the country. She wouldn't take a pin that didn't belong to her. I'll retain a good lawyer and make that store sweat for this."

Such was Archer Newman's secret for success. He knew perfectly well that no department store can afford the publicity of having a woman customer falsely arrested for shoplifting. Not only would every juryman's sympathy lie with the poor, wronged woman and result in a full verdict against the heartless store, but also the mere fact that a corporation had been a party to an arrest upon insufficient evidence would repel customers for months. Newman's "racket" was a legalized blackmail, the surest and safest method of obtaining money ever devised.

Many laymen suppose that the word "blackmail" necessarily implies some overt act of extortion; a threat to kill, maim, expose, kidnap. In reality, blackmail may and frequently does consist entirely of passive concealment. In this type of blackmail, the law itself becomes the

weapon held over the head of the person or corporation to be "shaken down".

So, under Newman's shrewd direction, Mrs. Woods played an unbeatable game. They never stepped outside the law. She bought two pairs of stockings legitimately. She then returned to the store on another day during the lunch hour period, when a different clerk would be behind the counter and there was no danger of her being remembered, to exchange the garments. She put the stockings back on the counter and then, after fussing long enough to draw attention to herself, very clumsily put them in her handbag.

The woman was careless, yes, in that she failed to bring the purchase slip to the store with her. But forgetfulness is not criminal. Arrest for shoplifting was sure to follow. And the moment an arrest was made, a suit for damages for false arrest automatically began.

IT WAS neither particularly bright, nor particularly early, when the case of Maryland Free State *versus* Mrs. Woods was called in Police Court the next morning.

Mrs. Woods was supported by her attorney, J. F. Morse. In the back of the room sat Michael Conroy and beside him, nervously twisting on the hard wooden bench, was Max Gittelman.

"You got me into one more suit," Gittelman hissed in Conroy's ear.

"Wait," whispered Conroy.

The store lost no time in presenting its case. The stockings were identified, Mrs. Woods was identified, the facts of the arrest were sworn into the record. Morse, who had asked the store manager but one question, "Did Mrs. Woods admit the theft?" rose to open the defense.

"NOW, Your Honor," Morse began, smoothly, "I am going to prove that my client, Mrs. Woods, did not steal the stockings which have been placed in evidence. I will prove it by offering in evidence the sales slip or receipt, dated Tuesday, and, although we have not yet been able to locate the clerk who sold the stockings to my client and who could identify her, we feel that the sales slip is sufficient evidence to. . . ."

"Where is this sales slip, Mr. Morse?" interrupted the magistrate. He did not like Morse.

"You got me into more settling," groaned Max Gittelman in Conroy's ear.

"S-h-h-h . . ."

"She'll want ten thousand, sure," Gittelman persisted.

"S-h-h-h . . ."

"Her eye looks like fifteen thousand, she would want. The anguish to her feelings . . ."

"S-h-h-h, Mr. Gittelman. S-h-h-h."

But Morse had not produced the sales slip, although the magistrate was waiting.

"I'll have it in a minute, Your Honor. A friend of Mrs. Woods has gone to bring it from the hotel. And while I am waiting for it to arrive, I wish to inform the court that, in behalf of my client, I am about to file suit for $25,000 damages against the Sherwood store."

"O-o-o-u-u-u." It was Max Gittelman on the rear bench and he spoke aloud. The judge rapped for order.

"What bearing has this civil suit

upon this charge of petit larceny?" inquired the magistrate, a bit sarcastically.

"Well, Your Honor, I simply remarked that I would file such a suit to compensate my client for the anguish and humiliation . . ."

"What about my anguish?" demanded Gittelman of Conroy. "I should sue for my anguish . . ."

". . . occasioned by her false arrest." The attorney talked on, smoothly. "Just as soon as Your Honor dismisses this ridiculous charge which has been . . ."

"Show me the sales slip." The Magistrate cut off the remainder of the speech.

"It's coming, Your Honor. I'm very sorry that it's been delayed."

"I'll grant you a five minutes recess."

THE five minutes had nearly been consumed when Archer Newman appeared. And by that time, Max Gittelman was in what Conroy described as "a lather." But Newman's calm and dignity had disappeared. He was almost as excited as Gittelman.

Newman spoke in a whisper to Morse, but out of the whisper, excited phrases escaped and fell like music on Michael Conroy's ears.

"I tell you I did . . . yeah . . . I did. . . . It was in my wallet, I tell you. . . . No, I looked there . . . Oh, I looked there, too. . . . Of course I did. . . . It's gone. No! Gone! NO!!! Hell's bells, we been robbed . . . robbed . . . ROBBED!!!"

Gittelman suddenly ceased fidgeting. He viewed a silver lining to a very dark cloud.

On his bench, the magistrate permitted himself a sweet smile at Morse's very evident embarrassment. He rapped for silence.

"Have you the sales slip, Mr. Morse?"

"Your Honor, I regret to say . . . I'll have to ask for a continuance . . . an adjournment . . . the sales slip seems to have been mislaid . . . if Your Honor would grant an adjournment to . . ."

"I don't see the necessity for that, Mr. Morse." The magistrate was grinning openly. "I'm afraid your client has imposed upon you. Mrs. Woods, stand up."

"Double-crosser!" snapped Mrs. Woods, out of the corner of her mouth to Newman, as she got to her feet.

"Mrs. Woods," the Magistrate spoke in his judicial voice, "unless you have something more to say, I am going to sentence you to ten days in the workhouse. I'm doing this as an object lesson to . . ." his eyes rested on Attorney Morse, " . . . to other shoplifters and undesirable characters. Ten days. Next case."

MAX GITTELMAN dragged Conroy from the court room. One-hundred-and-one questions trembled on his tongue.

"What . . . where . . . ?" he began.

Michael Conroy answered the second question first. From his pocket he took a crumpled slip of paper, which bore in carbon writing the characters "2 stockings @ $1.98–3.96." As Max Gittelman reached for it, Conroy tore it into a thousand small pieces.

"Where did you . . . ?" Gittelman would have been speechless, had his

curiosity not been greater than his surprise.

"In Newman's wallet. Under his pillow. Last night. Went into his room through the bathroom window. He was snoring. Never woke up."

"Mister Conroy, I want to thank."

"Just make out my check, Mr. Gittelman. That's thanks enough. They won't bother you for a while. Newman's wise that somebody's on to him, and Mrs. Woods will have a hard time laughing off this conviction against her."

"Mister Conroy, I'm a-goin' t' recommend you . . ."

Conroy looked Max Gittelman straight in the eye. "I don't want you to ever mention this case to anyone. Anyone, understand. I don't like doin' burglaries. Somebody ought to have respect for the law, and I used to be a policeman. Come up to the hotel and I'll make out my bill."

"But you saved me money . . ."

"Not so much as you think. You haven't seen my bill."

December

By Catherine Parmenter

Across the centuries the angels sing —
Immortal heralds of the Saviour's birth!
The holiest of all the hours of earth
Is yours, December . . . when the newborn King
Stirs close against the warmly radiant breast
Of one who watches there above her Child:
Ave Maria, maiden undefiled!
Ave Maria, mother loved and blest!
What though upon this night the Wise Men bring —
Touched by the benediction of the Star —
Their precious gifts from alien countries far?
Oh, He is such a little, little King! . . .
What though the trembling shepherds leave their sheep?
Within His mother's arms He lies asleep!

Wisdom While You Wait!

By William Norwood Brigance

Every minute, declared a profound philosopher, there is a sucker born; in testimony of which observe this plain tale of the "quick and easy, send no money" cult

Training the higher physical or intellectual faculties was once supposed to be a process requiring years for its consummation. A great singer, for example, purchased success at the high cost of training, long and costly; and years, often, of bitter adversity. A successful writer developed through apprenticeship in that Spartan school wherein printed rejection slips weeded out the unfit and refined the methods of survivors. Even with the great speakers whose eloquence left its stamp upon our national life, power of speech was matured only from a long season of effort and failure, often agonizing to the audience as well as the speaker.

But all of this, it would seem, belongs to a Pliocene Era which now is past. Such, at least, is the gospel preached in this age of high voltage advertising by the publicity men of a certain stripe of correspondence schools and publishers. Verily they show us the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and offer us all for the mere clipping of a coupon.

Would you have a Perfect Voice, or know the Joys of Forceful Writing? Then sign an enrollment blank. Or perhaps you would prefer a College Education? Its concentrated extract is yours in one volume. Simply pay the postman umpty dollars, plus a few cents postage, as he brings it to your door. If you aspire not to any of these attributes of distinction, then assuredly, My Lords and Gentlemen (whose careers are blighted by the inability to "say a few words" when called upon in public), yours is the need of Mastery of Speech. Send for the Amazing Booklet which reveals the method enabling one to "face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright" and to "dominate one man or five thousand".

No longer do these achievements require study, application, natural talents, or a foundation of learning. They do not even require any money down. One merely signs his name at the bottom of a letter conveniently written for him — even to the fulsome praise upon the promising merits of the course to be taken. After that, the "new and original short cut" makes all things possible to the man who in-

vests fifteen minutes a day in the easy chair of his own home.

Such is the millennium foretold by this new cult. The Declaration of Independence declared all men to be equal, and this cult guarantees it or offers "your money back" — if you can get it. More. The Holy Writ foretold the age when the meek should inherit the earth, and this cult has come to fulfill the prophesy.

Let us observe its mode of fulfillment.

Some years ago, I made my first literary venture. This consisted of offering, timidly and hopefully, to the editor of a great magazine the option upon my first literary masterpiece. But somehow he thought less of the option than I did. In fact, I now doubt if he even learned of it. The first manuscript reader saw to that. My masterpiece was returned with a neat little printed card of regrets, explaining that it was "unsuited to the present needs" of this magazine. A despair, dark and heavy, descended upon my soul, tinged perhaps with pity for the editor who had allowed opportunity to knock unrecognized; assuaged, however slightly, by visions of a future day when genius would be recognized and this editor would beseechingly but vainly offer his gold for one short (oh, very short!) story to appease the demand of his irate subscribers.

And before the darkness had lifted, Jezebel stood before me, pointing the way to the fulfillment of this vision. Into my hands she delivered a letter which explained all. It began:

DO YOU WISH TO SEE YOUR STORIES IN PRINT? Then read this letter and *act now!*

I delivered thanks unto the Lord for this manifestation of His wondrous works. I read the letter. It said:

Do you wish to surprise your friends with your gift of writing, and to amaze your employer with your power of words? You have the "knack". By our marvellous new easy method, fifteen minutes a day in your own home will develop it.

No longer need your manuscripts be returned. Instead, through your natural power of writing which can quickly be developed by our new, original, and easy method, you can command wealth and fame. All you need do is to ACT NOW!

For two days the earth and the fullness thereof was mine. My delay in answering the letter was not hesitation, but merely a pause that I might drink deeply, by anticipation, of the success so near to my hand.

But a second letter from another city dealt this dream a staggering blow.

BEWARE OF QUACKS!

it warned.

There are many unscrupulous companies professing to guarantee fame and wealth to all aspiring writers who enroll in their courses. They begin by assuring you that you have a natural "knack" of writing. They guarantee that, by their "new and original easy method" this knack can be quickly developed. Such companies are not composed of teachers, critics, or writers. They are merely unscrupulous swindlers after your money.

Thus was I saved by a hair's breadth. Such intervention, I felt, must have been inspired, else how could it have reached me at so timely a moment? With a surge of grateful emotion toward my new benefactor, I read confidently his offer to develop my ability in writing. Not every person, it seemed, had this ability. But this company's experts were

skilled in detecting such ability, and honest in turning away those who lacked it. If I would submit to them a specimen of my writing, they would be delighted to give it personal attention. If these experts detected therein any evidence of true genius for writing, the company would be glad to enroll me in their training school for writers.

Ah, here was a test for which every aspiring writer must yearn. It was a chance to learn the truth — be that truth sweet or bitter. If mine was not the true genius for writing, far better to learn it now than after years of sickening effort. But if mine *was* that true genius for writing, let the deluge of rejection slips come! What cared I for stupid editors and all their tribe? Genius, from under a pyramid of rejection slips, would arise triumphant.

So upon the altar of judgment I laid my masterpiece, and in suspense I awaited the sentence.

Soon it came.

The company's experts had read my masterpiece. They found therein evidences of true genius for writing. They invited me to enroll in their school. It was a course of six months. The price was forty-four dollars and seventy-five cents.

It is said that if lightning strikes once, it is an accident; if twice, it is a coincidence; but if it strikes three times, there is a cause. But I was refreshingly ignorant of any cause. I had never heard of mailing lists being collected and sold, at so much a hundred. Never did I dream that other eyes than the editor's own might have viewed my literary masterpiece as it passed through the routine of a great editorial office. Much less did I suspect that at least one pair of eyes in this editorial office had viewed it with more interest in the name and address than in its literary merit.

There now came a third letter. In dignified language, it warned me against enrolling in courses for short story writers. Some companies, of course, were downright unscrupulous. Others were in a way honest. But all exaggerated the merit of short story courses to authors. Their charges were too high and every author, good or poor, must pay the same. They made no effort to fit the special and personal needs of each student. In the nature of things, they could not. Now *this* company, on the other hand, gave no course whatever in short story writing. It gave instead personal assistence to its clients (note the word) in revising such manuscripts as they cared to submit. Then, using the influence and prestige which its name carried in editorial circles, it undertook to market these manuscripts. The price for its service was reasonable and business-like — five dollars for each consultation upon revision, a two-dollar advance deposit to cover expenses of mailing the manuscript to editors, and a ten per cent. fee on the selling price of the story. This latter, it was emphasized, was not to be paid unless and until the story was actually sold.

What could be fairer or more honest? The answer, of course, was, nothing. So in blessed relief at being delivered into the care of an honest agent, I forwarded my masterpiece. With it went the five-dollar revision fee and the two-dollar advance deposit to cover mailing costs. It brought a quick response. Indeed so

excellent was the quality of my work, that from the manager himself came high words of praise. I would understand, of course, that it was not his habit to write personally every author who submitted manuscripts, but mine showed such unusual promise that he could not forego a word of encouragement. My story was "vivid", "moving", original". The plot, in plan and in execution, showed the traces of remarkable ability. There were rough spots, to be sure, common to amateurs, but the revision by their staff of experts would care for such details. Within a week or ten days, they would have the story in the hands of some editor whom their list showed to be wanting a story of its particular type.

Meanwhile did I have another manuscript at hand, or perhaps several more? If so, they would be happy indeed to handle them.

I WAS safe at last in the hands of friends, who were not only friends but literary critics as well, able to recognize merit wherever it was found. May I be forgiven if, at that high moment, I felt more contempt than pity for that editor of the great magazine who lacked such acumen.

Hastily I wrote and forwarded a second story, which in return evoked equally high praise and the intimation of another quick sale. And now with confidence I awaited both the checks and the reputation.

Neither came.

The weeks rolled into months. Twice I wrote inquiries and twice I received assuring replies. Once the company requested a second deposit to cover additional mailing charges. They received it post haste. And that ended the chapter.

Man is a gullible creature and a glutton in the weakness. The "quick and easy, send no money" cult operates in many fields. One, for example, assures us that "a perfect voice is the divine right of every human being". But the Divine Giver of this right, it would seem, needs the assistance of a correspondence school to convert the right into reality. Simple yet mysterious is their method; simple in that it is amazingly easy; mysterious in that none but the correspondence school givers of the Perfect Voice possess the secret.

WE ARE shown a picture of the great Caruso, and told that the secret of his power lay in a highly developed hyo-glossus muscle. We are told that "the power of a Napoleon, the lure of a Cleopatra, the appeal of a Lincoln, the fame of a Jenny Lind, lies in the development of one little muscle in the throat". Just that. We are surprised to learn that these celebrities of history were not, however, products of this correspondence school. It seems that Caruso and Jenny Lind developed this amazing muscle in spite of teachers and unknown to themselves. As for the others, they lived and died in utter ignorance of their source of power.

Now to the uninitiated, an advertising display of some great singer *who had graduated from this school* would seem more convincing. But of course even a One and Incarnate Teacher of Voice has a right to be modest about his own great pupils.

Yet the modesty runs in no other direction. Other teachers may have trained Caruso, Lind, Patti, and Galli-Curci, but our Correspondence School Givers of the Perfect Voice calmly

assure the gullible that they, *and they only*, hold the mystic key to building great voices. They go a step farther, and solemnly assert that teaching by mail is actually superior to teaching by personal instruction. To clinch these assertions, they offer to prove them, and so guarantee a one hundred per cent. improvement to any and all who enroll. By what standard do they measure this improvement? They do not say. To those who obey that impulse and mail the coupon asking for further details, one of these schools answers in this manner:

A glorious tomorrow rests on your action today. Deep down in your heart, isn't there a wee sma' voice that tells you to look at the stars — to set out for the mountain top? Who knows but what you have a gold mine buried in your throat?

If that won't fetch 'em, they are not gullible.

The fee for inheriting this divine right of a Perfect Voice is one hundred and twenty dollars. But, of course, you send no money with the enrollment blank.

BUT perhaps you prefer another offering of the "quick and easy, send no money" cult. It greets you from the advertising pages of the most respectable periodicals. You behold a man in dinner dress, standing embarrassed and trembling before his fellows. The moral is explained in glaring type:

SPEECHLESS, WHEN A FEW WORDS WOULD HAVE MADE ME!

The gullible prospect is thus led to read further:

The annual banquet of our Association — the biggest men in the industry present — and without a word of warning the chairman called on me to speak — and my mind went blank. . . . The opportunity of a lifetime thrown away. . . . Always I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others.

Exactly how such a "nobody" happened to be present at the "annual banquet of the Association" with the "biggest men in the field", is somehow not explained. As to why the chairman, without a word of warning, should be so idiotic as to call upon this "nobody" to "say a few words" to the "big men", is a question too indelicate for even the most brass-faced critic to ask. Send for the "amazing booklet", *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and it will reveal to the uninitiated how, in twenty minutes a day, by this new method so delightfully simple and easy, you can magically overcome stage fright and convert yourself from a "nobody" into an "outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand".

WHO could resist such an offer? Assuredly not you or I, my brethren. So let us clip the coupon and await the Amazing Booklet. Into our hands the postman delivers it and eagerly we devour its contents. It begins with a story of how a young man was unexpectedly called on at a meeting of a certain business club of Chicago to "say a few words"; of how he held them "spellbound"; of how, the very next day, he received an offer of a $25,000 position. Was this young man a graduate of this Correspondence School of Wonder Workers With Words? Well now, the Amazing Booklet does not say. By some oversight, it is indefinite on this point. As an aside, it might be added that the present writer sent a personal letter

to this school, asking the name of this fortunate $25,000 speaker. He received no answer. They did not "choose," it would seem, to reply.

But to return to the Amazing Booklet. It further tells us that —

> Tests prove that seven men out of every nine have a natural "knack" of speaking with force and power, but do not know it.

We are assured that —

> This power is now at your command — not by a wearisome course of study and old time rules, but by a new and original "short cut".

A supplementary booklet adds the following testimony:

> I had always been painfully bashful. When trying to carry on even the most commonplace conversation, my voice would sound unnatural and my hands and knees would tremble. . . . I never had the courage to stand up for what I knew to be my rights. . . . My inability to talk was also affecting my business success. I dreaded going in and asking for a raise — I was afraid of any situation that meant using my voice.
>
> And then suddenly I discovered a new, easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost over night. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. . . . In just a few months I was able to make campaign speeches for a local candidate — I, who a short time before had turned to ice when I tried to carry on an ordinary conversation.
>
> Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. . .

Now as the writer of this article, I must humbly admit that my profession is the training of college students in effective speech. In pursuing this profession I have had more than a thousand different men and women pass under my supervision. I have reason to believe that my labors with these young men and women were, in some degree, successful. But I have not found that seven out of nine college students possess the "knack" of forceful speaking. In the letter mentioned above, I ventured to ask this school just *what* "tests" had been made to prove this statement. The inquiry was not answered. Furthermore, as a teacher of speech, I have never known a member of my tribe, famous or obscure, far or near, who was thought to possess any "new and original short cut" to the mastery of effective speech. Nor have I ever known, or heard authenticated, even one instance where a timid and tongue-tied weakling became a dominant speaker overnight.

Amazing as would seem this training in speech, it tells only part of the full benefits of this correspondence course. They overflow into other fields. To be specific, such "amazingly easy and simple" training is furthermore guaranteed to —

> Improve the memory
> Enlarge the vocabulary
> Develop the power of concentration
> Strengthen the will power
> Develop a strong personality, etc., etc.

At twenty minutes a day, this can be done in six months. And the price is forty-six dollars, with a "send no money" enrollment blank, a "money back" agreement for the dissatisfied, and a diploma entitling its holder to "all honors and privileges thereto belonging".

There is pathos as well as humor in the whole affair. Robert Louis Stevenson literally drove himself to an early grave by his slaving effort for a perfect style. Joseph Conrad tells of his days of despair and nights without sleep, in struggling to crystallize his forms of thought. Schumann-Heinck, in her *Reminiscences*, tells of her years

of trial and training before reaching her fullness of power as a singer. Webster was forty-eight years reaching his intellectual prime. In varying degrees, most other great thinkers and artists have followed the same path. But the "quick and easy, send no money" cult promises the millennium in six months.

GRANT that there are any number of honest and efficient correspondence schools among us, who do not follow such methods. Not a word here written is directed at them. Grant also that training from the "quick and easy, send no money" cult may be better than no training at all, although that is doubtful. But grant all of this. It still remains that this cult baits the public by its offer of "amazingly simple" short cuts; that it guarantees results from a six months course which no reputable college or university — with all of its scientific equipment, its corps of trained educators and its advantages of personal contact — would dare guarantee even to the student who spent a lifetime within its halls.

Yet almost any institute of this cult numbers its "clients" by the thousands. One boasts of having enrolled thirty thousand. Another claims sixty-five thousand. An authority in a great Middle Western university assures me that his recent survey shows four million people to be spending around seventy millions of dollars annually for tuition in schools advertising exaggerated guarantees that no reputable institution would dare claim.

THE end is not yet in sight, for this cult will doubtless continue to thrive, in one form or another, so long as man continues to be gullible. And human nature changes very little in a million years.

¶ More widely than ever before in America, the celestial symphonies of the carillon will be heard this Christmas and New Year. In the January issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *van Tassel Sutphen, who is both a clever author and an accomplished player of carillons, tells the fascinating story of tower music — its origin in the Low Countries, its technique and the sudden spread of its popularity in the United States*

White Tryst

By Martha Ostenso
Author of *Wild Geese*

Ten years of loyal waiting and ecstatic anticipation, and then at the climacteric moment of fulfillment, a wraith in the mists and eyes that looked beyond

Now the mist thickened to an unforgettable dream and all that was left of the familiar world was the hard sand underfoot. The desire came upon Don Barry to remove his shoes and pound up that cold, wind-cemented beach in his bare feet, until his lungs should be bursting with fog. But that was only another of those impulses that his return had summoned from their false death ten years ago, when he had said good-by to Diane upon the highest of these dunes. Did this excitement that possessed him mean that Diane had really come back, too, as she had promised, and was waiting for him up there where the sand ended?

A short way back he had stopped before the driftwood fence, grown rotten and dingy now, and with tears of exultation in his eyes had torn away a bit of the black seaweed that clung to it, and pressed the dark and bitter growth into his palms. Farther back than that, coming up from the landing where his boat was anchored, he had peered in at the window of the old crone who used to sell red and yellow balloons to the shore children on picnic days. To the island children she had given the balloons for nothing. But the ancient dame was not there. In her stead, before the whitewashed fireplace, Don had seen a strident, brick-colored young woman in an unlovely attitude of argument with an oilskinned coast guard. It was with a feeling profounder than dismay that he had turned from the window of the shack and pressed on up the dunes.

As though they had been waiting for him through the years, the plaintive ghosts of youth and desire waylaid him, materializing out of the mist in the shapes of things uncouth and humble and inexpressibly cherished in memory. Below him now he could see the black hulk of the wrecked *Andalusia*, like a fabulous monster half swallowed by that greater monster, the fog. It seemed that the di..., impotent spars beckoned to him, and then he remembered that that h... been Diane's fantasy as she hudd... against him here on the upper du... at their last meeting. Oh, Diane, Dia... name that would never be done w... breaking a heart!

The way became rocky and steep. Now sand-coated grass speared out, and suddenly an apple-tree, incredibly gnarled and formidable to the eye, stood its ground. Nailed to its trunk like the sign on a blind beggar, and weathered almost out of recognition, appeared a board with the dim legend, "White Tryst".

Don's heart oppressed him with its excitement. Would she have come before him, granting the mad chance that she would come at all?

HE HAD been in his early twenties, she just out of her teens, that last time they had rowed out to the island — not ten, but ten thousand years ago. They had been used to going out to the island in one way or other since they were children. It had been the vast country of ineffable delight, and upon it had been the incorruptible stronghold of gnomes and elves and all the beings of enchantment. Then, by some earth-alchemy, it had become a shy place, a retreat on sunny afternoons for a tow-headed boy and a girl with eyes as blue as the rare sand flower that looked to the sea.

"Ten years, my dearest, dearest!" he had cried brokenly, over and over against her lips, all but speechless from the bitterness and passion that had gathered in his throat.

"Wait for me, sweetheart!" she had whispered, her fingers twining through and through his hair. "Ten years will have paid him. And surely, surely — will I not have paid for happiness by then? Father will live another ten years, I know, and I shall be fair. Ten years of my life is so little, really, in return for Peter's freedom. You can see that — can't you, dearest? Prison — prison —" her voice had grown rigid with fear "— a day of it would kill him. In ten years he will be gone. Then I'll come back to you, Don. Right here — among the dunes — ten years from today. Come for me here — I'll go with you — anywhere. Nothing will matter then — nothing, nothing!"

She had begun to cry and her tears had run hot on his neck. He had gathered her desperately to him then, a dull heat suffusing all his body. The mists had circled and hovered about them, gigantic, nebulous wings laden with fear and pain and desire.

"White Tryst — it will be white then — after the waiting — won't it, Donny, mine?"

On the day following, Diane Inglis had married Clyde Endicott, and old John Inglis had been simultaneously freed from a charge of embezzlement of funds that had belonged to Endicott.

THE mists of ten years had gathered and flowed away from the island, and from the indiscriminate seas that had taught him life Don Barry had returned.

With a hand that trembled like a boy's he reached up and pulled off one of the grotesque apples of the tree. It came stubbornly into his hand and was wet and cold. Mechanically he set his teeth into the green thing, and the rush of memory that followed its tart, stinging flavor of wind and salt and fog overwhelmed him.

He unlatched the gate and it sagged back upon its hinges to admit him. The stone walk, tufted about by brittle grass, led crazily up to the

house. The building had been white once, but now it was of no color whatever. It appeared as untenanted as an old nest. A raw feeling that was not caused by the fog crept over him as he made his way up the walk.

"She won't be here," he told himself, to steady the beating of his heart.

He was up on the sloping veranda now and saw that the boards of the floor gaped apart and that the sand had drifted into the cracks. Old Silas Tate, if he were still alive and in charge of the place, must have fallen upon evil days. Don's hand reached for the door knob. Ten years was a long time for a woman to remember. But Diane had been more than a woman. She had been the mate of a man's soul, and her eyes had been like a calm day at sea.

THE door plunged inward the instant the latch released its sodden weight. For a few seconds Barry's eyes struggled to adjust themselves to that darker projection of the fog with which the room was filled. Then the scuffle of a chair across the bare floor had almost the same effect that the lighting of a lamp might have had: it revealed to him the presence of another person in that walled density that was neither light nor darkness.

"Silas Tate?" he asked across the room.

The gray webs seemed to knit suddenly together, and from the corner of the room a shape, vast and flabby and indifferent as the mist itself, rose to meet him.

"Yes, sir — yes, sir," came the voice, a thin wisp of a thing. "Must of dozed off — an' here it's gone an' got dark on me. Take a chair, there, sir, while I light the lamps."

Barry sat down on something. She had not come, then — not yet. During the brief moment before the light flared up under Silas Tate's hand, Don Barry lived through an eternity of loneliness and loss. All the futility and barren mockery of his life, that had been — he realized it now — a vain pursuit of the elusive wraith of happiness, bored at his heart like a sickening pain. Empty, empty, as a floating mist!

BARRY got up and went over to the desk where the old hotel keeper was polishing the nickel bowl of the lamp. When he came close to him he was shocked to see how Silas Tate had aged. He would not have thought it possible for a human being to become so old. And then, in the dusty glass behind the old man, Barry caught a glimpse of his own face.

Where now was the eager image of youth that had looked out at him there only ten years ago? The eyes had narrowed, the mouth had been drawn slightly awry by compromise and struggle against compromise. Pinching lines of disillusion had appeared on either side of his nose. His damp hair showed threadings of gray. For an instant it seemed to him that his presence here and its grave significance held something comic as well as pitiful. Resurrecting a ghost, that was what he was trying to do — and clumsily fitting flesh upon it! Diane — what would she see in that face now, where before she had seen never the bruise nor the blemish of life? With something like fright he turned his eyes from the glass to Silas Tate.

"Hain't many comin' here no more," the old man was droning, as though to himself. "'Ceptin' yourself, there hain't been a soul here now for near a week."

WHEN Don spoke there was a nervous catch in his voice. "A lady hasn't been here, then, today? A dark haired lady, slim, with blue eyes and —" He paused suddenly and found that he was pouring out his heart to the unconcerned embodiment of senility itself.

"No, sir. No, sir," Silas told him, his head wagging. "There hain't been a soul, sir, not for more'n — but say, there was somethin' queer happened this afternoon, now. Yes, sir. Mebbe it's just that I'm gettin' on, but I swear to it — I saw a ghost! I was lookin' out o' the window there, thinkin' as how I ought to be goin' to the village tomorrow for supplies. There's a party o' shore folk comin' out day after tomorrow, sir. I was thinkin' o' that, sir, when all of a sudden somethin' white steps out o' the mist. It had just started to gather — the fog, I mean. The sun hadn't gone yet, quite, an' this here ghost — God knows I'm no superstitious fool — steps right out o' the the fog. You know, mebbe, how the fog looks at sundown, if it's just beginnin' to gather — like as if there's a furnace blazin' up somewhere far away, you can't tell just where. Well, there she stood, as I say, like part o' the fog had got whiter against the rest of it. And all that was dark of her was the eyes, an' they stared toward the house here — kept a-starin', sir, till they made me creep. I wouldn't believe it — but I seen it — plain as day."

"All right, Silas," Don interrupted, extremely calm. "I'll believe you. Now, get me some hot tea, eh? Is that little sitting room on the east side of the house still open?"

"Yes — and no, sir. It's open, but there ain't been fire in it for some time back. The flue don't work, sir. You can sit in there, right enough, if you want, but there's a wind comin' up that'll fair tear them shutters off. I'll get a pot o' tea."

DON BARRY, treading veritably on air, passed through the corridor and into the room that was so secure in memory. Diane had come to White Tryst before him. It had been Diane whom Silas had seen. Barry could not doubt that. It was like her to come early, drink the place in, and go away for a while. She would be back — oh, she would be back! His veins fairly burned with the rushing of his blood.

He seated himself in that room where ten years before he and Diane Inglis had taken tea at twilight with the shadows of the apple blossom boughs from which White Tryst took its name falling across the table, blues and ambers and the faint colors of china.

Tonight the room was a shambles of neglect. Rain had dripped from a corner of the ceiling and made a rusty hole in the carpet. The springs of the chair in which Don had seated himself complained in an uncanny key whenever he stirred. Out of the tail of his eye he saw once the fugitive shadow of a mouse vanish into a crack beneath the window. The wind that old Silas had predicted came up and the shutters threshed viciously to and fro. The

tea in Barry's cup grew cold, untouched.

Seven o'clock — eight o'clock — nine o'clock. . . .

Old Silas puttered into the room, endeavored vainly to still the clamor of the shutters.

"You really expectin' somebody — a night like this?" he asked, turning toward the door.

"A ghost, Silas," said Don.

The old man regarded him strangely, then took himself out of the room.

DON waited, his heart bounding at every sound he heard within the old house or in the yard outside. He paced back and forth, up and down the floor, halting to listen now and then. He was convinced that she would come. He would not have forgotten a single little detail of her. There would be her straight, slim throat, and the sensitive depression in her full upper lip. Her eyes would be direct and yet far away, as though she were taking you with her to unimagined places. She would come to him as sweet, as enchanting as when she had left him . . . . Or would she — would she? Great Heaven, how was such a thing possible! A physical panic seized him. He paused and looked about the room in bewilderment, as though someone there had shouted a startling truth into his ears. Something within him crumpled, collapsed. He made his way to the chair, dropped into it, buried his head in his hands. All these years . . . waiting . . . nonsense, all of it! It was memory that was sweet, memory alone that held indestructible beauty.

That was it, he thought bleakly. What if she did come, did go away with him? There would be the rotten noise, the scandal, the hideous adjustments to be made, the thousand unanticipated changes that each would find in the other. What, in that base shuffle, would become of the precious days of wind and sun and mountainous white clouds over island dunes? Madness, madness, his coming here! What if she returned . . . now? He would have to meet her, drag the lovely fabric of romance through the mire. No, he would bolt, rather. Far rather play the coward than be the despoiler of that beautiful thing.

HE HEARD the outer door of the house open. He heard old Silas Tate's voice bidding someone come in.

The door of the sitting room was pushed back, and framed against the dim light of the corridor stood, not Diane, but the man who had been Diane's husband for ten years.

The man laughed, quietly, deliberately.

"I made a little bet with myself that you'd be here. It amuses me to find that I have won," he said, coming forward without troubling to close the door behind him.

Don Barry faced him on the middle of the floor. His eyes were expressionless as they met those of the other man.

"You are very careful with your wagers, Endicott," he said levelly. "You seem to have a knack for games in which you take no chances."

Endicott smiled and bowed slightly. "On the contrary, Barry," he said amiably, "I was betting against very heavy odds. Who would believe that romance still lived in a man of your experience in the world and your — well, your years?"

Barry picked up his hat from the table where he had placed it. He began to fear that he would be unable to control the desire to dash his fist into Endicott's face.

"It would be impossible for you to believe it, Endicott, naturally," he observed.

"You're just a little hard on me, Barry," Endicott said. "The fact is, it's only an accident that I'm here at all. It just happened that my wife wrote you a letter ten years ago — on our wedding night, to be precise. That, perhaps, wasn't so accidental, after all, but I happened to come upon the maid who was taking the letter out to post. That's how I came to know of your little rendezvous — arranged ten years ahead of time. Delightful information for a happy bridegroom to receive, what? You'll have to give me credit for one thing, Barry — I never spoke of it to her. I call that rather decent, eh? There are men who would have gone back and —"

A SHUTTER flailed itself upon the outer wall, shaking the house to its foundations. Endicott's voice ceased suddenly. Don discovered his mind suddenly out there upon the upper ridges of sand, where the fog must now be hurtling like a flock of white sheep driven by the moon. Funny idea, that — Diane's, perhaps.

Endicott's voice whirred on again, a little diffident now, halting. He was standing very straight, his knuckles white about the head of his cane which, Don observed, was precisely wedged in a crack in the floor.

"But though I never spoke to her about it, Barry, I never forgot it, either. All my life — all her life — hung upon that secret. It's a hard thing to explain to you, you see. I said to myself — oh, a thousand times — I said, 'Come, now, this is no great matter, after all. Ten years is a long time and she'll change.' You see? And all the while she was saying to herself, undoubtedly, 'I'll never change — never!' You see? But she did change, Barry. A woman — especially a woman like Diane — can't wage a secret war for ten years and live. I was kind to her — certainly — and she was always courteous to me. Outwardly, you see. But the doctor began to understand after a time. He warned her against any undue strain on her heart. That made the case a serious one. She knew it was serious. But men — men like me — and you, too, Barry — know very little about a woman like her. You've been gone ten years — having your fling, no doubt, after the manner of a man. Certainly. I'd have done the same. But she — she was a gallant soul, Barry! She *would* keep this tryst — this silly, romantic promise of hers was all she ever lived for. Gallant, what? But that was Diane. Straight as an arrow."

BARRY'S eyes became hot with sudden anger. He took a step toward Endicott, his fingers twitching about the brim of his hat. But Endicott lifted his hand.

"Don't be hasty, my friend," he urged. "Wait until I have told you. She came to this island every year — just at this time. Came to this room, too. Poor girl! Today the doctor told her she should not leave the house. But she didn't hear him. She asked me to take her down here to the island. I didn't ask her to

wait till tomorrow. You see, I knew. No other day would do. We came down in my yacht. She was nearly bursting with excitement all the way. She didn't even try to hide it from me. We dropped anchor about sundown. There was a strange fog running in from the sea. Diane stood on the deck when we moored. One moment her face would be white as paper — the next she would look like a rose. And all eyes — off somewhere."

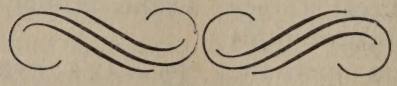
WHAT Don Barry saw then in the face of Diane's husband would not bear scrutiny. It was something stark, helpless and lost.

"When we landed, she slipped away alone. I let her go, but sent two of my men to see that she should not lose her way. I went down to the village. When I came back — an hour later — she was lying dead in her cabin. The men had carried her in. That's why I came here — to tell you."

Perhaps it was the clamor of the outer world that made Endicott's voice sound so low, so unsure. Barry looked at the knuckles on the head of the cane, white and motionless as marble.

"THERE was a message," Endicott added. "She gave it to her maid. Her last words." His voice fell away and his fingers relaxed as he lifted the cane to the crook of his other arm. "I think you ought to know what they were, Barry. She said, 'White Tryst — white forever!' Gallant, what?"

In the next moment he was gone, his erect shoulders framed only for an instant in the doorway. The shutter slammed upon the sudden vacancy of the room and Don Barry's mind saw the broken fog hurtling down the sand, like white sheep under a moon.



Next month, "The Resistant Strain", by Donald and Louise Peattie — a romantic tale of modern science battling plant disease, flood waters and human stupidity to gain a great American crop

Maternity in the Mountains

By Mary Breckinridge
Director, Frontier Nursing Service

An account of heroic and romantic service for "life more abundantly" among the twenty millions of America's stalwart and sterling but isolated mountaineers

Americans have come to look upon themselves as an urban people, now that over half the population is concentrated in cities and towns. It is characteristic of us to talk about the rights of minorities in other nations, and think only in terms of majorities in our own. Thus there has come about a curious paradox in our modern industrialized life — a great people with the frontiers behind them in the memory of living generations, forgetting that there ever were such things as frontiers. The American stands with one foot in a forest and the other on a concrete sidewalk. More than fifty million of us get our water out of faucets and our heat out of radiators and seek the countryside only as a summer pastime. We seem to overlook the fact that other millions are still living under primitive conditions of remoteness and isolation. How does it fare with them?

It is now over three years since a group of Kentuckians began what in modern terms might be called a "project", in the mountain fastnesses of the eastern part of their State. These mountains are part of that great Appalachian system which covers an area about the size of Great Britain and has a population larger than the city of New York. There are few towns and fewer resorts for hundreds of square miles.

The old American stock lives back in the creek beds and mountain gaps, in a region where there are no automobiles, no railroads, no bridges over the streams. When to the millions in these Appalachians we add those in the Ozarks and parts of the Rockies and other geographically inaccessible areas in America, we can say conservatively that close to twenty million Americans are frontiersmen today, and that none of the safeguards of life and health which the towns enjoy are accessible to them. Now, twenty million people may seem small beer and cheese to a population of over a hundred million; nevertheless they are a good many people — nearly two-thirds of the population of France and nearly four times the population of Scotland. What happens to twenty million people when they are cut off from the outside world?

We are not now concerned with education and commerce. As a matter of fact, the philanthropy of individuals and churches has placed schools here and there through the mountains, and the genius of the mountain people keeps trade going wherever there are any resources they can handle.

But how can such a genius reduce its own death rate? How can individuals, no matter how intelligent, unaided by science, apply the life-saving principles which science has brought to birth only in modern times? What does it avail our frontier population that we know a lot about tuberculosis, that we can inoculate against typhoid and diphtheria, that aseptic surgery and X-ray save lives every day, when none of these things are possible for them? What does our modern care of women in childbirth under skilled obstetricians in great cities matter to them? There, women bear their babies on lonely creeks unattended but by neighbors. In big cities we have more than halved our death rate of infants from diarrhœal conditions with baby hygiene clinics, pediatricians and highly skilled nurses. Who is bringing these things to the mountain mother? Except at an occasional mission station, or in the few towns of the Appalachian range, the medical and nursing service for this area, the size of an empire, is almost negligible. Small wonder that we have lost more women in childbirth in our history as a nation than men in war, or that two hundred thousand of our weakest and most defenseless citizens pass annually from one dark cradle to another with hardly a gap between.

These are the facts — primary, elemental facts — which have so borne in upon a group of us in Kentucky, that we have set out to combat them. First, we made a careful study of the existing obstetric situation in a mountain area of a thousand square miles with a population just under thirty thousand. This fell to my lot and took over two months of horseback travel through three counties. This convinced us that the only way of reaching the population in such a rough country would be through a system of nurses trained as midwives, decentralized, living at regional intervals, within reach of the mothers and children and in touch with the nearest available medical supply.

Second, we undertook a long study of the methods and results in Great Britain, where the nurse-midwife has met with unqualified success. This also fell to my lot and consumed the better part of eighteen months, during which I took a midwife's training in London and qualified by examination under the English Central Midwives' Board. The famous Queen's nurses of Great Britain, who combine midwifery with nursing, have a death rate in childbirth for their cases only one-half the national, and only one-fourth that of ours in the United States. Their midwifery service cares for some forty to fifty thousand women annually in England alone.

It was in the Scottish Highlands that we found the plan for our local Kentucky formation. In 1924 I made a trip through that region, covering many of the stormy islands of the Outer Hebrides. For every seven hundred or so of the population I found a splendid resident nurse-midwife, living in the heart of her district, often with the thundering seas between her lonely

island and the nearest medical man, with whom she communicated by telegraph, and operating under a local voluntary committee, composed of her own leading people. When we came at last, after long preparation, in the summer of 1925 to organize our Kentucky venture, we adapted the Scottish Highland system to our own situation.

Our method is one of decentralization. Our nurse-midwives live in little houses in the heart of their districts of not more (sometimes less) than a five-mile radius, which is about seventy-eight square miles. We have five of these centres to date and cover about 350 square miles in two counties. Our aim is, as rapidly as possible, to cover 1,000 square miles with a population of 30,000 people, running into three or four counties and not touching the railroad at any point. This will give us sufficient material for statistical purposes. We keep very accurate records.

There are four aspects of our work, each one of which is of major importance. Any one of them would justify our demonstration, but the four work well together and allow a nurse to fill all her time profitably in her well defined field, thus reducing to a minimum the time spent in travel.

First and foremost comes the midwifery. Our nurses are required, in addition to their general training and their public health, to be especially prepared as midwives under the Central Midwives' Board requirements in Great Britain. Our first consideration is to cut down the maternal and early infant death rate. We do this by the most painstaking pre-natal work, aseptic care of the mother during her confinement, in normal cases, coöperation with the nearest available medical supply (at some points eighteen miles distant, over rough trails) for abnormal complications, and ten days' good nursing *post-partum* care. This is the first consideration with us, because it is our primary objective; everything else comes afterward.

Second, and only second in importance, is our programme of baby hygiene. Intensive work in baby hygiene is done in America only in centres of civilization. We have at present enrolled with us over one thousand infants and toddlers under the school age. We see them at least once a month whenever possible, and oftener when needed. We consider our work with them and their mothers as a sort of university extension of far greater value to the nation than anything that could be done for students in maturer life. If we were doing only that we should think our programme justified. Over one thousand little creatures are being protected through careful home teaching, against flies and contaminated water and badly cooked food, and they and their mothers are being gradually drawn through their own environment into health and happiness.

Third, we nurse the sick. We believe strongly in bedside nursing as part of a public health programme, and we think that one reason why we are so successful in our inoculations is because we have gone to the people when they sent for us in their hours of distress and have given them good nursing care.

Fourth, at the request of the State Board of Health we carry on a preven-

tive public health programme. Where there is a county health officer in one county (because of a special grant following last year's flood), this is in coöperation with him and under his immediate direction. In the other county, where there is no health officer, it is directly under the State Board of Health. We chlorinate wells, we give hookworm treatment, and we inoculate against typhoid and diphtheria. We have given thousands of these inoculations in the first three years of our work. In opening up a new station recently on Red Bird River, eighteen miles from the county seat and the nearest physician, we found the people so responsive that we gave over 1,300 inoculations in our first six weeks. This also as a programme, together with the work in the schools, educationally and in getting defects among the school children remedied, would justify our existence as an organization.

All our work is carried forward on horseback, and it would not be possible without the personal devotion of each member of the staff, which now numbers twelve. The rule of our service is simple — if a father can come for us, the nurse can go with him. On the stormiest winter nights, when the streams are half covered with ice, the nurses go out on their calls, and they get about when even Uncle Sam's muleback mail service stays at home. They have met with some accidents, but none have been severely injured and none have been killed. Last winter when a block of ice struck the horse of one in the river, and, again, when one got into quicksand, we had close calls. Needless to say, service like this attracts the very finest type of woman. Only such are possible for it and no other kind could stand it for a week. Their home life, thanks to the generosity of friends, who give the little houses in which the nurses live and from which they carry on their work, is cheerful and comfortable. The work starts at every point from a temporary centre, which is a one- or two-room cabin. After incredible exertions, a pleasing house of stone or logs or clapboards is ready, with its well-equipped dispensary and its bright living room fire.

A number of our friends have the hardihood to come in to see us in the summer season, but no guests come during the long winters. At times our nurses do not get to a railroad for six months on end. We share the lives of the people with whom we live.

Although our association is only three years old, we have established principles and formed traditions, and our work follows a well defined plan and is keeping up with the schedule we set for it. By the end of the next two years we hope to have covered our first thousand square miles. Our organization then purposes covering a similar block in the Ozarks of Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas. Our object is to reach every frontier mother and child. The work is financed through branch committees formed in many of the large cities of America, which coöperate with our trustees in securing memberships, regular and sustaining, in the Frontier Nursing Service. Thus the large cities are adopting the frontiers. At these two extremes, urban and rural America join hands together in a cause we all hold in common — the preservation of our race.

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The North American Review

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By Way of

C. H. Bretherton (*Prophetess at Large*), born in Liverpool, a product of Oxford education, a versifier and a newspaper correspondent, spent some time in California during 1906–1916, and therefore knows of what he speaks in referring to Aimee McPherson's Los Angeles exploits.

Charles Norris (*Our Essay in Extermination*), is Chief Medical Examiner of the City of New York. Educated at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, he did graduate work abroad at Kiel, Göttingen, Berlin, and Vienna. He was appointed in 1918 to the position which he now so ably fills.

Katharine Dayton (*Mussolini at Close Range*), born in Philadelphia, is a resident of New York, and a writer for *The Evening Post*. Although she began with interest in music, she now specializes in government and politics. While on a pleasure tour in Europe she had the opportunity of interviewing the Italian dictator, to the amusement of our readers.

Samuel Grafton (*Holly Leaf and Copper Plate*) is a hard-working scribbler, willing to try anything once. His first novel, *Gnome at Forty*, will be published next year — if he can find a publisher willing to take a sporting chance. Other contributions from his pen have appeared in the Review.

L. L. Bernard (*Why South Americans Fear Us*) is a professor at the University of North Carolina, where he enjoys the huge white oaks and other sturdy trees in one of the few remaining untouched forest regions left in his native South. But he is by no means a confirmed stay-at-home, having taught for shorter or longer periods in eleven colleges and universities in a territory extending from Florida to New York.

H. W. Moorhouse (*What's Happening in Wall Street?*) is a member of the Commercial Council of the Brookmire Economic Service, which, having offices on Fifth Avenue, New York, acts as a group of investment counselors and administrative economists.

John Tilgman Rowland ("*Safety Last!*") began to sail boats on Long Island Sound when he was five years old, and has been at it ever since. Being dissuaded by well meaning elders from adopting a sea-faring career as a profession, he did not enter the Navy, except to do duty in war time and to write ever since of the service on the deep.

Frank H. Shaw (*Heroes of the Polar Wastes*) has been for many years a sea captain serving on all the seven seas, and during the war fought the "U" boats in the Mediterranean. Various short stories and articles on marine subjects have flowed from his ready pen, and have appeared as contributions in the leading British and American journals.

Henry F. Pringle (*When the Reporters Come*) lives in New York not by choice but by profession. He prefers Santa Fé, New Mexico, where there are no crowds, subways and dirt. He says, "The chief excitement in my life is provided by horseback riding, a statement which only those who are bad horsemen can appreciate fully."

Earle Looker (*The White House Gang*), originally a member of the group he describes, graduated into being a newspaper man, ambulance driver with the British, French, Indian and Belgian armies, further, magazine editor, and fiction writer. His predilection for collecting included among these various occupations, photographs of the famous and infamous, wounded men, *souvenirs de la guerre*, and lately Americana — old houses and such like.

Introduction

Ruth Steele Brooks (*In Defense of Housewives*) is a throw-back to the type of our grandmothers, and has all the charm that that composite personality implies. It seems fitting that she should have a residence on Elm Avenue, and that the town should be Swarthmore where her husband is a professor at the college.

Winifred Kirkland (*One Increasing Christmas*) is much addicted to the woods, as far and as deep as possible. Her preference is for the Southern mountains where she has been the crony of many sky-pitched cabins. Just now she is residing at Gramercy Park, New York City, and taking delight in its gentle neighborhood.

Henry R. Carey (*Leadership or Mob Rule?*) has lived in England, France, Panama, Mexico and Rumania. As a member of the United States diplomatic service he saw the World War from the point of view of the American Embassy in Paris. He now practises law in Philadelphia, writes for the magazines, fishes and camps.

Cleon C. Mason (*The Business of Doctoring*) is a specialist on diseases of children at Long Beach, California, where he occasionally takes recreation by sailing among the islands of the Pacific. His interests are varied and forceful, and his circle of friends is extensive.

George S. Brooks (*Light Fingers*) has a sense of humor which works itself out on the homely details of everyday business life. Remembering his previous true detective stories, we are prepared for amusement when, in dealing with the shoplifter theme, the author gives us some funny moments at the floor walker's expense.

Catherine Parmenter (*December*) is the talented daughter of a gifted mother, Christine Whiting Parmenter. Although in her early twenties, Miss Parmenter has already written verse for over a dozen different magazines. Fond of music, tennis and hiking with her Eskimo Spitz dog, she is torn between love of the East, where she has just spent a long summer, and the breezy West where she makes her home in Colorado Springs.

William Norwood Brigance (*Wisdom While You Wait!*) came of the "old stock" below the Mason and Dixon line, and after preparing to teach history, switched instead to instructing students in public speaking. He heads the department of that name at Wabash College, from which place he also flirts with a literary career.

Martha Ostenso (*White Tryst*), who came into prominence through a prize-winning book, has gone steadily on turning out fiction, which she regards as her *forte*, although at first she had dabbled in sociology and written poetry. She can be found not far from New York in a rambling old structure where the antics of her brothers and her pets keep her ever alive to the moving spectacle of vibrant life.

Mary Breckinridge (*Maternity in the Mountains*) is the sixth generation of her family to live in Kentucky, where in a log house in the heart of the mountains she resides with her father. Educated in Washington, Arkansas, Russia, Switzerland and Connecticut, she later took nurse's training in New York and London, and has used this knowledge for the benefit of suffering humanity, because of the fact that she lost her own two children by early death.

Anne Carroll Moore (*Children's Books of the New Era*) is the supervisor of work with children in the New York Public Library and a well-known critic of children's books. She has recently edited Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York* in a pictorial edition for readers who want a short cut to the comic history.

The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

Under the machine and science, the love of beauty, the sense of mystery, and the motive of compassion — sources of aesthetics, religion, and humanism — are not destroyed. They remain essential parts of our nature. But the conditions under which they must operate, the channels they must take, the potentialities of their action, are all changed. These ancient forces will become powerful in the modern age just in the proportion that men and women accept the inevitability of science and the machine, understand the nature of the civilization in which they must work, and turn their faces resolutely to the future — From the Introduction to *Whither Mankind*, a symposium edited by Charles A. Beard.

In a long list of important serious books that have to do with the major problems facing the human race today, the volume from which I have quoted above is outstanding. Dr. Beard has collected a remarkable list of authorities for contributions to his symposium, and in addition to Americans, Englishmen, and a German, a Chinese, Hu-Shih has his say about the state of civilization and, what is more important still, about its future. The tone of the quotation at the top of this page is optimistic and so is the general tone of the book. One wishes for sufficient space to consider such a work at length and critically, but failing to find it, there is nothing left to do except commend the volume to the careful attention of the thoughtful. It is published by Longmans, Green at $3.

Another excellent book that will interest intelligent readers is *Freedom in the Modern World* (Coward-McCann), a collection of addresses delivered at the New School for Social Research, and edited by Dr. Horace M. Kallen of that institution. There are represented such men as Zechariah Chaffee, Clarence Darrow, John Dewey, Max Eastman and Silas Bent, to mention only a few of the contributors, and one of the interesting and timely features of the book are restatements of the Catholic and Protestant positions as regards freedom. Dr. Kallen presents a summary of the situation that is extremely valuable. There is more pessimism here, perhaps, than in the Beard symposium, but none of the careless variety.

A Chemist Looks at Life

A book that fits very well into the picture with the Beard volume is Arthur D. Little's *The Handwriting on the Wall* (Little, Brown, $2.50), which might well be called *A Chemist Looks at Civilization*. Dr. Little is one of the most distinguished of living American scientists, and his contributions in the field of industrial chemistry have played no small part in the present prosperity of the United States. He is also remarkable for the fact that he writes unusually well, and that he has genuine vision which far transcends the laboratory. He attempts with a good deal of skill to forecast a future governed by science, with chemistry as a principal factor, and his book recommends itself to a far larger group than those directly interested in the commercial possibilities of chemical development.

Paul de Kruif's *The Hunger Fighters* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), is another book about science and scientists in the rôles of benefactors to the human race. Done with the same interest that characterized Dr. de Kruif's splendid *The Microbe Hunters*, the volume contains the stories of the lives and achievements of such men as Babcock, Steebock, Goldberger, and many others, the men who have improved our wheat and corn, who have made epochal discoveries in diet, and who have in general helped to remove the threat of famine, both universal and individual, from the modern world. This author writes with the fullest appreciation of the romance of science.

America or Europe — Which?

A vital phase of international relations that cannot be ignored, even in the face of the steadily developing importance of the Orient in world affairs, is the conflict between the United States and Europe, a conflict based, many would have us believe, upon cultures too far apart to allow hope for reconciliation. This question is well considered in Lucien Romier's *Who Will be Master — Europe or America?* (Macaulay, $2.50).

M. Romier is a noted French scholar and economist and contributes regularly to a number of important journals. His book is an analysis of our machine civilization from the philosopher's point of view, and in its relation to the future of the Continent. He grants us superiority in business, but holds that the European is still master in intellectual inventiveness. On the surface, this may appear no more than another attack upon us as materialists, but it is a thoughtfully critical book, and one that may be read with profit and interest by the open-minded.

There is distinct value at the present time in a balanced analysis of Oriental and Occidental civilization and one finds just this in *Oriental and Occidental Culture: An Interpretation* by Maurice Parmalee (Century, $4). Dr. Parmalee is a noted sociologist, psychologist and author, and has lived in the East long enough to see its defects as well as its virtues. He discusses the interesting mingling of the two cultures in Japan, compares the religious ideals of the East and West, and ranges over a wide field in weighing the advantages and disadvantages of two diametrically opposed ways of life. He points out very clearly the harm that has been done by Christianity's all-conquering programme and feels, as many others feel, that in the end the West will be as much or more influenced by the religions of the East than *vice versa*.

More Books on the East

In this connection, James B. Pratt has written an important book, *The Pilgrimage of Buddhism* (Macmillan, $3), which is a first-hand study of a great religion as it works in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, China, Korea, and Japan. This is a sympathetically written, but balanced, study. Two interesting new books on China come to us from abroad, one from Germany, the other from Sweden. The first is *The Soul of China* by Richard Wilhelm (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). The author has lived in China for twenty-five years and his book is a complete summary of the causes leading up to the present situation, as well as a shrewd analysis of the racial characteristics of the Chinese. It is regarded in Germany as of unusual importance. The second is *The Dragon and the Foreign Devils* by Johan Gunnar Anderson (Little, Brown, $4). Dr. Anderson is a Swedish scientist who knows China from long acquaintance and writes with penetration of its problems.

Japan and the United States, 1853–1921 (revised to 1925) by Payson Jackson Treatt (Stanford University Press, $3.50) is a valuable history of the relations between this nation and the Island Empire from the time American sailors opened the country to the world almost to the present. The story of the rise of the New Japan is well told, and there is also a good consideration of the things that should be done to keep relations between the two nations on a satisfactory basis.

In the field of international understanding, Salvador de Madariaga, professor of Spanish at Oxford, has written a brilliant book which he calls *Englishman, Frenchman, Spaniard* (Oxford University Press, American Branch, $3.75). Dr. Madariaga was formerly associated with the League of Nations and his study is an attempt to make three great peoples a little more comprehensible to each other and to the world. He sums up his argument by calling the Englishman the man of action, the Frenchman the man of thought, and the Spaniard the man of spirit. He writes English with astonishing ease, and sprinkles his pages with delightful and memorable epigrams. The mystery of Spanish character, which baffles so many observers, is skilfully cleared up in this book, which I should like to triple-star as one of the most fascinating of recent works in its field.

About Our Own Country

The work of unearthing America's past in every phase and of assessing various activities of its present goes steadily along with every season seeing important contributions to our story. Biographers comb libraries for material on the lives of the famous and the notorious, established characters are re-evaluated, books are written on Puritan and Cavalier from refreshingly new angles, and so on through the list of possibilities.

By the time this article appears, a new chapter will be needed in that old stand-by *A History of the Presidency* by Edward Stanwood (Houghton Mifflin, $5, two volumes) which has been revised down to date, and which remains the standard work on the subject. It was first issued as far back as 1884. Charles Warren's *The Making of the Constitution* (Scribner, $5) is a book of great value which approaches the story of our charter of liberty from a novel angle. Mr. Warren, who was formerly an assistant Attorney General and who is the author of several books, has put into one volume all the material of any consequence relating to the Constitution, including letters, editorials, addresses, and so on, and has given a day-to-day account of its birth. Mr. Warren won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1922.

A Variety of Americans

Interesting dips into our past history through the medium of biography include *Lorenzo Dow, The Bearer of the Word* by Charles Coleman

Sellers (Minton, Balch, $3.50), the story of a nineteenth century evangelist who was called "Crazy Dow" and who called himself "The Eccentric Cosmopolite"; *Jubilee Jim, the Life of Colonel James Fiske, Jr.*, by Robert O. Fuller (Macmillan, $3.50), a thoroughly readable tale of a rascal who kept the warm-hearted affection of the public; and *Forgotten Ladies* by Richardson Wright (Lippincott, $5) a collection of sketches of a number of females of the American breed who should never have been forgotten, so entertaining are they. Mr. Wright will be remembered as the author of that classic, *Hawkers and Walkers in Early America*, so often referred to in these columns.

The Making of Buffalo Bill by Richard J. Walsh, in collaboration with Milton S. Salsbury (Bobbs-Merrill, $5), is another delightful dip into our past by way of the investigation of a personality. Mr. Salsbury was the son of Nate Salsbury, Buffalo Bill's partner in the show business, and Mr. Walsh had access to private records through him that give his book completeness and authenticity. He shows in it how Buffalo Bill became a great American myth, and sifts out fiction from fact in the life of the Western Scout who became one of the greatest showmen of our times. There is, of course, much material on the times of William F. Cody and the conquering of the West.

Other volumes that have to do with our past include *The Story of Virginia's First Century* by Mary Newton Stanard (Lippincott, $5), a large and handsome volume, the material for which was taken from original sources, and which tells the whole story of the laying of the foundations of a Cavalier culture whose influence is alive even to this day; *The March of the Mormon Battalion* by Frank Alden Golder (Century, $3.50), which has to do with the adventures of five hundred followers of Brigham Young who signed up for the Mexican War and were sent to California, and which is a fine picture of a stirring period; and *The Not-Quite Puritans* by Henry W. Lawrence (Little, Brown, $3), in which we find out again that the Puritans were not so very strait-laced as they have been represented, what with a good deal of drinking, bundling, and so on. This is a brightly done book that belongs on the same shelf with the recent *Rum, Romance and Rebellion* by Charles W. Taussig.

More About the Mississippi

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL'S *A-Raftin' on the Mississippi* (Century, $3.50) is a notable addition to the shelf of recent books about the Father of Waters. Mr. Russell writes of the development of timber rafting on the Mississippi and its tributaries from its beginning to its end, and gets all the color of the period into his pages. The river-men were a tough and hardy lot, not quite like any other class of pioneer citizens. Rexford Newcomb's *In the Lincoln Country* (Lippincott, $3.50), follows the trail of the Lincoln family through Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and so on with pen and camera, and should serve as an excellent guide for all others who wish to make the pilgrimage. *Famous Seamen of America* edited by Ella M. Powers and Hansen Hart Webster (Crowell, $2) is a collection of stories of noted sailors, written by such authors as Melville, Cooper, Dana, and so on. *Gentlemen Unafraid* by Barrett Willoughby (Putnam, $3.50), tells the story of pioneers and pioneer days in Alaska. Her principal characters are such distinguished sourdoughs as Scotty Allen, Dr. C. C. Georgeson, her own father, Sandy Smith, and others, and her book is full of good reading, as well as the history of the Territory from first-hand sources.

Of books on current phases of activities in this country, one of the most interesting is *$port$ Heroics and Hysterics* by John R. Tunis (John Day, $2.50). Mr. Tunis is a distinguished writer on amateur sports, and in this book he considers the present professionalization of everything, together with the great American scheme of pouring millions into athletic activities and going mad over spectacles of every sort. Mr. Tunis feels what he is writing very deeply; not every one will agree with him, but he is worth reading.

Another excellent evaluation of present-day American civilization is Garet Garett's *The American Omen* (Dutton, $2.50), written by a novelist and economist who knows his country very well and who has succeeded in depicting present-day conditions skilfully and interestingly and who also attempts to forecast the future development of our industrial system, which is the admiration of a large part of the civilized world, rightly or wrongly.

The Idiocies of Censorship

A BOOK that reveals the utter idiocy of most censorship activities is *To the Pure: A Study of Obscenity and the Censor* by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle (Viking Press, $3). This is a carefully documented and analytical study of the whole question of censorship and goes all the way to the fundamental question of whether or not human beings are really injured by what is generally regarded as censorable art. The book does not solve the practical question of censorship, granting that "something must be done", but it proves very thoroughly and completely that most activities in that direction are too ridiculous to merit anything but laughter.

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Among the very best of recent books of particular interest to Americans is William Allen White's *Masks in a Pageant* (Macmillan, $5), which portrays in a series of delightfully written biographical sketches, all the Presidents of the United States from Harrison to Coolidge, and also contains a subsidiary gallery of such worthies as Croker, Hanna, Platt, Bryan, Big Bill Thompson, and a gentleman from New York State known familiarly as Al Smith. It seems to this observer that Mr. White has done one of the best studies of Wilson yet printed, although this favorable judgment may be influenced by the fact that the Landscaper happens to agree with Mr. White's summary of the Wilsonian character. There is, as we reviewers say, not a dull page in *Masks in a Pageant.*

Col. House on the War

Two volumes more of *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*, edited by Charles Seymour (Houghton Mifflin, $10) are now available. The first is called "Into the World War," the second "The Ending of the World War." These are the best of the House papers and are chockfull of the stuff from which much of the history of the World War and of the participation of the United States therein will be written. The House volumes rank easily as among the most important of American memoirs of the great struggle.

Sumner Welles's *Naboth's Vineyard: The Dominican Republic 1844–1924* (Two volumes, Payson and Clarke, $7.50) is a comprehensive survey of the relations of the United States and the islands in the Caribbean about which so much ink and no small amount of blood has been spilled. In addition to its value as history, Mr. Welles's study contains some practical suggestions for the future of American policy in relation to Latin America. Thus far, he asserts, we have had no definite policy and have alternately acted as unselfish benefactors of our neighbors and outright imperialists.

While it is not an American book, *Statesmen of the War in Retrospect, 1918–28* (Minton, Balch, $5) by William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, contains judgments upon a number of American leaders, among them Woodrow Wilson, to whom Mr. Martin is altogether favorable, and Herbert Hoover, who also comes off very well. There are discussions of emperors, statesmen, Cardinal Mercier, and so on, and while it appears to this reader that Mr. Martin is inclined to be overkind to some of his subjects, there is no doubt that he has done an interesting and valuable book. Ten years away from the war, we shall no doubt have many such assessments of the men who represented the various countries involved, a few of whom are still helping to run the world.

A Fine Study of Zola

The biographical section of this month's Landscape offers a large number of important books, in addition to those already mentioned under the general heading of Americana. Of literary biographies, Matthew Josephson's *Zola and His Time* (Macaulay, $5) is outstanding, a complete and admirably done picture of the founder of the Naturalist school in fiction and also of the exciting period in which he lived. There are innumerable well-chosen illustrations, and Mr. Josephson has left nothing undone to have his subject emerge a rounded character. Opportunities are left for differences of opinion upon the merits of Zola's work and the worthiness of his influence, but the book is thorough and authoritative.

The daughter of George W. Cable, Lucy Leffingwell Cable Bilke, has done a valuable book in *George W. Cable, His Life and Letters* (Scribner, $3.50). Cable's place in American literature is established, and most people know at least some of his work, but not every one knows that he was one of the pioneers in the present Southern literary movement, which has for one of its principal aims the letting in of the light of truth. For what he wrote about the Creoles of New Orleans, Cable was virtually exiled. His daughter makes it clear that he also got into hot water for his friendly feeling toward the negroes, in which he was again a pioneer. Cable was a courageous man, and a kindly one. There is much in Mrs. Bilke's book that will be new to most readers, and much that it is well to have known.

Montaigne Brought to Life

André Lamandé's *Montaigne: Grave and Gay* (Holt, $3), is an excellent biography of the Sage of Perigord, written in the form of an historical novel and laying particular emphasis upon the earlier years of the great French humanitarian, which are, of course, less well known than the later period so thoroughly covered in the *Essays.* M. Lamandé has much of the charm of Maurois. His account of the love between Montaigne and La Boëtie is particularly touching, and he also writes appealingly of that autumnal and platonic affair between the philosopher and the lovely Marie le Jars de Gournay.

Holt is also publishing the last work of Anatole France, *Rabelais*, which is a combined biography and critical analysis. One third is devoted to the life of Rabelais and the remainder to an explanation of the satire in Gargantua and Pantagruel. The manuscript was found among Anatole

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France's papers by his publisher, Calmann-Levy, and the book will be the final volume in the definitive edition of the author's works. The combination of Anatole France and Rabelais is, of course, a perfect one.

Among miscellaneous biographies the choice is as wide as any one might hope to find. John Buchan has done *Montrose* (Houghton Mifflin, $5) in a handsome and engaging book; Helen W. Henderson has painted the portrait of Dianne de Poytiers, mistress of Francis I and his son, Henry II in *The Enchantress* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50); James Sykes has written a charming small book about Disraeli's wife in *Mary Anne Disraeli* (Appleton, $2.50); Harry Lauder's *Roamin' in the Gloamin'* (Lippincott, $5) is a really delightful account of the Scotch comedian's career; and Georges Oudard's *The Amazing Life of John Law* has just been published by Payson and Clarke at $3.50. M. Oudard is the author of several well-known novels, but this is his first biography. He has gone very carefully into every detail of the life of the gentleman who created the Mississippi Bubble, who was gambler, inventor, promoter, and above all, banker.

The Sparkling Mr. Guedalla

THEN there is Phillip Guedalla's latest, which deserves a good deal more space than it will get here, and which is certainly one of the most delightful books Mr. Guedalla has done. It is called *Bonnet and Shawl* (Putnam, $3.50) and is made up of sketches of the wives of eminent Victorians, such as Jane Welsh Carlyle, Catherine Gladstone, Mary Arnold, Mary Anne Disraeli, Emily Palmerston, and Emily Tennyson, whom Mr. Guedalla groups as "The Real". Under "The Ideal" he writes of Lady Muriel James, Sophia Swinburne, and Julie de Goncourt. Another collection of bright biographical sketches is by our own Morris Bishop, and is called *A Gallery of Eccentrics* (Minton, Balch, $3.50). Dr. Bishop, who is a noted historian and humorist, has written here about a curious collection of crackpots, from the Emperor Elegabulus to Professor Porson, the Tippling Philologer. He also considers Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, the Abbé de Choisy, who preferred women's clothes, Edward Wortley Montague, Jr., and several others as quaint. The illustrations are priceless.

Stefan Zweig has turned his admirable talent to biography in *Adepts at Self-Portraiture: Casanova, Stendhal and Tolstoy* (Viking, $3), another translation to the credit of Eden and Cedar Paul. Mr. Zweig lets Casanova tell of his lusts, Stendhal unravel the psychology of the heart and Tolstoy exalt the passions, and proves further that he is quite as much at home in presenting such studies as he is in his novels and novelettes. Other outstanding biographies are Henri Béraud's *Portraits of the French Revolution* (Little, Brown, $3.50), with woodcuts by Bernard Zadig. M. Béraud discusses Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Danton, among others, and also writes of the famous leaders of the mobs and other secondary figures of the time.

On Jesus and Napoleon

TWO mystical biographies of inexhaustible subjects are on the market, Kahlil Gilbran's *Jesus the Son of Man* (Knopf, $2.50), which is done in Biblical style, and which observes the orthodox point of view to the letter, and Dmitri Merezhkovsky's *Napoleon the Man* (Dutton, $5), which is an attempt to unearth the real Napoleon from the 40,000 books that have already been written about him. The Russian novelist and poet approaches his subject in a state of ecstasy, and considers Napoleon as a godlike being who is the Forerunner of the Savior of Mankind. This is a curiously alive book, whether one agrees with its mystical interpretation of the life of its subject or not. To Merezhkovsky, Napoleon was in the hands of Destiny throughout his career, and it was as necessary for him to say "Thy will, not mine, be done," as it was for the prophet who stood on Calvary.

Two books of memoirs that are worthy of mention are *Memoirs of a Sculptor's Wife* by Mrs. Daniel Chester French (Houghton Mifflin, $5) and John Cameron's *Odyssey*, transcribed by Andrew Farrell (Macmillan, $4.50), John Cameron having been the ocean wanderer who supplied Robert Louis Stevenson with the material for *The Wrecker*. He wandered over three oceans for a life time, and was finally buried in Japan.

Four Books of Poetry

BEFORE we pass along to the fiction Landscape, there are four books of poetry that need consideration. Three represent the work of a trip of outstanding American poets, the fourth the collected verse of an Englishman who has not yet had in this country either for his poetry or his prose, the recognition he deserves. Robert Frost's *West-running Brook* (Holt, $2.50) is a collection of some forty lyrics, the first of Mr. Frost's to be published since *New Hampshire*. The poem which gives the book its title is the longest in the book, and is one of Mr. Frost's metaphysical explorations. The volume offers variety, as there are a number of short lyrics in the poet's best manner, and the quality of the book is unquestionably high. Edna St. Vincent Millay's *The Buck in the Snow* (Harper, $2.50) is also Miss Millay's first collection for several years. It contains some excellent work, but there is some doubt about its

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average, and along with several other reviewers, the Landscaper feels that it is less meritorious on the whole than most of the poet's earlier verse. Carl Sandburg's *Good-Morning America* (Harcourt, Brace, $3) contains one hundred and sixty-two poems and is the first Sandburg collection since *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*. It is typically Sandburgian, which means that a good deal of it resembles prose. The fourth volume to which I referred above is A. E. Coppard's *Collected Poems* (Knopf, $2.50), a handsome small book that contains much really beautiful and moving verse.

Riches in the Fiction Field

THE current selection of novels is also a wide one. We have offerings from such established writers as Virginia Woolf, Francis Brett Young, William McFee, Johan Bojer, Margaret Leech, Ford Madox Ford, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and many others, in addition to a number of novels by newcomers that promise entertainment and edification.

Mrs. Woolf's new novel, *Orlando* (Harcourt, Brace, $3) is the most ambitious thing she has ever undertaken, the story of a human being who was born in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and who is still alive today, having reached the age of thirty-six years, and having on one occasion changed from a man to a woman. Under this guise of fantasy, Mrs. Woolf has written a poet's conception of the history of the human spirit from the spacious days of the Virgin Queen down to the present. *Orlando* is unquestionably the finest book she has yet written, and one that is quite likely to win for her the larger audience that never found its way to such unusual novels as *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, not to mention earlier books of Mrs. Woolf that gave delight to a small circle. *Orlando* is one of the season's books that should not by any chance be overlooked.

Brett Young's *My Brother Jonathan* (Knopf, $3) is the story of two brothers: Jonathan, who is above everything else a good man, and Harold, a handsome wastrel. Harold finally takes Jonathan's wife away from him, but leaves inviolate the real nobility of character of his brother. Those readers who enjoyed Mr. Young's two-volume novel, *Love is Enough* will find the new book to their liking. It is a really excellent novel, and indicates quite clearly that its author is well on his way to a very high place among English novelists. Up to the last two books, his work was uneven, and there was always suggestions of a fine talent not quite realized.

A Sequel to "The Great Hunger"

JOHAN BOJER'S *The New Temple* (Century, $2.50) is a sequel to *The Great Hunger* and has the same appealing qualities as that good novel; it relates the search for a new faith by Lorentz and Louise Holm. William McFee has done his first important novel for years in *Pilgrims of Adversity* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a long story of the Caribbean, and more than that, of friendship among strong men. This book has been three years in the making, and it should rank with the best of its author's preceding novels. Margaret Leech's *The Feathered Nest* (Liveright, $2.50) is a panel in a screen of American family life which began with *The Back of the Book* and was continued in *Tin Wedding*. It concerns itself with a rich, idle, and middle-aged mother who is determined to keep her hold upon her sons at any cost. This spectacle of mother love gone selfish is a disagreeable one, to put it mildly, but Miss Leech has succeeded in making her mother an understandable figure for whom the reader feels sympathy. Miss Leech draws characters skilfully, in addition to her other good qualities.

Ford Madox Ford's *A Little Less than Gods* (Viking, $2.50) is an historical novel which he and Conrad planned a good many years ago. It deals with the life of that Beau Sabreur, Marshal Ney, and is a well-told story of The Hundred Days of Napoleon. Elizabeth Madox Roberts's *Jingling in the Wind* (Viking, $2.50) is altogether different from the preceding work of this author, and has therefore had a mixed reception from the critics. It is essentially a satire on American civilization, cast in the form of a farce, with a Rainmakers' Convention as its starting point. It is an amusing *jeu d'esprit* and reveals a side to the talent of its author that will stand further exploitation.

Some New Novelists

AMONG newcomers, few novelists have attracted so much attention recently as Josephine Herbst, with *Nothing is Sacred* (Coward-McCann, $2.50), an American story done in the lean and sinewy prose of Ernest Hemingway and others of the Hemingway group. Peadar O'Donnell, an Irishman introduced to this country with *The Way It Was with Them* (Putnam, $2.50) is another name that will be heard in future. His first book on this side the water is a story of life among Irish fisherfolk. Vardi Fisher's *Toilers of the Hills* (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) reveals another American writer of the close-to-the-soil variety. He tells the story of the struggles of a man and his wife to conquer a farm in Idaho with full appreciation of the essential poetry that lies in this fight between man and land.

Other recent novels that are to be recommended include Elmer Davis's *Giant-Killer* (John Day, $2.50), the story of David and the Hebrew nation, into which Mr. Davis has put a great deal of careful research. David is represented as one who

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always found someone to kill his giants for him, and the whole story of his times is told in detail. Mr. Davis may have overwritten his book somewhat, but he has succeeded well with several of his characters, notably with Joab, who did the dirty work for David, and there are many ironical overtones throughout the book, as might be expected from its author. Mr. Davis is, incidentally, one of the loudest shouters for McCready Houston's *Dear Senator* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), which is a fine picture of American political life, not at all exaggerated, and searchingly done.

Good Novels from Abroad

An admirable novel based on the Sixth Crusade is *The Lost Fight* by H. F. M. Prescott (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), which is chiefly concerned with the betrayal of a trust by Adam of Morteigne and its consequences. Miss Prescott has handled a romantic theme with moving realism, and added to the reputation she made with her first book, *The Unhurrying Chase*. Three important new novels in translation are Miguel de Unamuno's *Mist* (Knopf, $2.50), the first work of fiction by the Spanish philosopher to be made available here; *Reubeni, Prince of the Jews* by Max Brod (Knopf, $2.50), the story of a Jewish prince in the time of Michelangelo by the author of *The Redemption of Tycho Brahe;* and *The Whisper of a Name* by Marie le Franc (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), a tale of the Breton moors Englished by George and Hilda Shively.

A number of excellent volumes of short stories have appeared recently, among them the annual edition of Edward J. O'Brien's *Best English Short Stories* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50); *Nightseed* by H. A. Manhood (Viking, $2.50), which has been highly praised by Arnold Bennett; and *Prevailing Winds* by Margaret Ayer Barnes (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). E. C. L. Adams's *Nigger to Nigger* (Scribner, $2), is a collection of short pieces about Congaree negroes, all of which have the ring of truth in them, together with much keen observation, and deftly handled dialect.

The Landscaper turns away from the field of fiction with the feeling that not all the novels worth mentioning have had their day, but the task is an impossible one, with every printing press in the world apparently roaring away twenty-four hours a day.

Mr. Beebe Under the Sea

Among miscellaneous books of recent weeks, none is more attractive than William Beebe's latest, *Beneath Tropic Seas* (Putnam, $3.50), which tells what Mr. Beebe saw under the blue waters of the Gulf of Gonave near Hayti. There are many illustrations and much good writing, as may be expected from this author. The Landscaper has also very thoroughly enjoyed the new edition of *Morrow's Almanac*, under the editorship of Burton Rascoe, which has a great deal of amusement between its covers, and some excellent information about books from John Macy. This year's *Almanac* is even better than the first issue of last year, and the book has pretty well become an institution after only two issues.

The 1928 *American Caravan* (Macaulay, $5) remains a large five dollars' worth, but there is a uniformity of tone to its contributions that destroys some of its value. It remains, however, a good place to become acquainted with new writers who will later be famous.

More or Less Personal

Word has just reached the Landscaper that, beginning in the January issue, he is to have the company of one whose work he has enjoyed and admired from the time it began to come to his attention in a small magazine known as *Stuff and Nonsense*. Donald F. Rose, an Oxford man who gave up school teaching some four years ago to embark upon one of the most hazardous of journalistic enterprises, the editing and distribution of his own private magazine, is the gentleman referred to. Once upon a time, the Landscaper ventured the prediction elsewhere than in this department, that Mr. Rose would not be long allowed to remain in the quiet confines of Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, where he launched his tiny bark on such perilous seas, once New York editors realized the quality of his writing. Since that time several editors in New York have helped the Landscaper to make his prophecy good, but when the words were written there was no expectation that Mr. Rose's entire journal would eventually be taken over by The North American Review.

For this is what will happen beginning in the January issue. *Stuff and Nonsense* will appear as a regular feature in the oldest magazine in the United States. The Landscaper is pleased with the arrangement for a number of reasons, but first and foremost because he believes that Mr. Rose is one of the most delightful humorists writing in the country today. There is, too, to be considered the fact that Mr. Rose has more children than any other author in America — contestants of this claim are invited to come forward. The number of the children, ten to be exact, is mentioned in connection with Mr. Rose's skill as a humorist, because it seems to require something bordering on genius to be as consistently funny as Mr. Rose has been in his magazine with the cares of a family as large as his.

Laying aside all facetiousness, the Landscaper extends a very hearty welcome to Mr. Rose.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF THE NEW ERA

By Anne Carroll Moore

The last ten years have seen many and great changes in the volume, manner of production, and extent of distribution of children's books in the United States. Since the time that children were given their own place in the departmental organization of public libraries, since the first celebration of an annual Children's Book Week at the instigation of the National Association of Book Publishers, and the starting of critical reviews of children's books on equal terms with adult books, this department of publishing has been revolutionized. That it has been made to pay is largely due to the fact that the American publishers became conscious during the late war of children's voluntary reading interests and have taken effective steps to supply them.

Children's books have arrived at a stage of being talked about and written about in a more human individualized way than was the custom ten years ago, and this new treatment is also finding its way into books such as May Lamberton Becker's *Adventures in Reading* (Stokes). Suggestive introductions to books rather than prescriptive guides and handbooks are now available for parents, and selected lists of new books of the year are published by many libraries. Such lists are usually arranged by subject, and my comment on the books of 1928 will assume that some enduring sense of values in books and pictures already exists as a background. That the mere mention of picture books recalls familiarly such art as that of Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane, Leslie Brooke, Boutet de Monvel and such knowledge of children's interest as was shown in Palmer Cox's *Brownie Books* and J. G. Francis' *Cheerful Cats*.

Picture Books

New picture books must be weighed and measured so rich are we in perennial favorites, but Wanda Gág's *Millions of Cats* (Coward-McCann, $1.25), wins a place of its own at once as thoroughly original in conception and entirely competent in treatment. Children and grownups alike will chuckle over both story and pictures in which homeliness and beauty are poignantly suggested. Wanda Gág's prints and etchings are to be found in the leading museums of the country, but this is her first picture book. The artist was born in Minnesota of Bohemian parents. *Das Hundefest* by Ernst Kreidolf (Westermann, $2) is equally original but a more sophisticated picture book since its dogs are city bred and live in a city of kennels. In a series of the liveliest pictures in color the artist pictures the life of a dog, ending on a rounded hilltop with a blue sky above it suggestive of Fra Angelico and called the dogs' Paradise. This is a book for all dog lovers as well as for children. The descriptive verses in German add very little, so well is the idea executed pictorially.

Tootleoo Two (Harper, $2) also in color, is a jolly picture book from England. Bernard Darwin, who wrote the verses, is a grandson of Charles Darwin. But it was Elinor, his wife, who originated the story, telling the first Tootleoo to her own children in pictures. Valery Carrick's *Tales of Wise and Foolish Animals* (Stokes $1.50) comes from a popular source, for *Picture Folk Tales* and their successors are much liked by little children for their humor. Elizabeth MacKinstry has made a gay new Eighteenth Century picture book of Clement Moore's *Visit from St. Nicholas* (Dutton, $2). There is a flood of cheap picture books on the market, poor in drawing, cheap and crude in color, designed apparently as an antidote to the comic strip. Without any hesitation if I had to choose I would take the comic strip every time in preference because of its better drawing. But no such choice need be made by parents who are giving the best picture books of England, France, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Russia, as well as our own land, a fair chance in the formation of taste in art. For it is with picture books that natural training in appreciation of art begins.

Poetry and Song

Now, as in an earlier time, it is with Mother Goose that poetry and song begin. Here, as with picture books, we must again presuppose a basic selection which includes Lovat Fraser's *Nursery Rhymes* (Knopf), the Arthur Rackham *Mother Goose* (Century), two or three good anthologies such as Sara Teasdale's *Rainbow Gold* (Macmillan), Louis Untermeyer's *This Singing World* (Harcourt), de la Mare's *Come Hither* accompanied by his *Peacock Pie* and a *Child's Day*, Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* and A. A. Milne's *When We Were Very Young*. Humbert Wolfe's *Cursory Rhymes* (Doubleday, $2) is not published as a children's book, but I think it belongs to all who would share poetry and childhood with children. "The New Doll's House" holds the substance of things dreamed of in children's reading, while his "Praise of Famous Men," especially of Dean Swift and Andrew Lang, is a reminder of imperishables among

children's books. "The Return of the Fairy" delighted a large group of children to whom I read from it out-of-doors. *Cursory Rhymes* is charmingly bound in primrose yellow and is accompanied, rather than illustrated, by Mr. Rutherston's line drawings. Eleanor Farjeon's *Come Christmas* (Stokes, $2) is a book of another sort, made up of Christmas verses, lyrics and ballads of her own with two or three free translations from the old French. Rachel Field's gay decorations give it a very Christmassy appearance and it is not difficult to forecast the popularity of the book at holiday time. Vachel Lindsay's *Johnny Appleseed and Other Poems* (MacMillan, $1.75) will appeal to children somewhat older and will lend color to American history as associative reading.

One of the outstanding books of the year is unquestionably *New Songs for New Voices* edited by Louis Untermeyer and David and Clara Mannes (Harcourt, $5). Peggy Bacon's drawings add an element of life and humor not common to song books while the choice of songs and music reflects the long and rare experience of David and Clara Mannes with the music loving children of New York. For interest and variety I know of no book to compare with it. A whole group of distinguished books may be mentioned here. Pamela Bianco has made delicate line drawings for her own selection of poems by William Blake calling the book *The Land of Dreams* (MacMillan, $2). Boris Artzybasheff has designed and decorated *The Fairy Shoemaker and Other Poems* (MacMillan, $2) in a manner to suggest companionship with Padraic Colum's *Creatures* designed by him last year. Mr. Artzybasheff has also illustrated Murkerji's *Ghond the Hunter* (Dutton, $2.50), a better constructed story than his *Gay-Neck*, and *Herodotus* edited by Gordon King (Doubleday, $2). *The Winged Horse Anthology* compiled by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill (Doubleday, $4) is illustrated by Paul Honoré, who designed *The Winged Horse* in which the same two authors tell the story of poetry and the poets. These books complement one another and are of special interest to boys and girls of high school age.

Adventurous Boys and Girls

Paul Honoré has also made beautiful designs in color, suggestive of stained glass, for Charles J. Finger's *Hero Tales from Hakluyt* (Holt, $3.50, a special edition at $10 is also available). Mr. Finger has by no means exhausted the eight rich volumes of *Hakluyt's Voyages* into which he has dipped deep and long to make a book which should thrill the imagination and fortify the knowledge of adventurous boys and girls. It is easily one of the most distinguished and daring publications of recent years. It associates very happily, however, with Geoffrey Parson's *The Stream of History* (Scribner, $5) with its small chapter head decorations by James Daugherty. Mr. Daugherty brings life to whatever he touches and he has touched a number of this season's books: *Abe Lincoln Grows Up* (Harcourt, $2.50) is a book made of the first twenty-seven chapters of Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln*, *The Conquest of Montezuma's Empire* as Andrew Lang rendered it from Prescott (Longmans, $2.50), Conan Doyle's *The White Company* (Harpers, $2.50), and *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (Doubleday, $3.50) exactly as Washington Irving wrote it with a few thousand words of digression dropped out. In these "pictorial pleasantries" for *Knickerbocker*, as Mr. Daugherty calls them, and in the end papers and cover design the artist has waked up an American classic which has long slumbered in drab makeup on lists of required reading. With a vigor and flavor derived from the Elizabethans he has given *Knickerbocker* to boys and girls of the present age. Is *Knickerbocker* a children's book? No more perhaps than Gulliver yet pictorial Gullivers have been available for years. We should hardly expect the younger children to read it, yet Mr. Daugherty dates his own first love of it at the age of ten. "You don't read *Knickerbocker*," he wisely says, "you discover it and keep on discovering it for the rest of your life".

N. C. Wyeth has made a fine American holiday book of James Boyd's *Drums* (Scribner, $2.50) with numerous pen and ink sketches in addition to the full page reproductions in color from his paintings. Wyeth unquestionably dramatizes the reading interests of many men and boys by his stirring pictures for *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Robin Hood* and *The Last of the Mohicans*. Mead Schaeffer's appeal is less dramatic yet his pictures have marked a new lease of life for several books, as they now do for an abridgment of *Monte Cristo* which has been skillfully made from a good translation (Dodd Mead, $3.50).

The responsibility for editing, whether a retelling or a selection from original sources, or translation into another language, should always be made clear on the title page or in an introductory note to the book in question. Unfortunately in many instances this is not done owing to the known prejudice regarding abridgment — a prejudice which may well be set aside in favor of more readers for the book, provided the author's work is neither violated nor invalidated. *The Boys' Ben Hur* (Harper, $2) has been abridged by Virginia Kirkus, the omissions being chiefly long descriptions which get in the way of the story. There has been no alteration of text.

Foreign Flavors

Those who look for Spanish color and flavor in Bertha Gunterman's *Castles in Spain* illustrated by Mahlon Blaine (Longmans, $2.50) will find little of it in translation or illustration, more's the pity, since we have so little to represent that country. There is more of the Spain of "The Alhambra" in *Count Billy* (Dutton, $2.50), Greville MacDonald's sequel to *Billy Barnicoat*, a fairy romance of the Cornish coast. But if Spain still lags behind not so Poland. Two books I've read from cover to cover and heartily commend are *The Jolly Tailor*, translated by Lucia Merecke Borski and Kate B. Miller and illustrated by Kazimir Klepacki (Longmans, $2). These stories, fresh and characterized by native wit, are admirably rendered for story-telling or for reading aloud. The second book by Eric P. Kelley *The Trumpeter of Krakow* (Macmillan, $2) is an absorbing mystery adventure story told against a Fifteenth Century background. Boys and girls in the teens will like it as a story and it may also be profitably associated with a study of mediaeval times. *The Treasure Valley* (Morrow, $2.50) of Miss Lamprey has associative value as well, since it is a continuance of her first book *The Days of the Guild* (Stokes). Miss Lamprey's narrative is broken to its disadvantage by poor verse.

Other Arabian Nights (Scribner, $2.50) as told by H. J. Katibah will have a special appeal to boys who know and love *The Arabian Nights*. Mr. Katibah's stories, which he heard told as a boy in Arabia, have a lively wit connecting modern Arabian feeling with old tales handed down by word of mouth. In *Swords of the Vikings* (Dutton, $2.50) Julia Davis Adams has given a vigorous rendering of ancient legends of Danish heroes. The illustrations by Suzanne Lawson are not sufficiently compelling for the text.

The American Touch

Nor were all the fairy tales and romance of the season gathered in the old world. Monica Shannon has made a book called *Eyes for the Dark* (Doubleday, $2.50) out of stories which grew for her in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is a better book, I think, than her *California Fairy Tales*. Isabelle Hurlbutt has written a Christmas story of a weather vane coming to life as *Little Heiskell* (Dutton, $2) in Hagerstown, Maryland. Erick Berry has written and illustrated *Girls in Africa* (Macmillan, $2) and has retold from life *Black Folk Tales* (Harper, $2), stories she heard on the West African coast. Constance Lindsay Skinner in *Andy Breaks Trail* (Macmillan, $1.75) has added a fragmentary touch of local color to the Lewis and Clark expedition by having "Silent

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Scot" join it, while Cornelia Meigs contributes *Clearing Weather* (Little, $2) to follow her *Trade Wind* of last year.

Ships and Sailors by Stanley Rogers (Little, $2.50) holds true anecdotes of mutinies, sea mysteries, shipwrecks and pirates. Charles Nordhoff's *The Derelict* (Little, $2) is a good new story of the South Seas by an author whose *The Pearl Lagoon* has been approved by hundreds of boys. *Halsey in the West Indies* (Putnam, $1.75) is a genuine contribution to prevailing ignorance concerning the Virgin Islands. The tutor who assisted in shaping up this book helped at the right places. Rhea Wells in *An American Farm* (Doubleday, $2) has written and illustrated a realistic account of life on a Tennessee farm as he knew it in boyhood. This book presents an interesting contrast to Mrs. Bianco's translation of René Bazin's *Juniper Farm*, the life story of a French farmer and his family.

Books on how to make and do things are numerous. Girls will find an unusual one in Nancy McClelland's *Young Decorators* (Harper, $2.50) which contains all the principles of good decoration in readable form. Boys will find *Building a Winning Model Yacht* by Thomas Moore (Stokes, $3.50) holds the theory and practice of model yacht construction and design. *Cork Ships* by Peter Adams (Dutton, $1.25) is a treasure of a book for children, at home or in hospital, since it tells exactly how to build a set of ship models, that will float, out of ordinary bottle corks. Small boys will delight in trying their luck with Tony Sarg's Book of Tricks (Greenberg, $3).

Animals

Books about animals are perennially popular, whether born of pure fancy like "Pooh Bear" of *The House at Pooh Corner* (Dutton, $2) which is an extension of A. A. Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh*, with more of E. H. Shepard's delightful pictures, or Dr. Doolittle's animals, who seem to be fast losing their original characters, or again drawn from life into fiction like the inimitable *Pax, the Adventurous Horse* (The Viking Press, $2) written by Muriel Hodder when a child of eleven and illustrated by Ray Garnett — a book for all children and grownups who love horses and human nature. Two new true animal books are by Eric Fitch Daglish, an artist who is also a naturalist. *Animals in Black and White* appear in two volumes: *The Larger Beasts and the Smaller Beasts* (Morrow, $1) each. Mr. Daglish's woodcuts are unusual in outline and decorative pattern and his factual text is excellent. The two books furnish good models for children who like to draw animals as well as to look at their pictures. "Kos," the Baroness Dombrowski on the other hand is a better artist than she is story writer. *Boga the Elephant* (Macmillan, $2.50) is distinguished for its very fine pictures in color of animals in the jungle. Children who have read Kipling's *Jungle Book* and Mukerji's *Hari the Jungle Lad* will most appreciate these pictures. Five volumes of Paul du Chaillu's perennially popular African stories have also been published in a new edition. These volumes have been slightly abridged by Erick Berry who made the illustrations for them while in Africa. Having recently reread the five in the order they were first published: *Stories of the Gorilla Country, Wild Life Under the Equator, Lost in the Jungle, My Apingi Kingdom, The Country of the Dwarfs* (Harper, $2 a volume), I feel reasonably certain that any boy who has not already read them and others who have will enjoy the new form in which they now appear.

We may as well stop at the animal books as anywhere since it is manifestly impossible in the compass of this article to mention all the books which deserve notice. "The most dangerous quality a book can have is emptiness," says May Lamberton Becker and adds "with all the gains we have made in children's reading and in the mechanical details of production, it is still true that every year a certain number of empty volumes, all alike but the labels, come clattering on to the bookstalls. If a young person gets these and nothing but these he will soon stop reading." It becomes our privilege, then, to supply him with plenty of real books.

Other Books Received

JUVENILES

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By *Lewis Carroll.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.

This edition of the famous book is illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay, and is also enhanced with the original drawings by John Tenniel.

Caleb, or Curious and Diverting Adventures with Friendly Animals. By *Albert L. Webster.* New York: Duffield and Company. $2.00.

An odd fancy done in a quaint way but without artistic charm.

Once There Was A Prince. By *Aldis Dunbar.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

This romantic story of youth is suitable for boys and girls from nine to fifteen.

The Atlantic Treasury of Childhood Stories. By *Mary D. Hutchinson Hodgkins.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Illustrated by Beatrice Stevens, this collection of various tales both folk and national will appeal to lads and lassies under ten.

Peace Crusaders. Compiled by *Anna Bassett Griscom.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. $1.50.

A book of recitations for children prepared for the American Friends Service Committee.

The Good Giant. By *Martin Sampson.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

This giant is a kindly ogre who corrects things which appear unjust to children.

Magic Gold. By *Marion Florence Lansing.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

A story of the time of Roger Bacon concerning alchemy and the making of gold in the Thirteenth Century.

The Red Cape. By *Rachel M. Varble.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

Done in an artistic manner, this tale will appeal to girls of ten or twelve who love old kingdoms and young princesses.

Cherique. By *Mary F. Wickham Porcher.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.

A Northern girl and a Southern girl are mutually attracted to each other and engage in exciting adventures.

The Adventures of Andrew. By *Eliza Orne White.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

Wholesome, lovable Andrew forms the center of this story, which will appeal to many admirers of Eliza Orne White.

St. Nicholas Book of Science. By *Floyd L. Darrow.* New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

These are chapters on the cream of invention as going on at present in scientific circles — a very helpful book.

Talks to Boys. By *Sherrard Billings, B.D.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

The Chapel of Groton School was the background for these inspiring addresses which aim to reach the heart of young chaps.

All About Me. By *John Drinkwater.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

These poems are from a noted poet, but the spirit of childhood is missing.

The Prince from Nowhere. By *Eva March Tappan.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

The name of Eva March Tappan is known by children who study Roman history; here, however, she is devoting herself to extracting entertainment from Swedish literature.

Cinderella's Garden. By *W. Magneile Dixon.* New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

A fanciful story with an English setting and consequent charm.

Stowaway. Edited by *Wilhelmina Harper.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

This collection of stories, taken from *Youth's Companion,* includes many well-known authors.

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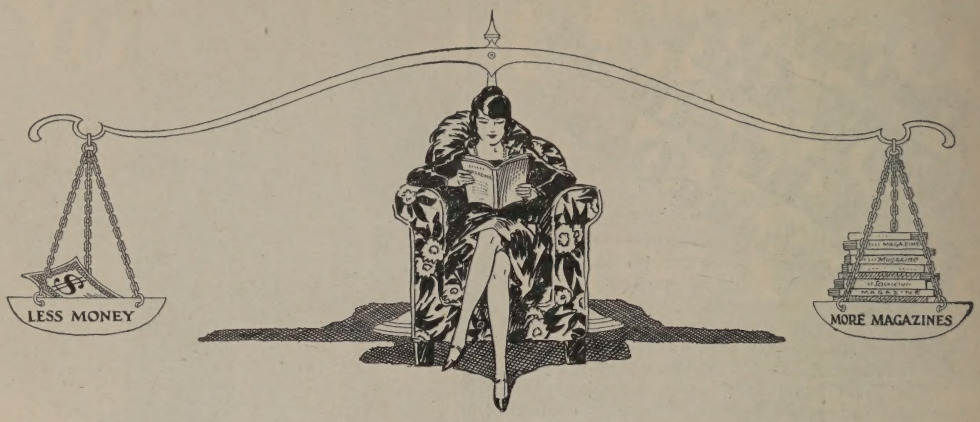

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The Last Word

By Burges Johnson

The Deacon has been reading The North American Review. I make no apology for him; better men than he have done it without shame. When I came upon him he had just finished *Spinach—for Others* in the November issue, and he seemed pleased with it. "Ma tried dietin' me once," he reminisced. "She'd been readin' up on bran, an' figgered out it was what my system needed. Then Doc Peters, the vet., had just been dealin' successfully with our dog, an' he told her any well-regulated diet fer a healthy critter ought to be one part nutriment and two parts filler. He said the filler could be anything the critter would eat, from potato peelin's to chopped straw. That sort of worked in with the bran theory, so she planned to try it on me."

"How did it work?"

"Fine!" grinned the Deacon. "There was plenty of bran around the place, an' I told her I'd eat all she wanted me to, so long as she got enough bacon fat, or fried pork, or molasses, or eggs an' whipped cream along with it to make it palatable. Gosh! I certainly lived high durin' that dietin' spell. Pretty near got the gout! She gave it up when she found how much eggs an' whipped cream I was consumin'. I didn't mind the bran. Sawdust would have done as well. In fact they tell me sawdust is pretty fine board."

The Deacon is not given to puns. I looked at him distrustfully. "So you don't believe in dieting?"

"I never said so," he answered between puffs on his evil old pipe. "I've heard tell that a high percentage of human ills start because folks abuse their stomachs. It stands to reason that the best way to cure 'em is by bein' careful what you eat. I always figgered out that bein' reasonably reggeler an' careful was the most important thing, an' nowadays I never eat more'n I actually want, except when I really want to. But a lot of people wouldn't be careful unless you gave 'em some rigamarole to follow. So the Doctor says: Ten vitamins plus ten protids plus six glucose, or some such stuff, multiplied by three, equals health. So they pay him five dollars or five thousand, accordin' to their incomes, and go away an' pay attention to their diets an' mebbe get well.

"When I was in Europe," continued the Deacon, eyeing me self-consciously, "I was interested in some of those waterin' places I'd always read about. I mean the places where folks 'take the waters' that have been fashionable for hundreds of years. Lots of folks get well at 'em, supposedly because of some beneficial salts in the water. But if you compare the chemist's reports you'll find there's more of those same salts in the city water of New York City or Syracuse or Minneapolis. An' yet there's mighty few people," he added earnestly, "who visit New York City just to drink the city water.

"The reason a man gets well at Baden-Baden," concluded the Deacon, "is because for the two weeks he's there he drinks half as much booze an' twice as much water. But if his doctor told him the truth, he wouldn't go."

My conversation with the Deacon, and even this writing, precede the national election by a week or two. Naturally we could not avoid the Great American Debate, but any fragment of our argument would prove but poor reading at best, after November 6. Yet Mr. Struthers Burt's article, *The One Great Issue*, in the November North American, argued the election in a less perishable fashion and at the same time caused the Deacon some annoyance.

"I kept thinkin' as I read it that somethin' enormous was comin', an' then I found that the one great issue was another name for personal liberty. Kind of a great big cloud without any rain. Personal liberty ain't any more of an issue under the Eighteenth Amendment than it was under the local option laws, or the draft acts, or the alien an' sedition business, more'n a hundred years ago. There aren't any *new* battle lines formin' along that front, as Mr. Burt insists.

"I'm goin' to make a serious admission," said the Deacon, tapping his pipe against his shoe and then looking anxiously at the carpet. "It's this; I ain't near as excited about disrespect for law as a lot of people. I don't like it, an' I don't like to see it grow. But from readin' an' observation I've got the idea that we Americans never did let the law worry us over much. If a law threatened our personal liberties, we thumbed our noses at the law; mighty nice people, too. Now you take an Englishman: he worships The Law for its own sake; he respects it. But we Americans have always used law as a means to an end. If we could accomplish the end without usin' the means, we went ahead

an' did so. We let the law become a dead letter and forgot about it, without botherin' to repeal it. I don't defend the habit; I just think it's so. Take the big illegal vigilance committees in our history, an' the illegal aid rendered to escapin' slaves, and such like. There's a lot of people arguin' about the Eighteenth Amendment who seem to forget what brought it about. They think it was a bunch of crusaders. It wasn't, not by a long sight. It was a lot of hard-headed people in the South who wanted gin taken out of the hands of Negroes, and a lot in the North who wanted the saloon taken out of politics. They both got onto the same band-wagon, and then the Anti-Saloon League climbed on over the tailboard, and tries to get the credit.

"And now," said the Deacon, "with gin actually out of the hands of the Negroes and the saloon out of politics, a lot of the men who did it want their own little drink again. They've used the law, an' they're through with it, an' why bother?"

"You seem to be arguing in favor of disrespect for law."

"No, I ain't. All I say is that it ain't new. Americans have always had it. It ain't so much that they disrespect the law as that they always think somethin' else is more important. The Englishman respects the law an' the American respects expediency; an' as for personal liberty, Mr. Burt needn't worry. There never was an American who didn't believe in a lot of it for himself, an' misdoubt that too much of it would be good for his neighbor."

As I read the advance proofs of this month's issue I thought of the Deacon. He had enjoyed Mr. Harding's earlier article on the *High Cost of Doctoring*, and I should like to hear his comments on Dr. Mason's retort. The Deacon has so much less respect for authority, medical and all other, than I! Yet sometimes I fear that our frequent companionship has left a radical taint.

The writer of *The Business of Doctoring* urges that we measure the doctor's financial problems by business standards. He mentions the plumber. As a matter of fact the plumber is a good one to mention. His failure to do his work well may destroy the health of a whole household. But he does not regulate his fees ordinarily by the income of that household. He has certain rates for certain tasks, or certain time. If he does especially good work he gets more demand for his services rather than higher fees. And it is possible that even he occasionally helps out a friend or a financially poor neighbor without charge. But I do not wish to appraise the doctor's problems in terms of business. Doctoring is a profession; others are Law, Teaching, and the "Ministry", a word which, I take it, means ministry to the ills of a man's soul and spirit. Doctoring might also be referred to as a "ministry"; so also might teaching. What of the Law? That has become so completely commercial that none of its disciples need urge us to measure its problems by the yardstick of business. We do so, instinctively.

Doctoring in the past was considered to be a ministry, even by its practitioners. The fact that they were always imposed upon by unworthy claimants upon their charity did not lead them to question the nature of their calling. But now the path the Law has followed beckons to them, and a Voice says, "Doctors must be better businessmen." Oh well! I suppose they must, and so must we all, to keep up with Lizzy. But I like to believe that the best doctors are still not always the best advertized, or the richest.

Wisdom While You Wait is as good a title as "Getting Educated Quick", and means the same thing. Mr. Brigance has said a mouthful, and there are many more bites that he might take into the same subject. As for the literary revision bureaus, and "courses" in every sort of writing, my own experience while connected with the Authors' League of America led me to feel that it was almost hopeless to attempt to warn young writers against the shoddy ones. The inexperienced writer is usually diffident. He hesitates to subject his shy fancies to the ridicule of his friends. But a stranger offering criticism on a commercial basis, and promising to point out some short cut to literary success, finds easy dupes.

There is a phase of this large subject that I particularly wish Mr. Brigance had discussed, since he is a college teacher. I refer to the promises which colleges and universities themselves make, that they will "teach" something in fifteen or thirty weeks which cannot be taught in fifty years unless Omnipotence and Omniscience are the teachers. I have read in the catalogue of a respectable university this paragraph: "This course teaches not only how to write short stories, but how to market them successfully. Mon., Wed., Fri. One semester." The Government has, I believe, persuaded the manufacturers of quack remedies to avoid any promise on a bottle's label that the contents will "cure" consumption. They may, I believe, promise that the "remedy" will so act on the system as to strengthen it to resist the disease. But no reputable manufacturer of medicines goes even so far as that. He makes no promises at all. Yet university catalogues have slipped easily into promises that they will produce the power to create. Perhaps young people after reading all of this clap-trap advertising in the maga-

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zines have then said, "Why clip the coupon? Why spend so much money? If a commercial concern can make an author or an artist of me so easily, then why shouldn't my tax-supported State university show me the road for nothing?" And the university soon responds to the demand, by offering "courses" in creation. I do not know how Mr. Brigance feels about it out at Wabash; but it seems to me that if a great university on the Atlantic seaboard, for instance, can *teach* photo-play writing by correspondence, then photo-play writing is not an art but a formula. And even if it is unfortunately at present only a formula, some day it will be an art, and it should be the duty of the universities to hasten that day.

I INFER, from one of the articles in this issue, that its writer doubts Mrs. McPherson's power to convert England. He may be right. I am not wise enough to hazard a guess. But after reading his article, something whispers to me that she will certainly lack the power to convert him. I fear that he has steeled his heart against her. And yet Mrs. McPherson need not become too down-hearted about him. There is evidently something wrong with the man. By his own admission he lived for some time in Los Angeles, and then moved away from it. His style is a scintillating one. I love his phrases, "the sinews of sin"; "their sermons are genteel soporifics"; "an English cocktail would not make the hair stand up on a white mouse"; "salvation's sterile wake"; "as unemotional as terrapins". Why, that man could sell real estate; *any* real estate. Why did he go away?

When I was in Los Angeles I was accompanied by my wife and a young child. While walking down a business street we carelessly stopped to glance at a map in a real estate office window. The proprietor looked up from his desk, saw me, and was instantly at my side. "We should be glad to take you to the beach in one of our busses," he said. "No charge whatsoever, no obligation on your part, a shore dinner, and a lovely drive back."

I told him it was impossible, but my words had no effect. His talk was subtle, amazing. Finally I said that I could not afford to purchase even a cup of his sea-sand, and that I was constitutionally opposed to accepting such large favors from strangers when I knew that I could make no return of any sort. Then he became intimately confidential.

"I don't want you to buy anything," he said. "You would be conferring the favor. You have your wife and child with you. It would mean much to us if we could show a family party riding on one of our busses." I seized my wife and child and fled from that man. I knew that I should be but soft clay in his hands. The author of this article I have just read is obviously not going to be converted by Mrs. McPherson. But if she is wise she will avoid the challenge. He has the Los Angeles power and would undoubtedly convert Mrs. McPherson.

"SHOULD America be governed by Leadership or Mob Rule"? I'll ask you another: should a writer allow his reasoning to be guided by logic or emotion? "Democracy is on trial," writes Mr. Carey, even quoting Viscount Grey and Mr. Chief Justice Taft in support of the assertion. "Thou sayest an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," Mr. Carey. But it is when you begin to select Great Names from American history in support of other theories that I become restive. There were more demagogues in our Golden Age than this writer seems inclined to admit, and more statesmen during our present Decline and Fall. I doubt whether it would profit us to argue; but to anyone re-reading the article in question I offer the name of John Randolph of Roanoke, aristocrat; foul and vituperative in debate; humiliated at last in Congress by an attack in kind from a Northern aristocrat who twitted him openly with physical sterility. I offer also such names as Conway, Arnold, Burr, Jacob Livingston. Let Mr. Carey look them up, and tell me how to use them in his argument. I should also like to find where to place among the names that the writer has chosen to cite, Roosevelt, Hughes, Choate, Blaine, Wilson, Cleveland; and then again, those early mayors of New York City who trafficked with the pirates. Is the recent "Bill" Thompson of Chicago worse than Gilroy of New York? Is any municipal "boss" today improving upon Tweed? I confess that I do not know. But as I grope through the gloom of the article I suddenly discover light ahead, or rather have it discovered for me. A "Society of Leaders" as a fourth branch of the Government may save us from the crash. These men are to be the products of a superfine educational process. And yet in the same breath that breathes this proposition, the writer extols Lincoln and "Al" Smith.

And yet I would concede this to Mr. Carey: that if one studies the workings of democracy and uses only his reason, he may sooner or later, like Mr. Lawrence Godkin, pack his trunk and retire to Europe. Democracy demands Faith. Among its leaders only those who held to their faith in it, against all the evidence, have greatly succeeded. And among the hundreds of those who have prophesied in the past, only those who possessed both faith and imagination have thus far proved true prophets.

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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

"Nationwide speculation in stocks has pushed market values to heights inconsistent with yields or reasonable prospects of near future growth in corporate earnings," said the end-October letter of one of the largest New York banks.

"Stocks of mail order houses, chain stores, motor companies and soft drink firms are selling on a basis to yield half as much as the obligations of the United States Government," one of our best-known economists told the convention of the American Bankers' Association. And both that convention and the later meeting of the Investment Bankers' Association adopted resolutions which were headlined throughout the land, one deploring the ungoverned use of corporate and individual loans in financing stock market speculation, and the other addressing a warning directly to the public against what another banker has called the undermining of the investment morale of the nation.

These are typical of the warning signs that are erected along the stock market highway. Citation of them could be extended indefinitely. In number and in emphasis cautionary statements now greatly exceed the public expressions of confidence in the state of things as they are and of satisfaction with them as they will be. Therefore it might logically be expected that the predominant opinion would be bearish and the market reactionary. But somewhere between that premise and its conclusion logic evaporates; hopes rise above fears, and the market rushes on with a brilliance that must be blinding to those who are left holding the red flags with which they sought to check it.

Cult of the Common Stock

Those who have sought to interpret this market and to foretell its trend by applying to it the touchstones of another era have been wrong, completely and distressingly wrong, *thus far*. Wherein have the old touchstones failed? For one thing they have overlooked the present day tendency to revalue the relative merits of securities, as exemplified in the "cult of the common stock." Some years ago an investment counsellor wrote a book on common stocks as long term investments, in which he maintained that a diversified group of such stocks over a period of years would yield more than bonds, the appreciation in the principal value of some offsetting the depreciation of others; and that stocks possessed the further advantage of independence of fluctuations in the purchasing power of the dollar, to which fixed income bearing securities are wholly subservient.

To this book undoubtedly belongs an important share of the credit or the blame for the preference that the investor now shows for any given common stock over the bonds of the same company (assuming it is prosperous), even when the stock yields no more — sometimes less — than the bond. The book sent shivers through the bond business, and I was once told by a bond salesman who often speaks in hyperbole that the employes of his house had been forbidden to read it. It was attacked both as to conclusion and as to method, but it had appeared at the psychological moment, when other factors also were tending to exalt the common stock — including mergers, general corporate expansion, enlarged earnings for the bigger companies, and the astonishing growth of a belief that scientific management and the Federal Reserve system together have ushered in an era in which the risk of depression is minimized and business for the big corporation is a merry song of piling up the equities behind its stock.

And so the "cult of the common stock" arose. Here the somewhat amusing and significant fact may be cited that its glorification has left its founder — if the author of the book be entitled to that designation — far behind. As the manager of an investment company whose policy was to act on his beliefs, he is reputed to have sold out most of his stocks months ago, and to have since employed the capital of the company in making stock market loans to knowing and unknowing disciples who seem disposed to follow his theories to the bitter end.

Thus there has been a revaluation of stocks as compared with bonds. Some months ago in these articles attention was paid to the supposed statement of Mr. Raskob, then financial chieftain of General Motors, that good stocks were worth fifteen times their earnings. Everyone will remember the acclaim with which the statement was greeted by the market, which immediately set itself to the pleasant task of bidding up to that level whatever issues had been inexplicably lagging

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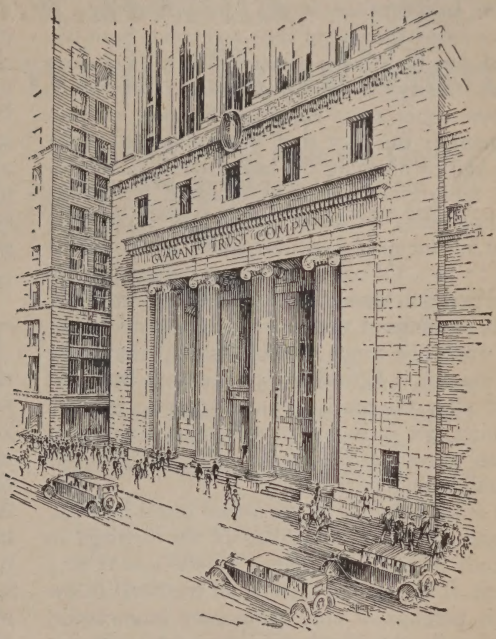

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behind. In comment I said that this touchstone of valuation was experimental, that it had not stood the test of time, and that belief in it might have to be discarded after it had been put through the fire. In a contrary sense, I was quite right. It has not stood the test of time and it has been discarded, but for a more extreme belief. The newer market theory is that good stocks are worth *seventeen* times their earnings. Support of that statement is the fact that a compilation of the prices and earnings for the latest four quarters for which reports are available, of some 170 stocks excluding most of those which are excessively high or low for special reasons, shows a ratio of just about 17 to 1. Of course if the annual earnings of the corporation should be calculated by multiplying the earnings of the latest quarter by four the ratio would be much smaller, and perhaps the stock market is following that method. But that cannot alter the statistical unsoundness of such reckoning, for it is one of which no competent engineer or responsible banker selling securities to the public would be guilty.

If a stock is selling at seventeen times its earnings and pays out two-thirds of its earnings in dividends it yields the buyer a little less than 4 per cent. If it keeps on earning all the time its low yield is perhaps of only temporary importance. Traditionally the buyer of a common stock has been entitled to a higher yield than the buyer of bonds to compensate for the greater risk he takes, but we have at last reached a stage in which he must pay a premium, in addition to assuming that risk, because at the moment the hope of reward weighs heavier than any danger. At this writing the average industrial bond yields nearly one half of one per cent more than the average industrial stock. More than the experience of the past two or three years will be required to demonstrate convincingly that this is a measure of the intrinsic investment worth of the two instruments. Relatively the stock is dear and the bond cheap, though actually of course both may be either too high or too low.

In writing of the market and touchstones of value in this manner one deals perforce in generalities, and immediately runs into the fact that those who buy and sell are particularists. Many of them, indeed, accept the truth of the generalities which the conservatives pronounce, but continue to buy or hold the stocks which they consider exceptions. And it seems that there is no issue on the list which is not considered an exception by some one. The volume of trading on the New York and all other stock exchanges in the country has mounted to a total which exceeds even that of last spring. The ticker once more runs almost an hour behind the market and the machinery of the exchange creaks and groans. The price of memberships in New York has risen to $480,000, on which a member must earn more than $25,000 a year to equal mortgage interest, and their work so obviously exceeds their capacity to do it efficiently that once more the proposal to enlarge the membership of the exchange has been advanced. The Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Produce Exchange are organizing security exchanges in rivalry with established markets in those cities. And these are but the more obvious phenomena of the condition which sets everyone from prominent bankers to Congressmen to speaking of "speculative frenzy."

The Production Level

THE underlying cause of the revival of stock buying and the renewal of the price advance this autumn is unquestionably the extremely favorable condition of business. There is no longer any doubt but that the year now approaching its close will set more business records even than 1926, heretofore the high water mark of American industry and trade. The steel industry has enjoyed an exceptional autumn. The production level maintained by the automobile industry has been even more exceptional. Even building, which of all industries should be the first to show the effect of high money rates, was still breaking records as this was written; a temporary decline in contracts awarded during August had been recovered later in the fall. The cotton textile industry, principal laggard throughout 1928, is definitely on the upgrade, with sales exceeding a gradually expanding production. At the base of the good business is the generally satisfactory yield of the crops this year, and farm prices which sustain the highest level of purchasing power, at least in terms of non-agricultural products, in some time.

Most of the profits of this business have been reaped by the larger corporations, and these profits have fired buyers of their stocks with an enthusiasm that continued high money rates have entirely failed to quench. Even the railroads, whose stock market future appeared somewhat dubious earlier in the year, have benefited, and with continued economy of operation and crops and business producing a larger traffic for them their earnings for the last quarter of the year will be excellent, substantially exceeding the corresponding figures for 1927.

The Future

ADMITTING this record, the question is: what of the future? Can the country continuously absorb such a large industrial production, or does unnoticed accumulation of stocks of goods even

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
for OCTOBER 1st, 1928

STATE OF NEW YORK
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carl W. Culman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York City.; Managing Editor, Kenneth Wilcox Payne, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Business Manager, Carl W. Culman, 9 East 37th St., New York City.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION,
By CARL W. CULMAN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1928.

WILLIAM J. FINN,
Notary Public.

[SEAL] (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1930.)

A Break with Tradition

BEGINNING with the January issue of 1929, THE FORUM will be published in a larger page size — 8¼″ by 11⅜″.

In the middle of the last century the first of America's literary magazines adopted a small size page; illustrations were of necessity limited or omitted entirely. Since then many of our foremost magazines have imitated them so religiously that the size and forbidding appearance of the older periodicals have acquired a certain tradition of distinction — and dullness.

It should be an editor's first concern that a page be read — with pleasure as well as profit. THE FORUM's decision to break with tradition has been motivated by the belief that a magazine of distinction in thought should be distinguished in appearance.

The new format, designed by Mr. Heyworth Campbell, will achieve a thoroughly modern effect through the use of a fine type face and liberal illustrations. The paper stock will be heavy and firm and the magazine will open easily.

Editorially THE FORUM will adhere even more closely to the main tenet of its faith: to present both sides — all sides — of every question before the American people.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Editor

November 15, 1928

now contain the seeds of recession? There is little visible evidence of such accumulation. In textiles stocks were excessive earlier this year but the excess has been corrected by curtailed production. The automobile manufacturers with few exceptions say their dealers are but lightly supplied and in some important instances companies are behind in deliveries. In steel, forward needs may be better cared for, but the fact is not yet evident in the markets. It is only in building that the equivalent of accumulation seems fairly certain. The trend of rents is downward, and the only explanation is that cities are becoming overbuilt. Were money cheap this perhaps might not portend a recession, as the United States is quite willing to rebuild its homes, offices and roads completely as long as the new capital invested can obtain an adequate return. But that enterprise is checked when money is dear.

Thus it is in building and similar industries demanding permanent capital investment, such as heavy machinery and other plant equipment, that the key to the future is probably to be found. Dear money during the late summer, the decline in building contracts during August and the dearth of new financing during July and August, all seemed to point to coming business contraction. But this autumn the outlook has been less definite. September financing was much heavier, and building in that month again exceeded the corresponding figures for 1927. Most important of all, money is a shade easier, the possibility of a further advance in rates has become remote, and the stock market at least hopes for lower rates, after the first of the year if not before.

For the slight relaxation of the money tension that characterized the late summer the Federal Reserve Banks are responsible. Though their action has been confined to the purchase of acceptances — bills originating in commerce and hence designed to supply fresh credit only to commerce, not to the stock market — the amount purchased has permitted the member banks to reduce their borrowings from the Reserve Banks considerably. Concurrently more and more corporate surpluses have found their way into stock market loans, despite all the direct and indirect efforts to check this "bootleg" lending, as it is most inaccurately and unfairly termed. Obviously this is not the road to higher rates, despite the avidity with which the stock market has gulped down all the new credit supplied to it, and while autumn trade and currency requirements should prevent much easing of the market, expectation of another advance in rediscount rates has been definitely abandoned. Looking further ahead the sudden flattening out in the demand for credit which always occurs after January first may promise easier money then; nevertheless the stock market bulls would do well to realize that if they continue to absorb credit it will be within the power and probably part of the policy of the Reserve Banks to keep it firm.

As money rates ranging up to 7½ per cent for time loans and 10 per cent for call loans have been without effect on stock buying enthusiasm, it seems probable that only one of two things will cause the collapse which the conservatives have so long expected. The first of those is an indication of business recession. For a time it seemed to be coming; possibly it is still on the way, since the restraint put upon enterprise by advancing money rates may be several months in disclosing itself. On the other hand the fact that commercial money rates have hardened less than security loan rates has perhaps been insufficiently appreciated, and the slight easing this fall may have come in time to avert a depression. Be that as it may, industry will soon need a breathing spell, for it is no more capable of running at increasing speed perpetually than a man would be; and since the stock market has discounted full speed ahead what further stimulus can it expect from business?

And the second danger to stocks is simply the weight of the market's own distention. A market structure based, as it has been described, upon "consolidations, credulity and credit" may reveal flaws when high prices make buyers stop to think that two and two make only four, and that credit is an unsubstantial substitute for solid value in supporting market prices for stock equities.

In the press recently advertisement was made of an offering of shares in a new company organized to acquire an established trade-marked product; at the bottom of this advertisement appeared the line, "This stock is offered on the basis of future prospects." The phrase might well be the slogan of the entire market.

Buy Bonds

THEREFORE to the investor the concentration of funds in bonds is recommended. Whatever merit there may be in the doctrine of common stocks as long term investments, it can scarcely justify reckless disregard of the time to buy and the time to sell. That bonds are relatively cheaper than stocks none will dispute; it is probably safe to go further and say that they are actually cheap. For the likelihood of dearer money is remote, while the possibility of cheaper money clearly exists; even if lower rates shall be ushered in by business recession, contrast the effect upon bond prices with that upon stock prices at present levels!

There are economists who hold that the stock market boom is the last phase of the exceptional

post-war prosperity of the United States. They believe that the gold we have lost has left us permanently, and that we shall hereafter have to do business without further expansion in the base of our credit supply. The expected effect, over a period of years, would be to check speculation (which after all is closely related to enterprise) and to shrink prices. The business difficulties which this would set up are too obvious to enumerate.

Before the convention of the American Bankers' Association Colonel Ayres of Cleveland expressed himself as follows:

"We appear to be entering a new economic era in which business can no longer depend on having the stimulus of successive large increases in the national credit supply due to heavy imports of gold. We appear to be leaving behind us the wonderful golden age that we have enjoyed most of the time since the depression of 1921, during which prosperity has promised to be perpetual, the old-fashioned business cycles with their recurrent booms and depressions have been in abeyance, and the trend of stock prices has been almost constantly upward.

"We may look forward to the longer future with confidence, for we still have a larger gold supply in proportion to our needs than has any other country, and we have a central banking system that is probably more effective and efficient than that of any other country. A period of readjustment to new conditions probably lies ahead, and it may be expected to present important difficulties, but we shall surmount them. The great rewards of business and banking during the next decade will probably go to the plodders rather than to the plotters, to the calculators instead of to the speculators, to the thrifty and not to the shifty. It may even be that the hour of the old-fashioned virtues in business life is about to strike."

But perhaps new gold-mining processes, producing more and cheaper gold, will change all this!

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